Memories of a Hundred Years

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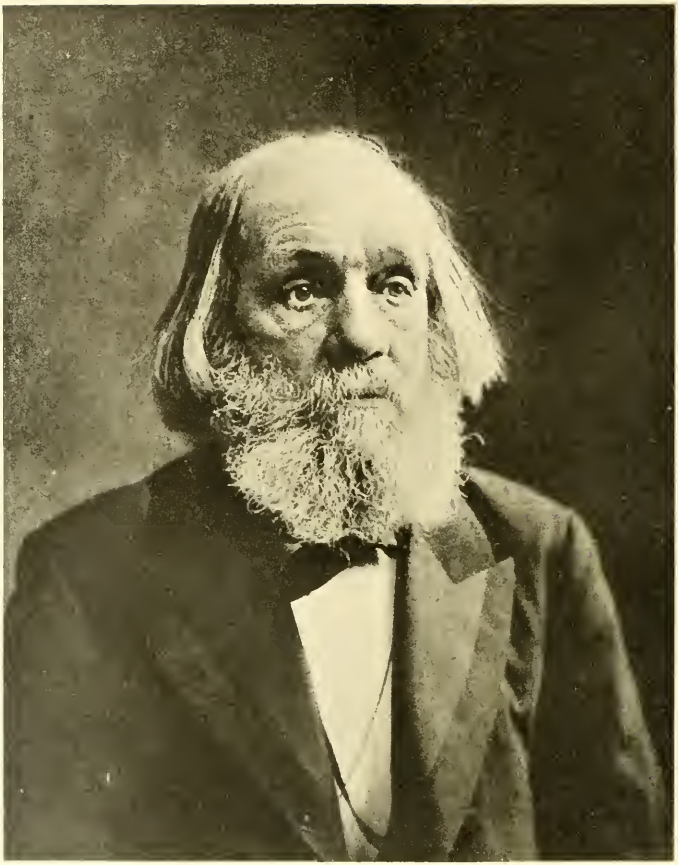

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Memories of a Hundred Years

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY," ETC.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

New Edition, Revised, with Three Additional Chapters

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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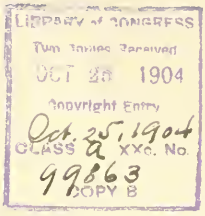

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PREFACE

I LIVE in a large, old-fashioned house which is crowded from cellar to attic with letters and other manuscripts, with pamphlets, and with newspapers. Here are the diaries and correspondence of my own generation, of my father's and mother's, and of their fathers' and mothers'. Boxes, drawers, cabinets, secretaries, closets, full of "your uncle's papers," or "your grandfather's," or his.

Only the most gracious of house-mothers would tolerate such stores.

And I have inherited the passion for history. My father was a great journalist. He loved to study history in the original documents. Boston Stamp Act? Here are the pamphlets. President Adams's private advice to Alexander Everett? Here it is. Mr. Webster's current opinions on the tariff? Here they are. Do you wonder, dear reader, that when the hearers are amiable, your old friend who writes these

words, now in his eightieth year, is apt to prophesy or to chatter about the history of his own generation and the generation before his own as he saw it through his own keyholes?

His friends and yours of *The Outlook* have met him more than half-way in such habits of his. And it is so that you see these "memories of a hundred years."

39 Highland Street, Roxbury,
September 1, 1901.

With the preface above I introduced to the readers of *The Outlook* magazine a series of fourteen chapters, which have been printed in that journal in the last year. Many kind correspondents have furnished memoranda for the correction and the enlargement of those papers.

To the preface of the first edition of this book I may now add a few words. The Memories here published interested a much wider range of readers than I had supposed possible. What is called our reading public does not take much interest in the history of America. But the people who are interested, are interested "with a vengeance." I have, therefore, received

many, many interesting letters from such readers, some on details comparatively unimportant, some on the great turning crises of history. From these letters I have been able to make, in this new edition, some additions and some corrections to the papers heretofore published.

Some readers, perhaps over critical, have ventured to say, "Who is this man who airs his reminiscences after the century closes?" And at the solicitation of such friends I now add to the book, as originally published, some supplementary chapters. All autobiography requires an apology. Saint Paul's admirable injunction, "Let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think," suggests an excellent corollary, "Let no man think of himself at all." This is not a bad working rule. In the *Lend-a-Hand* gospel we abridge it into the injunction, "Look out and not in."

Still, if a sentry says to you, "Who goes there?" when you try to pass him at midnight, it is safer to answer than it is to receive a bayonet through the second cardiac lobe. At the intelligent suggestion, therefore, of the publishers, I add three autobiographical chapters. They are commended to the reader with Abra-

ham Lincoln's admirable words, which ought to be the centre of modern criticism, "The people will perhaps like these chapters who like that sort of thing."

EDWARD E. HALE.

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
July 20, 1904.

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From an early portrait. Copyright by the S. S. McClure Co.

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FOR FIVE YEARS

MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS

CHAPTER I

FOR FIVE YEARS

NO! I am not as old as the century. A dear little Italian girl at Miss Noyes's Kindergarten asked me the other day if I were George Washington. I was flattered. I was pleased, as we are always pleased by flattery. But I had to confess that I was not "the father of his country." She seemed relieved. She simply said, "*He* was *very* white," with an emphasis on the "he" and the "very," and we changed the conversation.

All the same, that year 1801 stands out in the family record here with a very bright vermilion mark. For it was on an autumn day in the year 1800 that my father was at work in his father's garden in Westhampton, Mass. I should say he was digging potatoes, if I dared rely on a memory of iron which seldom deceives me. And the family tradition says he was digging potatoes. But modern historical realism requires stern ac-

curacy, and I will not swear. Anyway, he was at work in the garden.

His father, my grandfather, Enoch Hale, suddenly called him into the house, and told him that he was called that he might see Tutor Gould. I have no doubt that the boy washed his hands in the perennial spring which still flows in the woodshed behind the kitchen, and, with this immediate preparation only, joined the two ministers in his father's study.

The boy was sixteen years old on the 16th of August, which had recently passed.

Of the two ministers whom he met in the study, one was Enoch Hale, who had been minister at Westhampton since 1777, and who died in that charge in 1837. The other was the Rev. Vinson Gould, remembered by Williams College men as one of their early tutors. Williams College, in the northwestern township of Massachusetts, had been chartered by the General Court of that State in the year 1793. It was founded to carry out a bequest from Colonel Ephraim Williams, a frontier colonel in the "French War." At the moment I am trying to describe, Tutor Gould was engaged in recruiting for the College, and picking up pupils here and there.

Here is the brief account of his arrival in the Rev. Enoch Hale's Journal: —

"Oct. 6, 1800. Showery morning. Kill sheep. Mr. Vinson Gould, candidate and tutor at Williams College, dines here. Examines Nathan and admits him a member of Williams College. Mr. T. Wood also dines. He last night at Mr. J. S. Parsons. Afternoon ride Mr. E. Rust. His child sick."

They told the boy that he was to be examined in Greek and Latin, that Mr. Gould might judge whether he were fit to enter Williams College at the next term. One pauses to consider how satisfactory to the pupil was this system of examination. One imagines President Low and President Eliot in this summer of 1901 riding on horseback from town to town to examine their future students in Greek and Latin at their homes. How much of the misery of modern examinations must have been saved to our fathers and our grandfathers! The boy read his Greek Testament to the satisfaction of both his examiners. He read such scraps of Latin as they gave him to their equal satisfaction. Mr. Gould expressed his pleasure, and said that the boy was quite prepared for the college course.

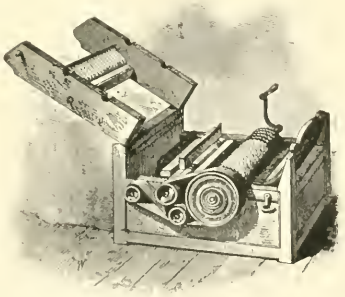
My grandmother gave them all their dinner, which you may be sure was daintily served, and Tutor Gould mounted his horse again and proceeded on his way. I like to begin these memories with that story, because once for all it compares the simplicity of those days with the clatter and creaking, with the fuss and feathers, of to-day. And let me say, as we pass on, that I think the Latin and the Greek had been well taught and well learned. The teacher was my grandfather, who had learned his Latin and Greek at Yale College with his brother and classmate Nathan Hale, the same whose statue stands by Broadway to-day. How much of my father's Latin and Greek he learned at Williamstown I cannot say, but,

NATHAN HALE.
From an etching by S. Hollyer.

as a man, he read both languages easily and with pleasure. He kept up his acquaintance with both until he died.

LOUISIANA

The boy who was digging potatoes in October, 1800, graduated at Williams College in the summer of 1804. In the four years between a great deal was going on in this world. On the other side of the ocean, Napoleon made peace with Great Britain. The peace lasted for a year and a half, and then the English Ministry forced him into war again. Meanwhile he sold Louisiana to the United States — almost half of our present domain, everything which we hold between the Mississippi and the crest of the Rocky Mountains.



The First Cotton-gin.

In the same years, Fulton was building his first steamboat, and without the steamboat little use had we for the Mississippi Valley. In the same years, Eli Whitney's cotton-gin begins to teach men how cotton

is to be king. In the same years, Thomas Jefferson is learning what a nation is, and John Marshall is teaching all America, what till now America does not know, that the United States IS a Nation. Even Jefferson had thought that the United States *were* a Confederacy.

To speak of one detail in this four years' history, on the 22d day of March, 1801, Philip Nolan, the first explorer of Texas, was killed at Waco, in Texas, by one Spanish official, while he was acting under the orders of another. For this atrocity and others which preceded it and others which followed in its train, the people of the Mississippi Valley never forgave Spain; and we have seen the result in our own time.

While such seeds were planted in one hemisphere or another, the Westhampton boy, glad to be released from the care of the potatoes, was perfecting his Latin and Greek at Williams College. He studied Hebrew also. I asked him once why he did this. He laughed and said, "Because there was nothing else to study." But this was not literally true. The mathematical course was thorough, and led him through studies which delighted him. For his work in

JOHN MARSHALL.

From the portrait by Jarvis, owned by Justice Gray.

internal improvements as an accomplished civil engineer, Williams College gave him good preparation, and the French language was taught there.

He thoroughly enjoyed his college life. He was so accurate in after life as a classical scholar and as a mathematician that I am sure he must have used his time well.

The students had already divided themselves into the Philotechnian and Philologian Societies. It has pleased me, in these later years, to think that, as he became so distinguished a craftsman in the great enterprises by which men control nature, he should have been ranked among the Philotechnians or artificers. But this may have been an accident.

They still preserve in the College Library the old record-book of the Philotechnian. It was while he was Secretary that Livingston in Paris bought Louisiana for the country. "I have given England her rival," said Napoleon, and we have to confess that it was to Napoleon's foresight that we owe that purchase and all which has followed it. Jefferson was badly frightened, but had to accept the present. The New England Federalists detested the whole business. And these boys of the Philotechnian, sons of Federalist fathers, put themselves on

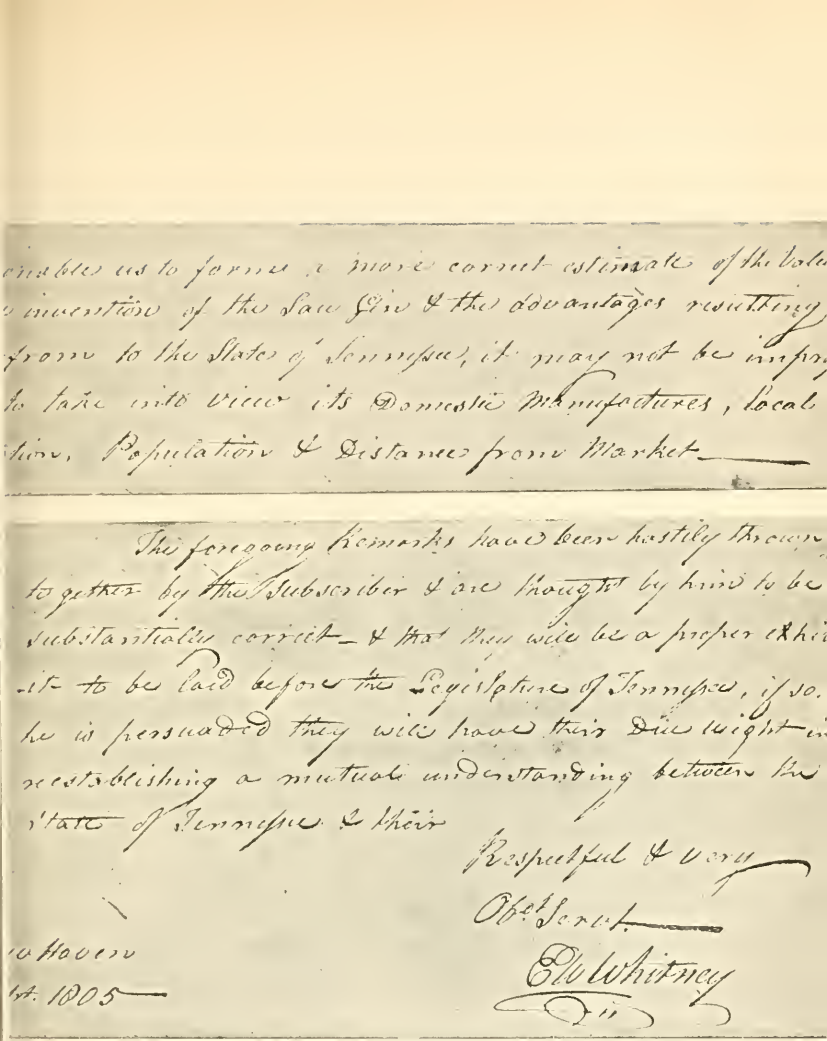
record. Here is the minute of the meeting which debated the

"*Question.* Is the purchase of Louisiana desirable? Decided in the negative: fifteen to one."

The New England States hated the whole business because they supposed that the emigration would strip them of their population. Little did Massachusetts think then that the time would come when she would pay in that region for her breadstuffs with her fish and lobsters as she does now.

But, alas! you can look through the records of the young craftsmen of the Philotechnian and find no reference to Eli Whitney's cotton-gin or to Robert Fulton's steamboat, two inventions already at work which were to revolutionize their land. Had any prophet told them this, they would have said he was a fool.

Yet, indeed, without the steamboat, of what use was Louisiana? Without it Lewis and Clark were eighteen months in 1804 and 1805 in going from St. Louis to the Pacific, and eight months in 1806 in coming back. They did not know it, but a year before they left St. Louis the two Roberts, Fulton and Livingston, were build-



enables us to form a more correct estimate of the valu
invention of the Saw Gin & the advantages resulting
from to the State of Tennessee, it may not be impro
to take into view its Domestic Manufactures, local
tion, Population & Distance from Market

The foregoing Remarks have been hastily thrown
together by the Subscriber & are thought by him to be
substantially correct & that they will be a proper Ob
ject to be laid before the Legislature of Tennessee, if so,
he is persuaded they will have their due weight in
reestablishing a mutual understanding between the
State of Tennessee & their

Respectful & very
Obt Servt

Eli Whitney

New Haven
Jan. 1805

ELI WHITNEY'S LETTER TO THE STATE OF TENNESSEE ON THE ADVANTAGES OF THE COTTON-GIN.

From the original, owned by the Hon. Eli Whitney, of New Haven, and here reproduced for the first time.

ing the steamboat which, before the summer was over, was sailing on the Seine, at Paris. I do not believe that one of the Philotechnian boys had ever heard of Eli Whitney, though he was of their own State. He was from the eastern half of their State, of which they did not know much. Yet his machine had been eight years at work, as at least twenty-five thousand bales of cotton were exported in that year. But, from Jefferson down, not a man, except Whitney, perhaps, foresaw the ascendency which the cotton-gin was to give to the Southern country, and that while they still lived King Cotton was to be ruling with a sceptre harder than iron. As late as 1795, in the negotiations for Jay's treaty, nobody alluded to cotton as a possible article of export from America. Eight years afterward, while the boys were discussing the Louisiana treaty, Slater was weaving cotton in Pawtucket in Rhode Island, and the Cabots in Beverly in Massachusetts. But I doubt if any of the Philotechnians knew that. No! they were all dressed in homely clothes of homespun cloth, cotton and woollen, woven in most cases on their mothers' looms.

THE FOUR GREAT BUILDERS

As late in the century as 1792 the Abbé Genty, in France, had written a prize essay on the question whether the discovery of America by Columbus had been of more good or evil to the world. I think that the general opinion of people who thought about the matter at all was that the discovery had done more harm than good. The Abbé Genty took the other side. In his argument he had to put forward, with as much spirit as he could command, the possible contribution which the United States, a nation then three years old, would make to the world.

Before twenty years were over many of his prophecies were fulfilled. And for the visible changes in that time we are indebted to four men — whom one might call the Four Founders.

Two of them are men whose names were on the lips of people who then talked about history; they were Napoleon Bonaparte and Robert Livingston. The other two were Eli Whitney and Robert Fulton.

It is worth observation that the three Americans were not the men who thought they were the leaders, or who made most figure in the journals. Thomas Jefferson, Aaron Burr, Fisher

Ames, John Bidwell, Tristam Burges, for instances, made a good deal of noise in the newspapers. Jefferson was President and Burr was Vice-President. But Jefferson did nothing which made the feeble Nation strong; Burr was in exile in less than four years from the time when he was Vice-President. And the reader wonders why I name the others.

Robert R Livingston.
From an engraving by H. B. Hall.

I do so because when Bidwell and Burges spoke in the House of Representatives the Senate could not hold a quorum, and when Ames spoke it was thought well in the Senate to adjourn, lest men should vote on their side too precipitately. It is such men as they who fill the newspapers of the day; yes, and the private letters of the day. All the same, such men did not make the America of 1812 or of 1850 from the

America of 1799. The four men who can be named as leaders were the Four Founders I have named above.

Napoleon's share in the creation of America is this. He instructed Marbois, his Foreign Secretary, to offer to the United States the great wilderness called Louisiana — the whole part of the valley of the Mississippi which is between that river and the Rocky Mountains. Robert Livingston received the offer and he had the courage to accept it — without orders from home. To these two men does the United States owe half the continent.

Remember this, O young graduates of 1902! Remember that States are made by makers. Remember that the Leaders lead. Remember that it is not the gift of tongues which makes the Leader. Remember that the men who can, can. Such men are. And such men do.

An American shipmaster, Robert Gray, had discovered the Columbia River and entered its mouth in 1792. With this discovery begins our claim to a hold on the Pacific shore. After this the three great steps forward are: First, the importance of the cotton crop began to assert itself. In the years 1801, 1802, 1803, the export

of cotton from America to England was thirty-three million pounds.

This increase of power was due to Eli Whitney, whose cotton-gin had been patented in 1795.

Second is the great proposal by Napoleon to Robert Livingston, made in Paris in April, 1803. Napoleon, as I have said, offered to sell to the infant nation called "The United States" all the territory between the Mississippi River and the crest of the Rocky Mountains.

THE FIRST TRIP OF THE "CLERMONT," SEPTEMBER, 1807.
From a drawing by J. H. Sherwin.

The third of these events is the voyage of the *Clermont* steamboat from New York to Albany on the 7th day of August, 1807, which has

led to the opening up of the great watercourses of America, all but useless before.

There must always be remembered with this series the marvellous extension of the maritime commerce of the United States in the period between 1790 and 1815. No one person can be said to have invented this marvellous progress. There is no one person whose bust can be placed in any hall of heroes as a type of it. What is certain is that Thomas Jefferson and the people of his type did all they could to arrest it; and what is also certain is that, in face of all they did, the shipping of the United States increased between the year 1789 and the year 1812 in such a proportion that the United States, at the end of the Napoleonic wars, was one of the first maritime powers.

Given now these four miracles — first, the appearance of cotton; second, the doubling of the territory of America; third, the development of steam, especially in the commerce of the great rivers of the American continent; and, fourth, the navigation which made the United States for twenty years the carrying power of the world — given these four series of events, and in their history you know why the insignificant confederacy which the Abbé Genty described became a

Nation hopeful in its arts, not insignificant in its arms, and renowned throughout the world in its commerce.

It is, as I have said, worth noting that, among men who call themselves statesmen, but who appear on the stage as politicians, Livingston is the only one who contributed in any important degree to these triumphs. You may read through the diaries of the party leaders of the twenty years between the invention of the cotton-gin and the Treaty of Ghent, and you will find hardly an allusion, in the writings of the politicians, either to the invention of the cotton-gin, the invention of the steamboat, or the value to the Nation of the great rivers of the West. On the other hand, three out of four of them were doing their best to destroy our commerce at sea.

LIVINGSTON AND FULTON

While Nathan Hale was studying Latin and Greek and Hebrew, a revolution impended which neither Williams College, nor Thomas Jefferson, nor the sophomore Nathan Hale dreamed of.

Fulton's model steamboat ran upon the Seine.

In 1843 I met intimately his companion in

young life, Edward Church, then an old man in Northampton, Mass.

Fulton and he were room-mates in Paris in 1803. I think they both slept in the same bed. I know that Fulton's model steamer had succeeded so well that Fulton had waited on Napoleon's people with his plans for steam navigation, and had been courteously received. Napoleon was already planning the expedition against England. It had been planned before the peace; and this project for boats which would go against wind and tide and could tow other boats full of men from one side of the Channel to the other was just what he wanted. Church told me that a committee had been appointed to examine

ROBERT FULTON.

From an engraving by H. B. Hall, Jr., after the portrait by B. West.

Fulton's model. Fulton had prepared everything for the examination as well as he could, and had all things ready for a show trip. The day was appointed — a day which would have been a red-letter day in both their lives and in history.

Alas and alas! Before that day dawned, when both were in bed, and, as I say, I think both in the same bed, a rat-tat-tat at the door awaked them. It was from a messenger who had come in hot haste from the river to say that the weight of the engine had caused it to break through the too fragile barge, and that the engine was at the bottom of the Seine!

That particular experiment never took place. The trial trip was postponed. Observe that she had successfully navigated the river already.

This is Mr. Church's account, as I wrote it down — after his death, as I am sorry to say.

(Memorandum: N.B. When you know anything worth knowing which few other people know, write it down at once.)

I have since verified this story, and can supply the details almost to the date. When Fulton told the story, he said that the messenger's consternation announced that he bore bad news, and that he exclaimed in French in accents of de-

spair, "Oh, sir, the boat has broken to pieces, and has gone to the bottom." This was early in the spring of 1803. "An agitation of the river by the wind" had broken the little boat in two.

Poor Fulton rushed to the place, and personally assisted in raising boat and engine from the water. He worked on this for twenty-four hours without food, and to his exposure that day he attributed afterward much of his bad health. The machinery was not much hurt, but they had to reconstruct the boat almost entirely. The new boat was sixty-six feet long; and early in August, after the accident, she made a successful trial, to which Fulton invited the members of the Institute. He was satisfied with his success. But the first failure, according to Mr. Church, chilled the committee of the Institute, and Fulton found that he should have no encouragement from Napoleon.

All those experiments were made with the coöperation of Robert R Livingston — "Chancellor Livingston" — the wisest American of the time — according to me. He was our Minister in France. Observe now that on the 30th of April, 1803, this wise man bought Louisiana from Napoleon for fifteen million dollars.

Observe that on the 12th of May Lord Whitworth, the English Minister, demanded his passports and that war with England began — the war which ended with Elba. Observe that on the 18th day of May, 1804, Napoleon proclaimed himself Emperor, and that he had already begun to gather his army at Boulogne and the neighborhood for an invasion of England. And consider the use he would have made of twenty steam barges.

NAPOLEON.
From the etching by J. David after the portrait by L. David.

Of the committee of the Institute to whom the plans had been referred, F. Emmanuel Molard is named first, he or his brother Claude Pierre Molard — both distinguished French engineers. I do not know

which of them "made the great refusal." The next was M. Bovrel, whose name even is not in the dictionaries; and the last is Montgolfier! Was there a covert satire in appointing the balloonist?

What we know is that Napoleon and the Institute turned a cold eye on the little steamer, though they must have seen her as she plied back and forth on the Seine that summer. And we know that Livingston did believe in her, and that what followed, the great success which made steam navigation universal, was attained on the Hudson and not on the Seine. I do not find the date of the fatal morning when the engine broke through the bottom of the first boat. But it was early in the spring. It was on the 24th of January, 1803, that Fulton had placed a model of it in the hands of the committee of the Academy. And, as I have said, it was in August of that year that the larger boat was finished and made her first trips on the river.

I have called "Chancellor Livingston," as he was called in those days, the wisest American of his time. Franklin had died in 1790. In the latter part of his life the Chancellor wrote his name Robert R Livingston, to distinguish him-

self from other Roberts in the family.[1] As early as 1795 he had obtained from the State of New York a concession of an exclusive right to navigate with steam vessels the waters of that State. I suppose his attention had been called to the subject by Jonathan Fitch's steamboat, which had run on the Delaware River as early as 1787.[2] Navigation by steam had taken such a hold on the minds of some Americans that on the 20th of May, 1803, Benjamin Latrobe, the first engineer in America, speaks of a "sort of mania, which has not entirely subsided, for impelling boats by steam engines." It will be well to remember that in the year 1800 there were but five steam engines in the whole country — small engines at that. And Latrobe proved that this was a mania by the paper which he read that day before the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. Appleton's life of Fulton gives the following list of those who had used steam on boats of any description: Rumsey, on the Potomac, 1785; Fitch,

[1] A correspondent asks me why Robert R Livingston ("R" was not an initial) does not appear among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is because it was supposed, at the moment, that he was more needed in the New York Assembly, and he was in his place there.

[2] Compare p. 116 of my unknown novel "East and West." — E. E. H.

on the Delaware, 1785, 1787; Millar, in Scotland, 1787; Read, 1789; Longstreet (Savannah), 1790; Samuel Morey, 1794.

Let the reader observe that Fulton's engine had sunk in the bottom of the Seine a few weeks before Latrobe's paper was read, and that Fulton and Livingston were beginning on the larger boat which was to ply on that river in August, 1803.

Fulton had begun life as a painter. There is a portrait of Franklin by him painted in Philadelphia when Franklin was more than eighty and Fulton was twenty or twenty-one. He afterward studied the art of painting for several years in London with Benjamin West, but he became more and more interested in engineering, in canals, mills, and aqueducts. He was Lord Stanhope's friend.[1] In 1794 he went to Paris, where he exhibited the first panorama ever shown there. It was in the street still known as the "Passage des Panorames," well known to artists who have studied in Paris. He was the friend of "Columbiad" Barlow, our Minister, and at once, apparently, came to know Livingston when Livingston arrived there as successor to Barlow.

[1] Stanhope of the Printing-Press, grandfather of Lord Mahon of the History.

Livingston, as I have said, had been interested in steamboats as early as 1795. He and Fulton were in full sympathy. The only reference to Fulton in Paris which I have found in our State Paper Office is in a letter from Livingston to the State Department as early as May 22, 1802, where he commends Fulton's plans for a diving apparatus and torpedo, but makes no reference to steam. Perhaps they had not yet entered on that matter, or, more probably, Livingston did not care to refer to it until it had succeeded.

Fulton's panorama was successful, and the boat built on the Seine was built at the joint expense of Fulton and Livingston. While Livingston always spoke of him as the successful inventor, Fulton always acknowledged Livingston's inestimable service to the great enterprise. One of the early American steamboats was the *Chancellor Livingston*. I know that I had never heard of this great man when I first heard of this steamboat.

The success of the experiment on the Seine induced Fulton and Livingston to order an engine in England, which was that used on the *Clermont* on her first successful voyage on the Hudson River.

Robert Livingston's brother welcomed Robert Fulton in New York, and assisted him in the building of the *Clermont*. The *Clermont's* boiler did not break through the bottom, and she did not sink. The *Clermont* went to Albany in thirty hours, and returned to New York.

In the autumn of 1804 my father had been twelve days going in a passenger sloop from New York to Troy, above Albany. The tradition in the family is that he read through Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" while he was on the passage.

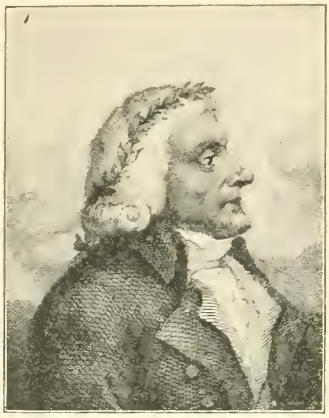
Poor Mackintosh, the historian, afterward Sir James Mackintosh, was in exile in Bombay at that time, working his way along in the East India service, and horribly homesick. In his diary he writes, in recording Fulton's success, "O that we had lived a hundred years later!"

Dear Sir James, we do live ninety-three years later, and we do not need a hundred days to go from London to Bombay![1]

[1] Mr. Henry Adams quotes from a letter of Jackson, the English minister, who had a summer house on the North River, who wrote as late as May, 1810, that every day there was a general rush of his household to see the steamboat pass. "I doubt whether I should be obeyed were I to desire any one of them to take a passage in her." This was in the fourth year of the *Clermont's* success.

I have risked this excursion on the birth of the steamboat because, as this reader and I wander down through the mazes of the century, we shall constantly come on what used to be called "internal improvement" — the business in which Robert Fulton thus led the way.

The philosophical reader, which means the reader of sense, will see that the physical prosperity of the nation in the nineteenth century is due chiefly to four great steps, one might say four victories, none of which in the beginning was appreciated except by the men who won them, and the one clog and drawback on the country from 1801 to 1900 was the institution of slavery, not yet done with.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.
After a French portrait of 1829.

To get some good working idea of our progress, and at the same time to see how it was clogged and thwarted by slavery and by the combinations necessary to support it, is to get some available notion of what the century has

been and has done for the United States. What are called the details of history, such as why Madison instead of Monroe succeeded Jefferson, or why Franklin Pierce instead of some other cipher succeeded Mr. Fillmore, are wholly insignificant in comparison.

To sum up the hundred years, this is the retrospect. On the first of January, 1801, the United States was a belt on the Atlantic seaboard of thirteen weak and poor communities, occupying territory which hardly ever ran back more than one hundred and fifty miles from the ocean. They had united themselves together, but they did not yet know that they were a nation. Even the statesmen of that day would have written, "The United States *are* ready" or "*are* prepared," while an officer of ours to-day would say, "The United States *is* ready" or "*is* prepared." This nation in the gristle had added to itself the interior States of Vermont, Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. But these were but weak frontier communities, and, as a whole, the people on the seaboard had no conception of their possibilities. The map of the nation included immense regions which were practically in the possession of savages. Indeed, in the year 1801 there were in the territory west

of the Alleghanies more Indians, wholly untamed, than people of European blood.

So little did Livingston know what he was doing that, in the letter in which he announced to President Jefferson Napoleon's amazing offer and his own conclusion of the great purchase, he says, "I have told them that we should not send an emigrant across the Mississippi in one hundred years"!

These men had the aid of the great merchants, some of whom are remembered and some forgotten. John Jacob Astor was one; but the word "Astor" did not then mean thousands of millions. And you might name by the side of the merchants Lewis, whose first name I am afraid the reader has forgotten, and Clark, who has probably not fared any better.

Of these men Fulton and Whitney have won their way among the twenty-nine heroes in our New York "Hall of Fame." Fulton had eighty-six votes out of ninety-seven of the votes on the "Heroes." Whitney had sixty-nine.

Napoleon startled Livingston when he proposed to sell to the United States the whole of Louisiana. The United States had not asked for it, had not wanted it. The United States

did want the city of Orleans, and the whole eastern bank from our State of Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. That is, we had proposed to buy from France all that part of our present State of Louisiana which lies on the northeast side of the Mississippi. Under the treaty with England of 1783 we held all the country from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, north of that parallel of 31 degrees which makes a jog in the map, and in a convenient, rough fashion makes a sort of letter L of our State of Louisiana. Now, to his amazement, Marbois offers to Livingston the region which is now western Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas, and everything west of these States as far as the Rocky Mountains. Indeed, we have not wanted advocates who claim that French Louisiana went farther than the Rocky Mountain range, even to the Pacific.

Jefferson would never have dared to accept this magnificent offer. For he was pledged to the strictest construction of the Constitution. Until he died he dared not say that he was authorized to make this great purchase. But Livingston had no such scruples. He bravely accepted the proposal, only struggling to beat

down the sum which he was to pay. To reassure Jefferson, Livingston told him that he had already secured such promises that we could "recoup" ourselves and get back all our fifteen million dollars by selling again everything west of the river. It hardly appears who it was with whom he made such a bargain.

This is the man — the man to whose courage we owe half our empire, the man who, with Fulton and the steamboat, gave the untold value to the deserts he bought — he is the man to whom we cannot give a niche or a bronze in our "Hall of Fame."

For this magnificent purchase the country had to pay. The English house of Barings at once offered to negotiate the loan, by which Livingston was able to pay the money. But Congress must authorize the loan, must assume the responsibility of the purchase, and must provide a government for the city of Orleans and for the posts on the western side of the river. So the whole question of the advantage or disadvantage of the purchase was thrown open to the people of America, almost precisely as the question regarding the purchase of the Philippines had been thrown open since the Spanish war.

In Congress and in the country the discussion went forward on lines which show almost painfully the limits of human wisdom, especially of human foresight. Not one word to intimate that before twenty years were over the river steamers of the West will be running up to the headwaters of the smallest "creek." Not one word to prophesy that a steady wave of population would carry the frontier seventeen miles farther with every new year.[1] Least of all did any one prophesy that, far beyond those fertile river valleys, what the hunters called "deserts" were to become productive fields, and were to answer for half the world its prayer for daily bread.

The reader of to-day hardly remembers, indeed, that there were times when the market cost of a bushel of corn was spent when it had been carried forty miles. As late as 1830 I heard the jest which ridiculed an emigrant from Massachusetts by saying that he left his home a year before to go West with a jug of molasses to use in trade, and that he returned at the end of a year of adventure, having made enough in bar-

[1] This was the curious calculation of De Tocqueville in 1829. His calculation proved good with singular accuracy for a generation more.

gaining to pay him for the jug. For years after the century came in caricatures were printed on the seaboard ridiculing emigration. And the dominant tone in the warnings of statesmen against the ratification of the great purchase was the inconsistent fear that it would rob the seaboard of its inhabitants. If the country were so worthless, what danger was there that the shrewd men and women of the East should wish to go there?

ELI WHITNEY

As always happens when a great inventor as left to the world the result of his own perseverance and ingenuity, there has arisen in the generation which followed Whitney's death a set of screeching crickets, or cynics, call them which you please, who really think that somebody else made this great invention. There are plenty of people who will tell you that Fulton and Livingston did not introduce steam navigation.[1] And within the last thirty years there have appeared at the South plenty of people who will tell you of men who had invented the cotton-gin, whose invention Eli Whitney stole.

[1] As many as twenty of them have written to me since these words were printed in the *Outlook*. I am much obliged to them. — E. E. H.

Very fortunately, a large body of Whitney's sad letters of that time have been preserved. They have lately been edited and published by Dr. Hammond; and nothing is now more clear than that each one of these so-called inventors is

ELI WHITNEY.
An engraving after the portrait by C. B. King.

a pretender, and is one of the people who tried to steal Whitney's invention after he had brought it before the public.

Stated briefly, the history is this: Eli Whitney graduated from Yale College in 1792, and, intending to be a teacher, he went to Georgia, where he was introduced to Mrs. Greene, the

widow of General Nathanael Greene, of Rhode Island. Greene had saved Georgia from its English enemies, and the State of Georgia had presented to him a plantation, on which his widow was living. In the first winter of Whitney's stay there he was a tutor in her family. Some gentlemen at her table were speaking of the disadvantage to their State because the cost of preparing the cotton was so great. Everybody was wishing for a machine to clean the cotton from the seeds. Now, Whitney had mended Mrs. Greene's tambour frame. She said, "Here is Mr. Whitney, who will invent for you what you want." Whitney had at that time never seen a boll of cotton. He went to work at once, and the cotton-gin was the result.

It is curious to observe, in our present line of study, that he himself went with the specifications which were requisite for the patent, and visited Thomas Jefferson in Philadelphia. It is really the subject for a historical picture. Jefferson was Secretary of State under Washington. The department of invention was so small and the business of patents was so new that the granting of the patent depended upon the Department of State. So Whitney called upon Jefferson in person and left his papers with him.

It is an important incident, and it adds to what is even the pathos of the fact, that Jefferson scarcely alludes to the invention in his after life, and does not seem to have known that Whitney played a much more important part in the development of the fortunes of this country than he did himself. Yet Jefferson thought he was an inventor, and plumed himself on being a man of science, and was dabbling with scientific inquiries from the beginning to the end of his life.

THEN AND NOW

It seems impossible to describe the change in every habit of life between those days and these days. Impossible even to imagine men's outward life then, more impossible to picture it. Here is the diary of my father's father, written three or four lines at a time, every night, at the desk where I wrote a few words not long ago, in the sacred study to which he called his boy from digging potatoes. He is a well-educated Christian gentleman, forty-nine years old; one day he is reading Hebrew, one day he reads Greek, one day he reads "comedy," one day it is "attend to missionary pamphlets and read them," one day "rule most of a record," some "texts in

textuary" or "texts in Bible order," one day "examine Greek criticisms." And these entries are all mixed in with "Plant little Indian corn south of burying ground," "Begin to move little fence and plough a little," "Dung and ash in the holes for potatoes and ploughed about one acre of my orchard," "Killed two pigs, plant land, read news, etc.," "Cloudy Lord's Day, preached No. 2342, 2343, begin to ask children their catechism, evening extempore Colossians i. 19." Into the midst of such entries will come, "Sent horses for Nathan," and then "Nathan comes from Williams College," and the next day, "Afternoon with Nathan, bring cow from Mr. R. Lyman's, bought 21½."

All journeys were on horseback. When Nathan's father and mother go to visit her father and mother, seventy miles, they go on horseback. When the Westhampton congregation vote their minister ten weeks' vacation that he may go on a missionary journey into the frontier towns of Maine, he goes on horseback, riding sometimes twenty miles a day, sometimes more than forty. Two or three times in this journey he "puts up" his horse at an inn, and, in that case, he pays ninepence of New England currency, the Spanish real of that day, twelve

and one-half cents of ours. I found the price the same in New Hampshire in 1841. But for himself, the missionary always, I believe, sleeps at some private house — a minister's house, if there be a minister. And this, observe, in charming disrespect of sectarian lines. Hard-shelled Calvinist as he is, if there is a Freewill Baptist meeting-house in the town, he preaches there when the "L.'s Day" comes round.

The leisure of such a life is varied by making a spelling-book which he printed, arranged on an improved principle, and by the most sedulous daily intimacy in the homes of seven hundred people, scattered over a mountain township of thirty square miles.

When I visit the old homestead, which is a very dear place to me, they show me the grove of locust trees which he planted, the ever flowing stream of water from the hillside which he brought down into the generous open-air room where half the work of that house was done when I was a boy. And if I am fortunate enough to go to meeting there when the Lord's Day comes round, why, all my contemporaries tell me how this dear old saint taught them their catechisms, and all the younger people of after generations thank me for the blessing of this

life as they have heard it from fathers or grandfathers.

One tries to make a picture of such life without much success. But one can see that in its simplicity there were elements of strength for those who grew up in such surroundings. "Lead us not into temptation."

The Hampshire group of college boys made a rendezvous somewhere between Westhampton, Southampton, and Northampton, each on a horse which he had groomed himself, nay, probably, which he had watched, fed, and groomed since the colt was born. One or two younger brothers, also on horseback, accompanied the student party to bring the horses home. As the bird flies, the distance is about forty-two miles. By the turnpike, on which most of the journey was made, I suppose it was four or five miles longer.

Sam Weller says of the gatekeepers on turnpikes, "If they was gentlemen, you would call them misanthropes; as they is not gentlemen, they takes to pike-keeping." And in the solitudes of Berkshire County, as everywhere, the pike-keeper found that he had to meet that disfavor which hangs over all collectors of revenue. As the merry troop of boy students approached the several pikes, all would dismount and walk, driv-

ing all their horses before them. For there was no toll needed for footmen. Then they would explain to the pike-keeper that this was a drove of cattle which were to be paid for at so much a head, the whole amount being much less, of course, than so many cavaliers in the saddle would pay. This little story always delighted us as children when my father told it. Perhaps all children and savages rejoice in any evasion of the law! And when we asked how this strike ended, he would say that if the pike-keeper were good-natured "he would give us a drink of cider all round, and we would consent to mount our horses and pay the toll."

In 1901 is the journey of Clarence Fitz-Mortimer, as he takes the Pullman from Chicago to Williamstown, lighted up by any such picturesque adventure?

Perhaps the contrast between that life and our life most striking is the difference between the mails of the two periods and what they carried.

Charles Elliott, the historian, when he was asked if he believed that Abraham lived to be a hundred and sixty, said: "Why not? He had no bad whiskey to drink, no primaries to attend, and no newspapers to read." And Saint Marc Girardin, describing that earthly paradise of North Africa in the second century, says of the

Roman gentlemen who lived there then: "Above all, they were without the mail, which is the burden of our modern civilization." The Williamstown boy and his father were not much harassed by the mail or by newspapers. To my grandfather a newspaper was so rare a visitor that he enters in the diary so severely condensed, "Read news," when the *Hampshire Gazette*, came round. Once in a term, perhaps, you find, "Wrote to Nathan," and as often, perhaps, "Letter from Nathan." "So happily, the days of Thalaba went by." Indeed, I observe that authors who want to describe serenity of mind generally agree in cutting off communication from the outward world. But when a newspaper did break through — yes! it had news worth telling. Still I do not suppose that in 1801 the *Hampshire Gazette* or any *Albany Weekly* told of the murder of my poor friend Philip Nolan by the Spanish Governor of Texas. I do not suppose, indeed, that it was mentioned in any newspaper in the United States. I do not suppose that in 1802 either of those newspapers spoke of the cotton crop, or of Eli Whitney's cotton-gin, or of the manufacture of cotton. Very likely the word "cotton" was not in either newspaper from January to December.

1801–1807

CHAPTER II

1801–1807

FAILURES AND FOLLIES

WHOEVER studies the marvellous physical advance of the country in the first half of the century will find that those four lines of physical success which we have been tracing suggest directions in which the United States made the most important physical progress.

Meanwhile crickets were chirping and politicians were intriguing and voting, and, among the rest, Jefferson and Madison were Presidents in the first sixteen years of the century. And Congresses met and talked and went to their own place. A war with England got itself proclaimed and dragged to an end. And so a good deal of what is called "history" got itself written; of which a good deal, especially when looked at under the microscope, is really entertaining, though perhaps not very edifying. Meanwhile the country did as it always does.

It governed itself, and with a steady step marched forward and upward, as it has proved.

Such memorials as I am bringing together must give some notice of failures as well as of victories. One must admit that the crickets chirped and the katydids discussed the biography of Catherine, although it never turned out that Catherine did anything, and that the crickets said anything that amounted to much.

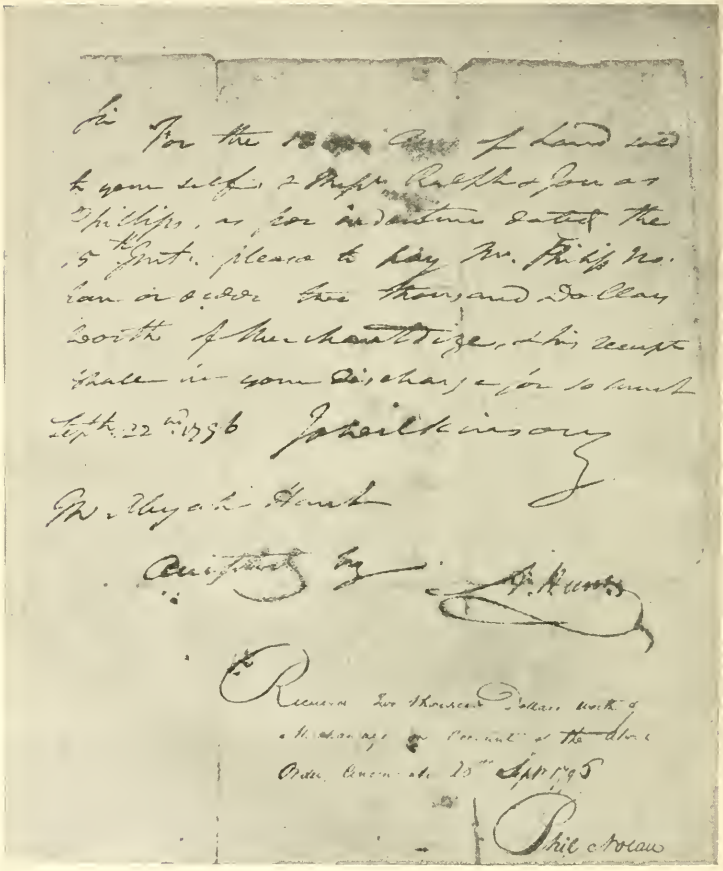
But we will devote two or three pages here partly to smoke and dust, partly to chirping and chattering, partly to Burr's plots and partly to Jefferson's plans. Such pages are always necessary in history. Thus, Mr. David Hume devotes more space to the story of the Countess of Salisbury's garter than he does to the Black Death, which in the same year and the next swept away a quarter part of the people of England. And Dr. Lingard even manages, it is hard to tell how, to give a volume to the history of King James the Fool, without so much as referring to the Received Version of the English Bible, or to the settlement of Virginia and Plymouth. James Town and James River have no place in his history of King James.

JAMES WILKINSON

Jefferson was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1801. Eighteen days after, when as yet nobody west of the Mississippi knew whether he were President or were not President, Philip Nolan, an adventurer from Kentucky, was killed in the neighborhood of what is now the town of Waco in Texas. He was murdered, I think; for, while he was in Texas under the orders of the Spanish Governor of "Orleans," he was killed by the soldiers of Spain, acting under the orders of the Spanish Governor of Texas. He was an American citizen who had been the partner in trade with James Wilkinson, the Major-General who commanded the army of the United States in the Mississippi Valley. We now know that at that time Wilkinson was secretly in the pay of the King of Spain. But there is no reason for saying that Nolan ever knew of this bribery and treason.

I became interested in this Captain Nolan, as he was generally called by the writers of his time, by mere accident, or, if you please, by inexcusable carelessness of mine. In the Civil War I was writing a story which I called "The Man Without a Country," in the hope of quick-

ening the National sentiment of the time. In studying for this story I read what I suppose



PHILIP NOLAN'S SIGNATURE.

Affixed to a receipt of merchandise, Sept. 28, 1795. From the original in the possession of the author.

no man living except myself has read, this General Wilkinson's "Memoirs." When I had to choose the name for my hero, recollecting Wilkinson's partner, Nolan, I called my man "Nolan."

It was always suspected, as long as General Wilkinson lived, that he was a traitor, in the pay of the Spanish King. This was treason double refined, when Wilkinson was in command of the American army in the Valley of the Mississippi, "the Legion of the West," as it was then called officially. It was precisely as if, on the 18th of September, 1902, General Chaffee, in command at Manila, should be receiving, by a secret arrangement, his annual remittance of three thousand dollars from the Emperor of Japan, or from the King of Spain.

I say this was suspected while Wilkinson lived. Mysterious kegs of silver came up from "Orleans" while "Orleans" was still a Spanish town, and were addressed to General Wilkinson. Once, and I believe twice, he was court-martialled, or there was a "court of inquiry." It seems to me a little queer that Nolan's receipt, which I copy from the original, should speak so briefly of two thousand dollars' worth of "merchandise." But I do not know that

the merchandise was Spanish dollars. Wilkinson was an old fox, if foxes ever cover their

General James Wilkinson. Philip Nolan's Partner.

From an etching by Max Rosenthal after the portrait by C. W. Peale.

tracks, and he had covered his so well that the charges were never proved.

He had the prestige which his service in the Revolution commanded. He was one of Gates's aides at Saratoga, and when I saw Wilkinson's papers in 1876, there were among them two autograph notes from Burgoyne to Gates, one

proposing a conference with a view to surrender, and another arranging the terms for the final ceremony. Somehow or other, he did cover his tracks in his treasons, and was acquitted by the courts. The three volumes of his "Memoirs" are seasoned all along by references to these trials, and by lame explanations or excuses. And Wilkinson died without public disgrace. I believe that he was as false to Aaron Burr as he was to the country.

But time rolled on, and time sometimes brings its revenges. In the prosperous days before the Civil War, the State of Louisiana was collecting the materials for its romantic early history. Mr. Charles Gayarré, one of our distinguished historians, was sent to Spain to follow out the traces of that short period of the eighteenth century when the French had transferred their great province of Louisiana to Spanish control. The Spanish Government opened its archives freely to Mr. Gayarré, and there he found, from year to year, the full details of this infamous treason, beginning as early as 1788. The King of Spain regularly paid Wilkinson two or three thousand dollars a year while Wilkinson commanded our "Legion of the West." This the papers in the Spanish archives make certain.

Mr. Gayarré told me in 1876 how it happened that such unbounded confidence was placed in him by his Spanish friends. He went out to Madrid with proper introductions from our Secretary of State and from the Governor of Louisiana. Our minister, Romulus Saunders presented these papers, and then Mr. Gayarré waited. But *mañana* seemed to be the word. He did not get forward at all. At last he wrote back to our historian, Prescott, and said that he made no progress. Prescott wrote at once to Madrid, to his friend Gayangos, the accomplished scholar, to whom all of us who care about American history are so largely indebted. Prescott wrote and asked Gayangos, in Spain, why they did not help his friend, Mr. Gayarré. To which Gayangos replied: "How should we know he was your friend? We do not fancy your Mr. Saunders, and we have had no other introduction. But if he is your friend, he shall see everything." And Gayarré did see everything: and that is the way that we know of Wilkinson's treason. I suppose there is a certain etiquette among governments which imposes a certain time limit on the revelation of such state secrets. I know that in 1859 I was not permitted in London

to see papers of which our lamented friend Benjamin Stevens has since printed facsimile copies.

So we are now happily sure of Wilkinson's treason. I say "happily" because it always pleases me to refer to it when grumblers tell me that to-day and yesterday compare unfavorably for political morality with the times of the men of the Revolution.

And I am apt to say that it does not speak well for Jefferson's statesmanship, or his knowledge of men, that for eight years he maintained such a rascal as Wilkinson in a post so important. He knew that Wilkinson had betrayed Burr. He must have suspected that Wilkinson had been the tool of Spain. He could easily have found it out had he wanted to, and yet he kept him in this important military command.

The history of this box of Wilkinson's papers, almost invaluable, is in itself dramatic. My distinguished friend, John Mason Brown, of Kentucky, had told me of the existence of the papers. I worked over them at Louisville for an afternoon in April, 1876. I took a few notes from them, but I was confident that the War Department would buy them from the owner, so that I took only a few notes. As

soon as I returned to Boston, I addressed a letter to the Department on the subject, but the time was unfortunate, and the Department did nothing. Meanwhile, the owner of the trunk had conceived very exaggerated notions of the value of the documents. Indeed, even to Philistines the autographs of Burgoyne, of Gates, of Burr, of Hamilton, of Philip Nolan, and of the New Orleans Clark would have brought large prices at auction. But no buyer appeared, and only two years ago the owner of these materials of history carried the box out to a vacant lot in Louisville, built a fire around it, and burned all the papers. In this melodramatic sacrifice of his, the precious autographs went to the skies in the form of highly diluted carbon.

GENERAL EATON AND DERNE

The humor, if one may call it so, of Jefferson's administration comes in where he is constantly obliged to take exactly the part which he and his had always condemned before he came to the throne. This comes almost to burlesque when we find an American army really crossing northern Africa for the capture of the city of Derne — which American army supposed itself to be moving by Jefferson's

orders. The whole transaction has in it an element of absurdity which makes the politicians drop it from memory as something which it is better to say nothing about.

But it left one funny remembrancer of itself which still exists in Egypt. In the year 1803 our navy was engaged in that war with Tripoli in which the infant navy was baptized. It proved that there was a certain Hamet Caramelli who thought he was the lawful heir to the crown of Tripoli. Our young readers will think that members of this family burnt sugar-cane for their young friends. Look in the dictionary and you will find cana-mella or cana-mellis. He made interest with our diplomatic agents in the Mediterranean, and proposed to them a military expedition by which he should oust the reigning

GENERAL EATON.
Engraving by Hamlin.

Pasha of Tripoli, with whose vessels our vessels were fighting. This proposal of his came to Jefferson and his Cabinet at a time when they thought themselves sufficiently annoyed by the complications of this naval war.

One of those wild geese who are born to

Gen. William Eaton and Hamet Caramelli.
On the Desert of Barca, approaching Derne.

bring trouble to governments, "a Connecticut Yankee." Mr. Adams calls him, a man named William Eaton, had taken this matter in charge. He was our consul at Tunis, about four hundred miles from Tripoli. He fell in with Hamet Caramelli, and came to America to tell the President that it would be a good plan for

us to restore him to his place as rightful Pasha, and that then grateful Hamet and his party would make any treaty he liked with us. I had the opportunity thirty years ago to read all Eaton's papers. He was a daring fellow, angry with people who did not take his views of things.

It is clear enough that at Washington he had received that sort of attention which timid governments are apt to bestow on spirited soldiers and sailors. Virtually he was told that if he succeeded in any plans of his in the Mediterranean, the Government would take all the credit, and if he failed he would have to pay all the penalty. Many an officer before Eaton has found himself in the same condition, and some officers since. But that Jefferson did not throw him over, or mean to throw him over, is clear enough, because he appointed Eaton our naval agent in the Mediterranean and sent him back. He appeared at Cairo the 8th of December, 1804, and hunted up Hamet. He brought him to Alexandria, where Hamet and he collected an army of five hundred men, of whom one hundred, who were called Christians, were recruited in Alexandria. "At about the time when President Jefferson was delivering his

second inaugural address, the naval agent led his little army into the desert with the courage of Alexander the Great, to conquer an African kingdom." These are Mr. Adams's words.

Briefly told, Eaton and Hamet marched their army five hundred miles across the desert up to the city of Derne. They frightened the reigning Pasha very badly, and our fleet under Commodore Barron was also frightening him. He made a treaty, gave up the prisoners whom he had, and we had the satisfaction of teaching Europe how these barbarians were to be handled. But poor Hamet Caramelli was left out in the cold, and poor Eaton was left with a claim upon the Government which he found it hard to collect. I am sorry to say that he died a drunkard in 1811.

All Eaton's papers are, I suppose, at this moment in the large trunk from which I took them when I read them in the year 1864. It is a pity that the War Department should not have them, but I have always found it rather hard to make the War Department pick up papers which bear on our old history. At the time I knew of them they were the property of the great autograph collector, Dr. Sprague, of Albany.

A memorial of Eaton which still survives is the relic in "the American colony at Cairo" of

his little army. All these hundred "Christians," so called, who marched with the four hundred Arabs to conquer Derne, obtained in that march the rights of American citizens for themselves, for their children, and their children's children — rights which, in a country which has been governed as Egypt has been until within a few years, have been of the first importance and value. When my brother Charles became resident agent of the United States in Egypt in 1864, he found that he had quite a number of these queer "Americans" on his hands, none of whom had ever seen America and none of whom could speak a word of English.[1] If they got into trouble they came to our consuls to protect them, and they could not be tried in any but a consular court. My brother asked me to look up Eaton's history for him. I found that all the

[1] Charles wrote me while he resided in Egypt that he had the day before sat as judge in a trial of an "American," who had been stealing in the Egyptian post-office. "The man spoke Arabic; the witnesses testified in Arabic, Turkish, and Coptic; the lawyers on both sides conducted their pleas in Italian, and I decided the case in French." The only language of which not one word was spoken by any accident was the language of the country to which the judge and the case belonged.

My brother redeemed all this system of trials from this absurdity. He drew up the plan by which a special court authorized by the Egyptian Government now tries all such prisoners.

papers which Eaton considered important had been preserved, and from them I was able to read the very curious history of the episode which it was convenient for Jefferson to have forgotten, and which has won for itself so little place in the history of the century. People who negotiated the treaty with the Pasha of Tripoli say definitely that the attack on the eastern side of the province was an efficient agency in bringing the autocratic Pasha to terms.

I wonder how many of the thousands of people who pass through Derne Street in Boston every day, now that it makes one side of the beautiful State House Park, know that it celebrates the only conquest of their country on either of the three old continents!

Partly from ignorance and partly from the old-fashioned etiquettes, the arrangements which John Adams or his cabinet made for a war with France are singularly slurred over by most of the historians. It is rather droll to think or speak of President Adams as the first of "filibusters." But that is just what he was. Unwillingly enough, he had made Hamilton the commander of the army under Washington. Of the intrigues attending this appointment there is enough and more than enough in the older

histories. What they do not tell us is, that the infant town of Cincinnati was made the gathering point for the new regiments and that Hamilton expected, wished, or meant to lead the army which was recruiting there down the river to the capture of "Orleans" and to coöperate with General Miranda in his proposed overthrow of the Spanish rule on the southern side of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. The flatboats which were to take this expedition down the river were built in Cincinnati. Hamilton and Wilkinson were in full correspondence as to its details when the peace was made with France. Observe, that Orleans was then a Spanish town and that it was to be captured by an American force because America was at war with France. I saw Hamilton's letters in Wilkinson's chest in April, 1876. But there is not a word about this plan in Schouler's history, hardly an allusion to it in Hildreth, and you have to come down to Lodge's "Life of Hamilton" in 1882 before you find its importance alluded to.

PHILIP NOLAN

I return to the history of Philip Nolan, because, as it proved, it worked its way in to that hatred of Spain in the West, and particularly in

the southwest, of which we have seen the outcome in our own time. As the reader knows, the first explorer of Texas was Philip Nolan. And it was there that he was killed on the 22d day of March, 1801. The Spanish Governor of Chihuahua who took out his overwhelming force against a little army of twenty men hunting horses, was one of the Spanish officers who had been frightened to death. Nolan himself had written as early as 1797, "I look forward to the conquest of Mexico by the United States, and I expect that my friend and patron the General will in such event give me a conspicuous command." This was at the time when our troubles with France were brewing. John Adams was in the first year of his Presidency; Washington was to be really commander-in-chief of the army, but Hamilton was to take command of what was eventually called "The New Army" at Cincinnati. These details were probably not determined on when Nolan wrote those words, but the plan was in the air, in 1798. A considerable part of the new army gathered at Cincinnati which they called Fort Washington. Had Miranda's plans worked better, Hamilton and Wilkinson would probably have captured "Orleans" with this western army, when in 1799, the high

water of the Mississippi brought them down. The letters between Hamilton and Wilkinson which I read in 1876 went into all the details of this plan. It was abandoned because England was so slow in giving any support to Miranda.

The real history of the real Philip Nolan is this. He seems to have grown up as a boy in Frankfort or Lexington, Kentucky. Lexington was one of the oldest towns in Kentucky and Frankfort is the capital of the state. One of my friends there has sent me a photograph of the old Court House which I suppose was in existence in Nolan's time. The well-known story is that the first settlers of Lexington named their town because they had just heard of the Battle of Lexington in 1775. If, as I suppose, Captain Nolan was about thirty-five when he was killed, he must have been born before the settlement; but his father was among the early settlers of the state and I think he must have spent his boyhood there.

At an early age, however, he turns up in "Orleans" and is evidently a person of some importance in the affairs of the little city. Since 1763 Louisiana had been a Spanish possession, having been transferred from France to Spain in the treaties at the end of the Seven Years' War.

But the reader must observe that it was not transferred to the Spanish "Department of the Colonies." On this misfortune hung poor Nolan's life, as it proved.

For the Spanish Governor at "Orleans" was named by the Department of "Foreign Affairs" at Madrid. I think he did not even report to the viceroy in Mexico, and it would seem as if there were a jealousy between the Colonial Bureau and the "Foreign Affairs" at Madrid. Now Mexico and Texas belonged to the "*Colonial* Affairs," sometimes called the "Department of the Indies," and Louisiana with "Orleans" to the "*Foreign* Affairs."

Here was Philip Nolan then, a young American, resident in "Orleans" at the time of the Spanish Governors Casa Calvo and De Nava. Orleans was the port of the whole Mississippi Valley, and there were many Americans there. Daniel Clark was there, Mrs. General Gaines's father. Oliver Pollock was there, — the same Pollock who sent to Pittsburg powder for Washington as early as 1775. And now and then General James Wilkinson was there. All of these men knew Philip Nolan, and there is some trace of him in their correspondence. He wrote a good hand, as the reader may see. He spelled

well, and a generation earlier this qualification seemed to Harriet Byron to show that a man was a gentleman. He was in good society, and in the year 1800 he married into the family of Mr. Miner, one of the best American families on the river. He is always spoken of with great respect, almost with regard. I am sorry to say that his personal appearance does not appear to corroborate the impression thus given. Mr. Miner once showed me a miniature of him, elegantly set in gold, which represents rather a disagreeable bluff face, apparently Irish, of a man about thirty. He is dressed in the picture in a blue coat, which may have been a soldier's coat. He is generally called Captain Nolan. But I cannot find that he had been in any army. His correspondence with Wilkinson, so far as we have it, indicates a good deal of mercantile experience.

Strange to say, it was not considered unbecoming that a Major-General, commanding an army, should be engaged constantly in commercial enterprises which took him and his agents into a foreign city. Through all those years at the end of the century, Wilkinson was engaged in such enterprises in "Orleans" and this Captain Nolan was his confidential commercial correspondent. If he had not been, I should never have

cared anything about him, and this reader would not now be reading these lines. But Nolan was so engaged. And in General Wilkinson's "Memoirs," which, as I have said, is a sad galimatias of fact and fiction always flavored by fraud and folly, he refers again and again to "his friend, Captain Nolan." In particular, whenever there is an important document which cannot be found, Wilkinson says it was lost at the time of the death of Captain Nolan. Now, as I have said, when I was writing my story of "A Man without a Country," in 1863, I wanted a name for my imagined hero. It must be a Kentucky name, a name remembered in the lower Mississippi Valley; the man must know of Canadian intrigues at the North, and Spanish intrigues at the South. I recollected Wilkinson's friend, — he is the sort of Mrs. Jawkins for Wilkinson, — "Captain Nolan who was killed in Texas." Here was a good name for me, and I called my "Man without a Country" Nolan. In the book he speaks once and again of "his cousin" Stephen Nolan who was killed in Texas, and of "his brother" who was killed in Texas. The mixture of cousin and brother was intentional, by way of giving plausibility to the story, for the words are used by two persons and a mistake in such a trifle is

not unnatural. All the time I had the impression that Wilkinson's friend was Captain Stephen Nolan, and I called him so. The matter seemed of no consequence whatever, and I did not think to look up the name. If he was named Stephen his brother might have been named Philip. I had once been in an Episcopal church on Saint Stephen's Day, when, by accident, the "Rector" told the story of Saint Philip and fitted it on Saint Stephen. This made me think that I might fairly name my man Philip Nolan and say he had a brother or a cousin named Stephen.

Alas! and alas! more than six months after my story was printed, indeed when hundreds of thousands of copies of it had introduced my Philip Nolan to the world, as I was looking in Wilkinson's "Memoirs" for something else, I found to my horror and dismay that the real man was named Philip and not Stephen!

This accounted at once for many things. I had had a message from a lady who said she was a sister of Philip Nolan and wished she knew more about him. Our army was in possession of New Orleans at that time. It was a little after the fall of Vicksburg. The Miner family and gentlemen interested in the

early history of Louisiana had been writing to me about Captain Nolan who had been killed at Waco in 1801, as if he were Philip Nolan who appears in my story for the first time in the summer of 1805.

I am sorry to say that Captain Philip Nolan, who, on the whole, I like and believe in, was the correspondent, in some sense the confidential correspondent, of his "patron" General Wilkinson. But there is no evidence that he knew of Wilkinson's relations with the Spanish King. The reader should recollect that for a part of this time, New Orleans and Louisiana were Spanish territory, and that a Spanish Governor held the city of Orleans and that neighborhood for the Spanish King. Now in truth the real Philip Nolan had found out, I do not know how, that there were herds of wild horses in Texas. He could see with his eyes that the Spanish soldiers in Louisiana needed horses. He went to the Spanish Governor and told him that if the Government would take from him as many horses as were wanted and would give him a permit for the purpose, he would organize a mounted party and bring horses from Texas to Orleans. The governor was well pleased, made the contract,

gave the permit, and Nolan with a party went up into the Red River and beyond, corralled the horses, brought them into Orleans, and was paid for them. It was a good speculation for all parties.

It was so successful that another year Nolan did it again; for the Governor made a second contract, gave a permit a second time, and Nolan brought in another drove of horses. I think that Wilkinson was concerned in the pecuniary part of one of these adventures. I know that Nolan says in one of his letters that General Wilkinson had promised him a commission if the United States ever made war with the Spaniards. It was at this time that Jefferson, who was then Vice-President of the United States, heard of him, and wrote him a letter about these wild horses. A press copy of this letter is now at Washington. We know that Nolan replied to this letter, — but his reply cannot now be found in the correspondence of the American Philosophical Society, for whom Jefferson wrote. There is, however, another paper by him on the sign language of the Indians. I used that language, therefore, in my novel of "Philip Nolan's Friends."

At that time, or about that time, Nolan estab-

lished his residence in or near the infant town of Natchez. Here he married Miss Fanny Lintot. By this marriage he was connected with Mr. Miner, and to Mr. Miner and the ladies of his family I am indebted for much of my information in regard to him. Dr. Dinet of Temple in Texas tells me that it was while he lived in Natchez, in 1799, that he published a description of Texas, the first written in English, and printed it at Natchez. Alas! no copy of this interesting tract is known to exist. But the map which Nolan drew for it has been copied in Bulletin No. 45 of the U. S. Geological Survey.

Poor Nolan tried the adventure in Texas once too often. At the end of 1800 the Spanish Governor, De Nava, — the same who had given him his passports before, was acting as Governor *ad interim*. He wanted horses again. Nolan again agreed to go and bring him some. And again he received authority from the Government to go. But let the reader remember that this is a governor appointed by the Spanish Foreign Office and not by the Colonial Office, and while the Foreign Office has the oversight of Louisiana, the Colonial Office is responsible for Texas.

Nolan enlisted his men, about twenty of them. We have the names of all of them. They went

up as far as Walnut Hills, where they were in American territory; and here Nolan was summoned by the United States officer in command, who did not propose that an American body of men should go filibustering into Spanish territory. As soon as they crossed the Mississippi, they would be on Spanish soil. Nolan answered with perfect frankness. He showed his permit from the Spanish Governor. It was put on record in the United States court. The United States authorities saw that things were all right, and he and his friends crossed the river and entered upon Spanish ground.

I suppose that it was at this time that he saw his wife for the last time. In 1876 I saw an old white-haired negro on Mr. Miner's plantation who as a child had seen the cortège depart. The old man told me he remembered bidding Captain Phil good-by.

My friend, Mr. William Howell Reed, had told me in 1864, that near City Point in Virginia he had seen the grave of Philip Nolan, a black soldier of a Louisiana regiment, which had been brought from Louisiana as our army advanced upon Richmond. I suppose that he had been born on the Miner plantation, and that his name may have been borrowed from our Captain

Nolan, or from his son who was born after his death.

My story of "The Man without a Country," of which my Philip Nolan was the hero, was published in December, 1863. When Grant's army entered Jackson, in Mississippi, in the same year, an officer of an Ohio regiment went into the State House. Among some loose papers there, he found the original record of the real Captain Nolan's examination by the United States authorities to which I have referred. The reader must observe that at that time this gentleman knew nothing of my Captain Nolan, because my story was not printed till many months after. When my story was printed, a gentleman in our army sent that number of the *Atlantic Monthly* to the ladies of Mr. Miner's family who were living at Concordia, just opposite Natchez. As Miss Miner advanced in the story she cried out in deep excitement that she had found "A story about Uncle Philip Nolan." For Fanny Lintot, Captain Nolan's wife, was this lady's grandaunt, and the wedding had taken place in the Concordia of that day. The Concordia of the next century, which entertained in its time Lafayette and Aaron Burr and everybody else of distinction who passed that way, has

been unfortunately burned down since the publication of these papers began.

To return to the real Captain Nolan. He and his merry men bade good-by to Fanny Lintot and the rest, and rode gayly up the valley of the Red River, stopping, I believe, at Nachitoches, where I think he was examined again by the Spanish Governor. He had lived in Nachitoches at one time and another. I have the original record in Spanish of a judicial inquiry made by Spanish officers in which his washerwoman and her husband and everybody else, you might say, is cross questioned about Captain Nolan. Poor Nolan was dead before the inquiry was over; but this they did not know. My friend, Judge Emery, was good enough to translate this narrative for me, and the Mississippi Historical Society has printed his translation. If Nolan did show his passports at Nachitoches, they were still all right; for all of them were still under the dominion of the Spanish Foreign Office. But Texas begins some fifty miles west of Nachitoches. As soon as Nolan crossed the Sabine into Texas, he was under the dominion of the viceroy of Mexico, and the Governor appointed by him, and here danger began.

Of this whole journey, we have the story in

a good deal of detail by Ellis Bean, one of his men. This story is reprinted in "Yoakum's History of Texas." Here is the narrative by Bean: —

"In four days more it was our misfortune to be attacked by a hundred and fifty Spaniards sent by the commandant at Chihuahua. He was general commandant of the five northeastern internal provinces, and called Don Nimesio de Salcedo. The troops that came were piloted by Indians from Nacogdoches that came with them. They surrounded our camp about one o'clock in the morning, on the 22nd of March, 1801. They took the five Spaniards and one American that were guarding our horses, leaving but twelve of us, including Cæsar. We were all alarmed by the tramping of their horses; and, as day broke, without speaking a word, they commenced their fire. After about ten minutes our gallant leader Nolan was slain by a musket-ball which hit him in the head. In a few minutes after they began to fire grape-shot at us: they had brought a small swivel on a mule. We had a pen that we had built of logs, to prevent the Indians from stealing from us. From this pen we returned their fire until about nine o'clock. We then had two men

wounded and one killed. I told my companions we ought to charge on the cannon and take it. Two or three of them agreed to it, but the rest appeared unwilling. I told them it was at most but death; and if we stood still, all would doubtless be killed; that we must take the cannon or retreat. It was agreed that we should retreat. Our number was eleven, of which two were wounded. The powder that we could not put in our horns was given to Cæsar to carry, while the rest were to make use of their arms. So we set out through a prairie, and shortly crossed a small creek. While we were defending ourselves, Cæsar stopped at the creek and surrendered himself with the ammunition to the enemy. Of the two wounded men, one stopped and gave himself up, the other came on with us. There were then nine of us that stood the fire of the enemy, on both sides of us, for a march of half a mile. We were so fortunate, that not a man of us got hurt, though the balls played around us like hail."

The next day, however, they surrendered to their pursuers and were marched to Nacogdoches; but after a month, when they were expecting to be sent home, they were sent to San Antonio, then to San Luis Potosi, where they

stayed one year and four months, then to Chihuahua, where they lived for many years. A regular trial was given them, of which the proceedings are extant. Don Pedro Ramos de Verea conducted the defence (will not some Texan name a county for him?) and the men were acquitted. The judge, De Navaro, ordered their release, January 23, 1804; but Salcedo, who was then in command of these provinces, countermanded the decree of acquittal, and sent the papers to the King in Spain.

The King, by a decree of February 23, 1807, ordered that one out of five of Nolan's men should be hung, and the others kept at hard labor for ten years. Let it be observed that this is the royal decree for ten men who had been acquitted by the court which tried them.

When the decree arrived at Chihuahua, one of the ten prisoners, Pierce, was dead. The new judge pronounced that only one of the remaining nine should suffer death, and Salcedo approved this decision.

On the 9th of November, therefore, 1807, the adjutant-inspector, with De Verea, the prisoner's counsel, proceeded to the barracks, where they were confined, and read the King's decision. A drum, a glass tumbler, and two dice were

brought, the prisoners knelt before the drum, and were blindfolded.

Ephraim Blackburn, the oldest prisoner, took the fatal glass and dice, and threw 3 and 1 . . . . . = 4
Lucian Garcia threw 3 and 4 . . . . . = 7
Joseph Reed threw 6 and 5 . . . . . = 11
David Fero threw 5 and 3. . . . . = 8
Solomon Cooley threw 6 and 5 . . . . . = 11
Jonah (Tony) Walters threw 6 and 1 . . . . . = 7
Charles Ring threw 4 and 3 . . . . . = 7
Ellis Bean threw 4 and 1 . . . . . = 5
William Dawlin threw 4 and 2 . . . . . = 6

And then and there poor Ephraim Blackburn was led out and hanged in the sight of the others. Blackburn is, I am told, a Virginian name, — and I made some effort once to find the family to which this poor martyr belonged, but without success.

Only a few months before this Zebulon Pike, an officer of our army who had accidentally crossed the Spanish frontier in his explorations of our Western territory, fell in with Fero, one of these men, with old Cæsar, another of them, and had some communication with a third. Pike was so much interested in them that he wrote a letter to General Salcedo, the commander of the department of which Chihuahua was the capital. He begged that something might be

done toward "restoring those poor fellows to their liberty, their friends and country"; and he intercedes particularly for Fero who had served under Pike's father. In this letter to Salcedo, Pike says that they entered the territory of the Spanish in a clandestine manner, in violation of the treaties between the two governments. But he says "the men of the party were innocent, believing that Nolan had passports from the Spanish Government." We know from the testimony of the United States Court at Natchez that this statement of Nolan's to them was true. But unfortunately, Salcedo, in the whole of the business, before Nolan's death and after it, had proved himself to be very much the brute. From Pike's report, and, indeed, from every other report which came from the valley of the Rio Grande or Northern Mexico, news of the Spanish cruelty to these poor fellows was brought to the Southwest. Anybody who cared anything about it, as the Miners for instance, into whose family Nolan had married, believed, as I believe, that the Spanish authorities at Orleans had given Nolan a passport to go into Texas. But the curse of red tape, which seems a small curse, was upon Spain, as it always has been since the days of Spartacus. As has been intimated, Texas

was under the control of the Department of the Indies, which had no more to do with the Department of State than it had to do with the department of canals in the planet Mars. Whatever one department ordered, the other department blocked if it could, as is the manner of "departments," and so poor Philip Nolan was killed by the Governor of Texas, though he had the permission of the Governor of Louisiana to go into Texas. The Southwest, however, charged this cruelty, not to red tape, but to Spanish falsity and treachery. And the blood of Philip Nolan and Ephraim Blackburn became, as I believe, the seed which, when it ripened, fed the various assaults upon Texas that separated Texas from the Mexican confederacy. It is for this reason that I am always trying to urge my friends in Texas to erect a statue to Philip Nolan, either in the beautiful capitol of their own State, or in the gallery of heroes in Washington.

Of this infamy, as it now seems, from every written document of the time, the greater part transpired in the first eight years of the century; the years of Jefferson's administration. Jefferson had himself, as we have seen, been a correspondent of Captain Nolan's, had written to him, and had received his answers. Nolan, with

nearly twenty other Americans, who carried the permission of a Spanish Governor, had been treated in this way by the Spanish Government. Jefferson must have known of the transaction. Pike must have reported to him what he saw and heard. Yet it would appear that he never uttered a word for the freedom of these men or made any inquiries regarding them.

Another man would have had something to say to Godoy. Any President of the United States to-day who should neglect such a matter would be impeached. But Jefferson, till he died, was let alone.

All the same, there were twenty households of Americans which had sent out, each one young man,[1] to be the victims of this cruelty. From year to year there trickled back messages from Fero, from Blackburn, from Bean, and the rest, which told of the fate of these wretched slaves, whose number was smaller and smaller. Such stories passed from house to house, and from village to village. And so there grew up in the Southwest a vindictive hatred of Spain which showed itself as soon as the struggles for Mexican independence began.

[1] De Nava's successor, in his letters home, says thirty-two, but I do not know why. Bean gives the names of his twenty.

The Spain which broke faith with John Hawkins in 1567, which poisoned Delaware and his companions at Madeira in 1611, which had hanged the Huguenots on the coast of Florida; the Spain of the Inquisition; the Spain of Pizarro and of Cortes, was the same Spain to the friends of Philip Nolan and his companions when the century began. When in 1870 a Spanish Governor shot seventy passengers from the *Virginius* in Santiago without even the form of a trial, those men in the Southwest said, "This is the same old Spain!" When in 1897 Weyler committed worse atrocities, these people said, "It is the same old Spain."

We in the North could not conceive of this. To us, Spain was the Spain of Isabella II, our true friend in the Rebellion; the Spain of Gayangos, of Navarrète, of Irving, of Cervantes and Gil Blas; the Spain of Sancho Panza and of Don Quixote. We did not hate Spain. But the people of the Southwest did. To them, Spain was the Spain of murder, of fraud, and of violated promise.

And so the mills of the gods ground in their time. Those mills grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine.

AARON BURR

When I was preparing myself to write the story of "The Man Without a Country," which has been alluded to, I went as carefully as I could into the history of Aaron Burr, and what is called his Plot, winding up with the great Treason Trial at Richmond.

AARON BURR.
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

I satisfied myself that there is more to be learned about it than any one now knows; and I still think that here is a good unexplored field of work for any wide-awake young man or woman who really cares for the history of the country. I also think that more important material than has yet been used by historians is to be found, not in this country, but in the archives of Mexico; and probably at Madrid also. I should not attempt any careful history of that business till I had been in Mexico and

Spain, with permission to use their papers of the time.

Burr probably had agents, if you may call them so, in all our seaports, pressing men to join him somewhere, somehow. Of such agencies of his the Spanish Minister at Washington was well informed, and he sent to Mexico, and I suppose to Madrid, despatches quite as highly colored as the truth demanded.

I began to wonder, very soon in my researches, why Burr was so carefully let alone by Jefferson in 1805 and 1806, and was then pursued with such intense hatred in 1807. Was there not, perhaps, at bottom in Mr. Jefferson's heart, a suspicion that Burr would be well out of the way, either if he succeeded in establishing his principality, or if he were killed in battle, or if he were halved and quartered by the Spaniards?

Recollect that Jefferson knew what they had done to Nolan and his men, and that Nolan's men were slaving in the mines of New Mexico. With this suspicion I went over the correspondence now at Washington as well as I could, only to find that, yes or no, whatever Mr. Jefferson knew or did not know, he covered his own tracks very carefully. There is nothing in the Jefferson papers or the papers from our Minister in

Madrid — nothing at all. You may read the correspondence and hardly know that there was any Aaron Burr.

The reader will thank me for copying Jefferson's very curious letter to Burr as early as 1800, December 15, in which he flatters him to the top of his bent. Yet, after this, there is, however, a long memorandum, which has been printed, which is Jefferson's account of a conversation between him and Burr in January, 1802, not quite a year after their inauguration. Burr is profuse in his protestations of loyalty to Jefferson. Jefferson is cold, scornful almost, in his account of his replies. It is clear enough that from that time there could have been nothing approaching intimacy between them.

In this conversation Burr said that New York was in the hands of two great families, the Clintons and the Livingstons; and that his loyalty to Jefferson had lost to him the confidence of both. This is an interesting suggestion to any one who cares to study the "unaccountable" in New York politics. It goes deep in the history of National politics for sixty years.[1]

[1] In the canvass of 1828–1829 John Quincy Adams made the remark, which I believe I first put in print, that in political matters "New York always was one of the devil's own unaccountables."

I had endeavored to compose an administration whose talents, integrity, name & dispositions should at once inspire unbounded confidence in the public mind, and ensure a perfect harmony in the conduct of the public business. I lose you from the list, & am not sure of all the others. should the gentlemen who possess the public confidence decline taking a part in their affairs, and force us to take up persons unknown to the people, the evil genius of this country may realize his avowal that 'he will beat down the administration'. — the return of mr Van Benthuysen, one of your electors, furnishes me a confidential opportunity of writing this much to you, which I should not have ventured through the post office, at this ~~passing~~ season. we shall of course see you before the 4th. of March. accept my respectful & affectionate salutations.

Th: Jefferson

THE LETTER FROM JEFFERSON TO AARON BURR.
From the original, owned by the American Antiquarian Society.

If I were twenty years younger than I am, and if by good fortune there were eight days in the week for some half-year, I think I would write the life of Aaron Burr from 1795, perhaps, to 1810. No one else will do it. I observe, however, that in the flood of historical novels there are one or two which deal with him. But, historically, now that Mr. Parton is dead, nobody cares anything about him.[1]

It is a most picturesque, dramatic, and mysterious life. Sometimes one wonders whether, in his own mind, after it was all over, there remained any very distinct plan of what he was about or what he was trying for. It seems to me very queer that, living until the year 1836, he did not himself prepare a monograph which should tell at least what he pretended it was.

From 1795 to 1800 he was a prominent New York politician. He went and came with no fundamental theory of government, I think, and perfectly indifferent as to the questions of the day so only Aaron Burr was at the top and

[1] After I printed these words in December, 1901, I learned from Mr. Charles Felton Pidgin that he proposes "to write several books in which Aaron Burr will be a conspicuous figure," and "that he intends to close the series with a life of Colonel Burr." Mr. Pidgin is Councillor-in-chief and Correspondent-in-chief of "The Aaron Burr Legion."

other people were not at the top. Certainly one or two analyses made by Burr himself of the political quarrels of that day in New York add very little to our light on the subject. I do not believe that there now lingers in the State of New York any "silver-gray politician," or anybody else, who knows or cares why faction was divided against faction as it was.

As the reader knows, the Federalist party in Congress had determined to take its chances and elect Aaron Burr to the Presidency. It had failed, and Jefferson became President. With that election it was determined that the Southern influence should, on the whole, prevail in the government of America until the year 1861. The administration of John Quincy Adams, a month of William Henry Harrison, and two or three years of Millard Fillmore are exceptions, so far as the names of the Presidents may be taken as indications of the National policy. But practically the National administration was in Southern hands throughout those sixty years. For Martin Van Buren, Franklin Pierce, and James Buchanan were all chosen as "Northern men with Southern principles," as what John Randolph called "doughfaces," and what bitter partisans called "putty men." That is to say,

they were Northern men who were acting under the orders of the Southern party to the very last.

I do not myself think that in 1801 anybody in the country saw that the real cleavage line was the line between the States which were virtually free States and those States which were really handicapped by the slave system. In truth, slavery was not fairly abolished in all the Northern states at that time, though all the tendencies were against it. On the other hand, there was a very strong anti-slavery sentiment south of that line, particularly in the State of Virginia. This appears very distinctly in Jefferson's correspondence, in Madison's, and in Washington's.

All the same, however, the two parties of this country were the party of the North and the party of the South. One was a party of commerce and the other was a party of agriculture; one was the party of free labor and the other was the party of slave labor. When Josiah Quincy, one of the fine old Federal war-horses, was ninety-one years old, I took my oldest child over to the town of Quincy to see him in his country home, especially that she might remember that she had seen a man who was born be-

fore the American Revolution began. He was as well and strong as the youngest man who reads this paper. He was in capital spirits that day, and freely went over the history of America for a hundred years. Now, if you please, that day was just a century after the halcyon moment of which Washington wrote to a friend in London that America would never be heard of in the world's counsels again.

JOSIAH QUINCY.
After the portrait by Stuart.

It was in the heart of the Civil War, and I asked the old gentleman what was the first battle between the North and South. With rage only half suppressed, he said it was on the question between the Northern States and Southern States as to the position of the Federal capital — Should it be in Northern territory or Southern? And very indignant he was with Langdon, the New Hampshire Senator who

turned the scale. He spoke of Jefferson in terms as severe as I should use in speaking of Satan. And, by the way, I may say that he intimated that Jefferson's hold of the Democratic party, which was of course always the Southern party, did not virtually cease until the strong and young hand of John Caldwell Calhoun took the reins from Jefferson. In this conversation he cited a phrase of Gouverneur Morris that the mistake was a mistake "made at the beginning, when we united eight republics with five oligarchies." In that phrase of Morris's is hidden the political history of the country.

It seems to have been almost an accident that Aaron Burr should have been named with Jefferson as one of the two candidates for President under the old Constitutional arrangement. But, as it happened, he was the Northern Democrat of that decade. At bottom I suppose that was the reason why the Federal leaders in Congress in 1800 and 1801 determined to vote for him in the House of Representatives instead of Jefferson. Burr's position was, of course, one of the utmost difficulty. As late as the 16th of December, 1800, Jefferson had, or said he had, absolute confidence in Burr. The letter which

he wrote to Burr that day is still preserved, both in the original and in the press copy. The original is in Antiquarian Hall in Worcester, Mass.

The critical election in the House of Repre-

THE QUINCY MANSION AT QUINCY.
From an early woodcut.

sentatives came on the eleventh day of February, 1801. Before that day Jefferson had lost the confidence which he had expressed in Burr, never to resume it after. Burr had been chosen Vice-

President by the Senate under the Constitutional form. One would say that naturally between the President and the Vice-President, between the years 1801 and 1805, there would be a good deal of intimacy, seeing that they were both representatives of the same great party. In point of fact, however, Jefferson wrote Burr only two letters in that time: one to apologize for cutting open a letter by mistake, and the other of similar superficial character. Burr, however, would not tolerate this condition of things, and sought to obtain the interview with Jefferson which took place, as I have said. Jefferson's account is in his Journal, which has been printed. It indicates, all the way through, his distrust of Burr and his certainty that Burr had played him false in private negotiations with the Federal leaders. But I do not believe that Jefferson was right in this opinion, doubtless sincere. In Matthew Davis's Life of Burr, which I will say, by the way, is one of the stupidest and worst books that ever was written, he gives a mass of testimony which seems to me to prove that through the whole critical period of the election in the House of Representatives Burr was loyal to his chief and to the Democratic party. But, all the same, men doubted

him, and after the duel with Hamilton men hated him. Burr was never anything but an adventurer, and at the suggestion, as it would seem, of Matthew Lyon, he determined to throw himself on the West, in a region which was then come into importance. He made his first journey — a journey highly dramatic — down to New Orleans as soon as his term as Vice-President ended in 1805.

As I have said, it was my business to study this voyage of Burr down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers in every detail which was accessible to me. And very interesting study it was. I do not myself believe that at that time Burr had the slightest idea of any invasion of Texas or other enterprise aimed against the Spanish rule of Mexico; but he met on that journey plenty of people who hated Spain and knew what a paradise Texas is. It was not unnatural that, being a Vice-President out of business, he conceived the plan for the filibustering expedition on that journey.

On that first journey he met James Wilkinson, who was the General in command of what it was the fashion to call the "Legion of the West," and I think that was its official title. It was suspected even then that Wilkinson was in

the pay of the King of Spain, and we now know from Mr. Gayarré's researches in the Spanish archives that Wilkinson was receiving every year from the King of Spain a subsidy of three or four thousand dollars.[1]

Wilkinson's own account of his dealings with Burr is so evidently the falsehood of a traitor and an intriguer that one can only make guesses about what really happened; but what we know is that, after going down to "Orleans," as New Orleans was then called, and meeting with Daniel Clark and with others of the leading people there, Burr came back to the East with the determination to try a filibustering expedition, even if he had no definite plans for it. This determination occupied him when he arrived in Washington on the 29th of November, 1805, and until August, 1806, when he went to the West and sailed down the Ohio. Let the careful reader observe that we had taken possession of Louisiana nearly three years before. Let him also observe that the whole Southwest hated Spain with a hatred which has lasted until this time, of which the murder of Philip Nolan and

[1] The story of the discovery of this treason is a curious one, which I had from the lips of Mr. Gayarré in New Orleans in 1876, and which I have told in another place.

L of C

the wicked imprisonment of his companions made an important element. Burr had undoubtedly had four confidential and important interviews with Wilkinson in 1805.

NATHAN HALE

I have said that in these papers I am surveying the century as I have seen it myself through various keyholes.

We began on that day in October when at my grandfather's they killed a pig in the morning, when, as the day went on, the boy Nathan Hale was called in from his work in the garden and was examined for Williams College. He joined his class after its first term, as the new-born century began.

So for me and mine the nineteenth century begins — when the boy Nathan Hale begins on his course in college. His father's diary for the 9th of February, 1801, reads, "Have several scholars." On the 10th of February the little diary tells us that Nathan goes with Strong and Taylor and Levi Parsons to Williams College.

This means that so many boys went with Dr. Woodbridge on horseback across the Green Mountain range, that the boys might begin on their college course. On the 3d of March the

father wrote a letter to the boy, and this entry in his diary may connect the beginning of the century with the new era in the history of their country: "T. Jefferson chosen President U. S." For the next day, the 4th of March, was the day on which Thomas Jefferson walked from his lodgings across to the half-finished halls of Congress and took the oath as President of the United States. The reign of Washington and Adams was over, and the reign of the Virginian dynasty began.

I have already spoken of the discussion among the Philotechnian students at Williamstown as to the purchase of Louisiana. Dr. Tyler, the historian of the College, speaks of the four years after 1801 as if they were unsatisfactory. But my father enjoyed them, and always spoke of his work at the College with pleasure. We are so grand now, and so apt to speak as if the Dark Ages really lasted to our own time, that it is edifying to observe the subject which was given to him for discussion at his Commencement, September 5, 1804: "Has Society for the last fifty years been in a state of progressive improvement?"

This twenty-year-old boy, "without embracing either extreme of opinion," proved to himself

and to his fond hearers. I think, that things had gone wonderfully well. He could speak of science with fresh recollections of Lavoisier, Priestley, and the destruction of alchemy; and he had Dr. Herschel, who had doubled the size of the solar system, and Franklin, who had tamed the lightning. To these he gave four of his precious minutes on Commencement Day.

"But the progress of the sciences has been surpassed by the improvement of taste in the fine arts." Stuart Mill was yet two generations in the future, but in 1804 "we may claim for our own time the merit of the discovery that syllogistical reasoning can conduct no further into the secrets of science than the naked eye of common sense could penetrate. This illiberal attachment to system and method has yielded to a taste founded in nature, correct and unadulterated."

And so, after five minutes more, we come to the useful arts, commerce in particular. There he is able to congratulate his hearers on the state of the political world. The year 1763 had crippled the house of Bourbon and extinguished all fear of universal empire, and then the American Revolution added an "extensive and powerful republic to the number of independent nations."

We drop a tear over poor Poland, but "sovereigns acknowledge their subjection to the restraints of moral obligation, and national honor becomes the strong guardian of national justice."

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.
From a painting made in 1845.

The modern reader is a little surprised to read that in 1804 "war no longer carries havoc and ruin to the heart of an inoffensive country, but sports itself in the uncultivated fields or vents its thunders on the deep." Such had been the "pleasing picture till unexpectedly crimsoned by

an event as unnatural as it was momentous." This was the French Revolution. From its paths of blood the young optimist turns aside to study the improvements time has brought in in the science of government. "The practice of torture has been abolished from the German courts of justice." The state of the European peasantry is improved. The Ottoman power is on the decline. But, best of all, "freedom of enquiry and liberty of conscience are now universally enjoyed." We lament that so many young men "reject the cheering doctrines of the Gospel"; but how can we "wonder that on the liberation of the mind from the restraints of the Catholic faith, human reason should overleap the first weak barriers of truth. Infidelity is the offspring of Popery; but Popery is fallen, and the fate of religion is left to the decision of reason."

All this shows a brave forelook based on the abandonment of the various fetichisms of the century before. For our present purpose, for a contemporary view of the nineteenth century as it marched along, it is interesting to see that this boy, in a newly founded college in the wilderness, says of the Nation that "its unrivalled growth in riches, in power, and in respectability, the increase of its humane and literary institu-

tions, with the unprecedented excellence of its government and laws, are so well known to you that you cannot but acknowledge their importance. Such has been our unparalleled prosperity that if a man were called upon to point out a model of national happiness he would without hesitation name the last fifteen years in the history of the United States."

Such was what college boys dared to say of their own country in those happy times when there were no pessimistic New York weeklies.

TROY, EXETER, BOSTON

Williamstown, where young Hale graduated, is but a few miles from Troy. At his Commencement, or at that time, Mr. John D. Dickenson, of Troy, engaged him to be the tutor of his son and daughter for the next year. In that time he was to fit the boy for college and to give the girl such a training as he could with the brother. But this course of training was not to begin immediately, so that my father returned to Westhampton, and from Westhampton went to Troy. I suppose he wanted to see the city of New York, which was already the largest city in the new Nation. I never heard how he got there, and I do not remember how long

he stayed there, but from New York to Troy he went in a sloop or schooner — one of the packets of the time.

Mr. Dickenson was for a dozen or twenty years the leading citizen of Troy. My father always spoke with regard and respect of him and of his own two pupils.

He was, as I said, to complete the preparation of the boy for college. This meant that they were to read together most of the Latin and all of the Greek then required at Williams College or at Union College. The boy wanted to do this. His father wanted him to do it, and my father wanted him to do it. He did it, and he entered college with entire success.

The experiment satisfied my father that the fuss now made about the preparatory study for Latin and Greek is what Mr. Adams would call a fetich and what I should call a bugaboo. When I was an overseer at Harvard College, the eternal question about Greek in college came up, and I said, in a speech I made, that I would teach the Greek necessary to enter Harvard College to any intelligent boy or girl of sixteen who wanted to do it, if both of us had three months' time for the study. I looked across the room to Mr. Seaver, the accomplished superintendent

of the Boston schools, and I said, "Mr. Seaver will say the same thing," and he at once assented.

In September, 1898, I saw at the Hancock Cushman School in Boston three hundred and six girls who had just entered that school, who could not, all told, speak fifty words of English. In the next June, after nine months of training, they could speak English intelligibly, read it intelligibly, and write it intelligibly. The majority of them were Russians, more than half of the rest were Germans, and the remaining fractions were Bohemians, Bulgarians, Italians, and Heaven knows what—even Arabs. I may say in passing that not one French, English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, or American girl had entered this Boston school with them.

In 1873 I had the same thing taught me from the pupils' side. I was at Buda-Pesth and was talking in Latin with my friend Baron Orban, the same who has distinguished himself since in the Austro-Hungarian Ministry. I said to him, "How do you all learn to speak Latin when you are boys?" He said that he was sent to a boarding-school when he was ten years old. He was given one month and was told that if after one month he was heard speaking anything but

Latin, he would be flogged. The poor child had to say, "Da mihi panem et butyrum, si placeat," or starve. And he preferred the new language.

All of which is hardly an excursion; for, as these memories go on, this reader, if he holds by us, will have to contrast more than once the tomfoolery of the mechanical processes of mere Instruction against the efficiency of the eternal principles which govern real Education.

My father's own tastes, however, led him definitely into the study of mathematics, and he liked to teach the mathematics. He never lost his fondness for the classics. In speaking to his own pupils in 1807, he says definitely, "To those of you who are destined to the walks of a learned life, I would earnestly recommend a diligent cultivation of classical literature." But, as I have said, his tastes ran in the mathematical and practical lines; and so in 1805 he accepted the proposal made to him by Dr. Abbot, the head of Exeter Academy, who invited him to undertake the mathematical instruction in that school.

Phillips Exeter Academy is still among the most eminent of our institutions of secondary instruction. It had won its place already in the respect of New England. And I am proud to say that I think one of the steps forward and

upward in its progress was taken when Dr. Abbot selected this young mathematician, Nathan Hale, to direct its studies in the line of which he was so fond. For me and mine, the selection has proved important. For it was

PHILLIPS-EXETER ACADEMY, WHERE NATHAN HALE TAUGHT.
Built in 1794. The wings were added in 1822.

at Exeter that my father made the acquaintance and won the friendship of Alexander Hill Everett, afterward for most of his life in the diplomatic service of the country. From this friendship grew my father's attachment to Sarah Preston Everett, the sister of his friend, whom

he married in September, 1816, and who is my mother. Where I, who write these lines, should be if Nathan Hale had not gone to Exeter the year he became of age, I will not undertake to say.

Dr. Oliver Peabody of Exeter.
From an early miniature.

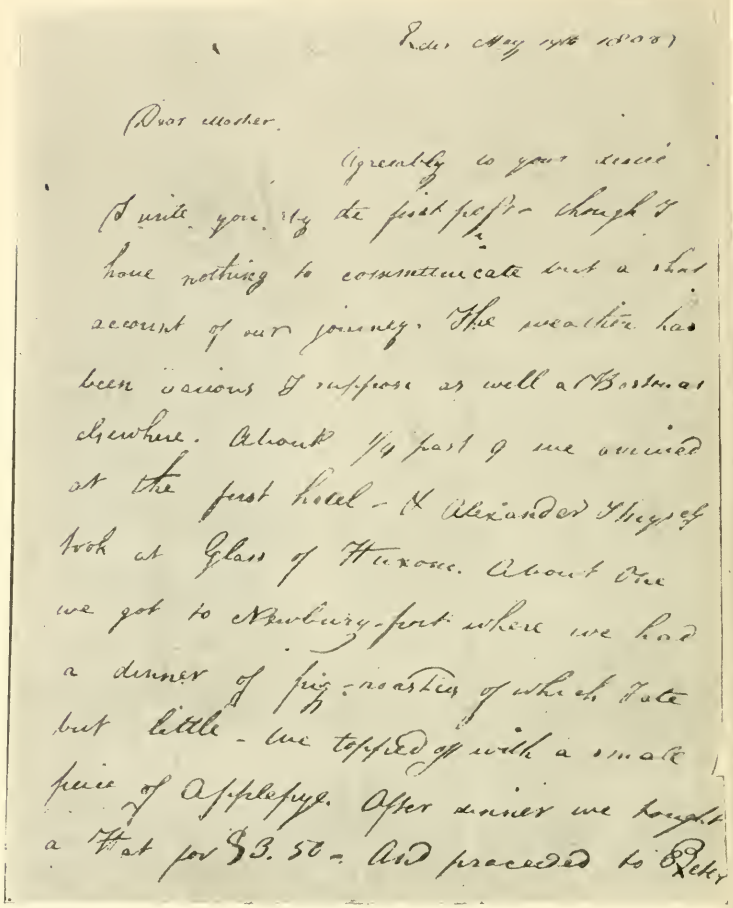
Exeter was really a home of the muses at that time. Leading in its social order was Judge Oliver Peabody, of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and his accomplished family. Two twin brothers, William Bourne Oliver and Oliver William Bourne Peabody, both of Harvard College in the class of 1816, who, as men, afterward filled an important place in the best literary circles of New England, were little boys in 1805. I do not know what Williamstown had had to offer in the way of literature or art, or the social joys which are connected with literature and art, but I do know that at Exeter my father found a social circle as much alive to the delights and to the duties which belong to the highest edu-

cation of one's time as any social centre of the American world in which he could have lived.

In 1806 Mr. Alexander Everett brought with him to Exeter his younger brother Edward, who spent his last year there before entering Harvard College. The note from him, written when he was eleven years old, is perhaps the earliest of his writings extant. See pp. 112, 113.

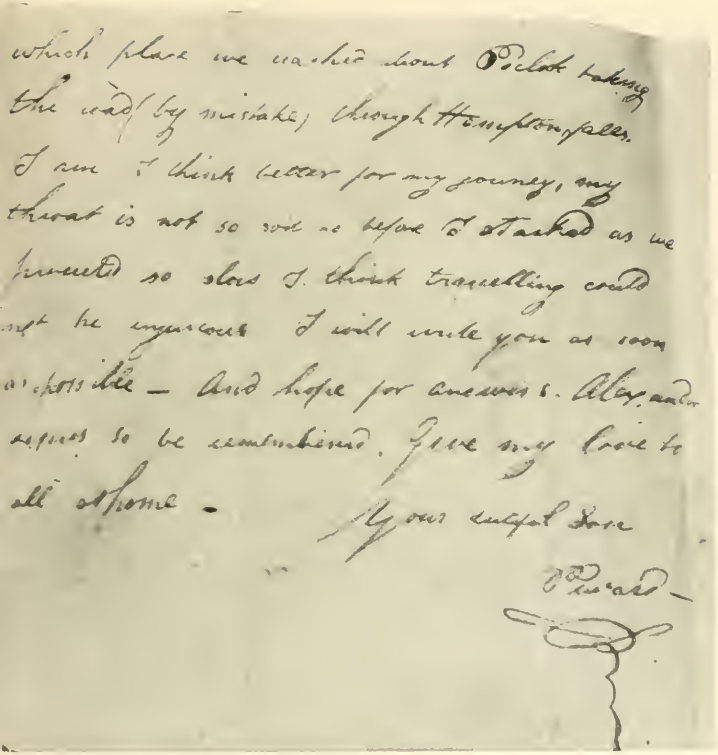
I think my father doubted for a little whether he would study law in Boston or in Troy. I think his father had wished that he should be a minister. I know that he had studied Hebrew in college. But he once said to me that he studied Hebrew because there was nothing else there he could study; and certainly by the time the year 1807 came, he had determined on the training of a lawyer. He went back to Westhampton and Troy, after two years' service at Exeter, but he returned this time to Boston, in the spring of 1808. When he arrived in Boston, he entered himself in the office of Oxenbridge Thacher, and he was admitted to the bar in 1810.

Meanwhile the leaders of Massachusetts politics, in especial John Lowell, of Roxbury, who was proud to call himself "a Massachusetts farmer," and the other young Federal leaders of



Edward Everett's Letter.

their time, found that the *Columbian Centinel*, which had been the organ of the Federal party, did not meet their wishes as a newspaper, and


which place we reached about 9 o'clock taking
the road by mistake, through Hemptonpalles.
I am I think better for my journey, my
throat is not so sore as before I attacked as we
journied so slow I think travelling could
not be injurious I will write you as soon
as possible — And hope for answers & Alex. and
Lepius to be remembered. Give my love to
all at home —
Your ever fond Son
Edward —

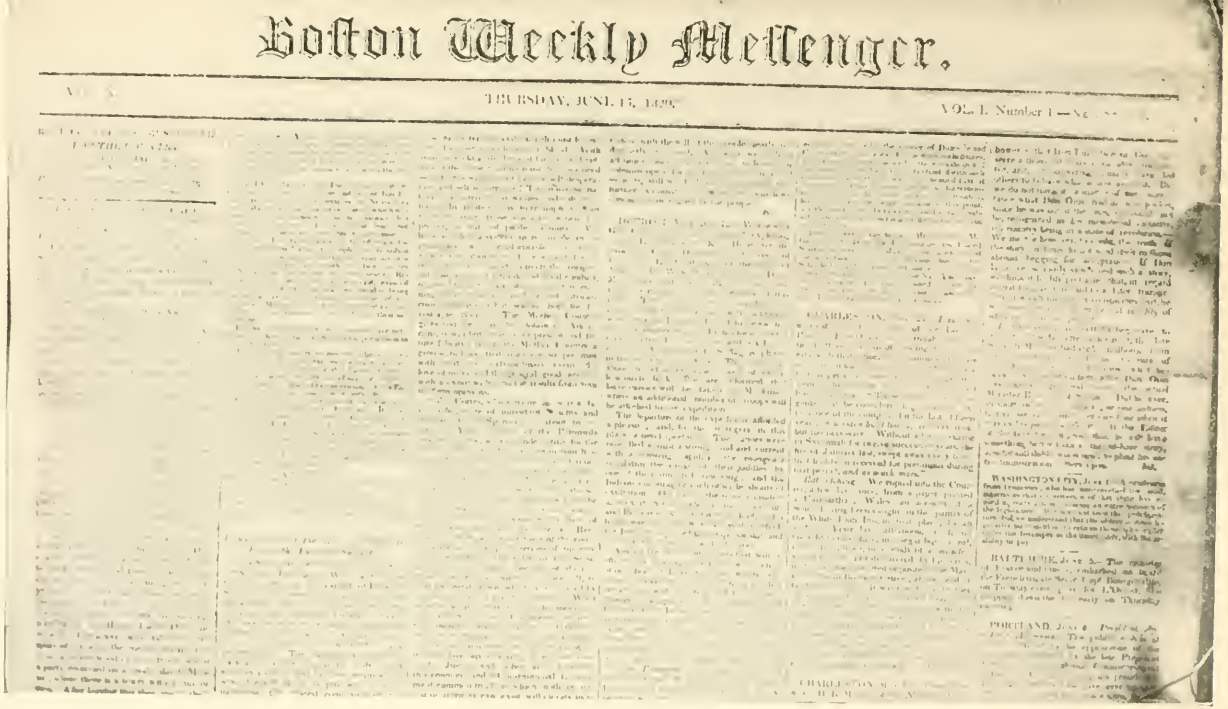
Edward Everett's Letter.

established the *Weekly Messenger*. This John Lowell was the son of the John Lowell of Newburyport whom I call "the Emancipator." It would be fair to say that the *Messenger* was an organ of young Federalism in Massachusetts. It was the first paper in the country which declined to receive any advertisements, and threw

itself upon its worth as a journal of literature and politics for its reason to be.

The coterie of leaders naturally wanted some young men to take the oversight, to look after the proof-sheets and the rest, and in this service Nathan Hale and Henry D. Sedgwick were employed from the very beginning. It naturally happens in all such cases that the mayors of the palace become the kings. More and more definitely did my father show that he was, by his early and his later training, fitted for the position of an editor. More and more did his tastes lead him this way; and after a practice at the bar, successful as young men's experience goes, for four years, in 1814 he bought the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, which had been established a short time before, and for fifty years afterward he edited that journal.

The young lawyers of to-day would be amused if it were proposed to them to carry out the details of professional life in such ways as were required in the life of young attorneys ninety years ago. My father used to say that he was the first person who drove a chaise from Augusta across to Bangor. It was his duty, I suppose, to attach some property in Bangor. At all events, he conducted in person some transaction there


Boston Weekly Messenger.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1820.

VOL. I. Number 1 —

THE BOSTON WEEKLY MESSENGER.
Published by Nathan Hale in 1820.

for one of his clients. He went from Boston to Augusta in the stage, and there took a wagon or chaise by which he went across the roads which before had been used only by riders on horseback or by teams with freight. This must have been in the short war with England.[1]

As early as 1809 Alexander Hill Everett, who was afterward to be his brother-in-law, sailed with Mr. John Quincy Adams for Europe, having engaged to be Mr. Adams's private secretary. In one or another diplomatic capacity Mr. Everett spent most of his time in Europe until 1829, when General Jackson recalled him from Spain. My father was thus in close correspondence with one of his most intimate friends, who was, on his part, from 1809 to 1812, in the centre of that diplomacy which has proved so important in the history of the century. I do not know when Mr. Hale learned German, but he always, since I can recollect, read French and German with ease; and the *Weekly Messenger* and the *Daily Advertiser* became exponents for America of the European news in a position

[1] A correspondent tells me that on the tombstone of Caleb Shaw in Newport, Maine, it is recorded that "he drove the first wheeled vehicle from the Kennebec to the Penobscot."

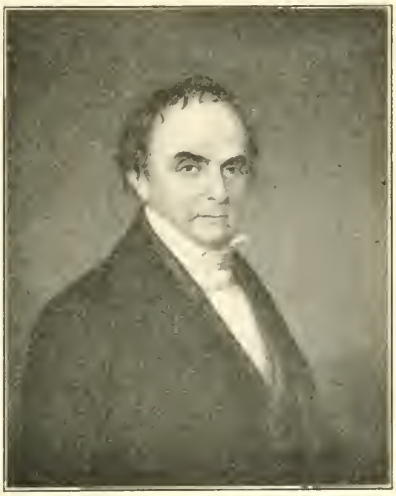
Yes; but a "wheeled vehicle" may be an ox-team and probably was.

which no American newspaper had taken before. In those days news did not come from hour to hour, but sometimes lucky vessels ran into Boston with intelligence six weeks later than any which had been received before. In the office of the *Weekly Messenger*, in my boyhood, there were traditions of extras which covered more than a month of the history of the world.

Mr. Webster's career in Boston had begun a little earlier than my father's. His brother Ezekiel had established a school there in which I have heard that Daniel Webster sometimes served as an assistant. I think Edward Everett was once a pupil in this school, but Mr. Webster established his law office at Boscawen, in New Hampshire, and then at Portsmouth. He represented Portsmouth in the War Congress of 1813. In the great fire of Portsmouth in December, 1813, his house and library were destroyed, and this disaster tempted him to remove from that place. He had some hesitation, in the choice of a new home, between Albany and Boston. But finally, in the year 1816, he determined upon Boston, where at once he took the place in his profession due to him. My father and he were very intimate. Edward Everett graduated at Cambridge in 1811, and between him and Mr.

Webster there grew up a close attachment. Mr. Webster's second son was named Edward in consequence of this personal attachment.

The *Messenger* and the *Advertiser* may be considered as representing in Massachusetts the new light of those leaders of Massachusetts who took the place which in the death of the old Federal party had been left vacant. I go into these details, of little interest to any but my children and myself, because, as I have said, my house is filled with the correspondence between Europe and America, between Washington and Boston, between Boston and half the world indeed, which grew out of these relations; and when I speak in these papers of the history of the United States from 1810 to 1901, I am speaking as one who illustrates what he says from such materials.



DANIEL WEBSTER.
After the portrait by R. M. Staigg.

THE SMALLER BOSTON

CHAPTER III

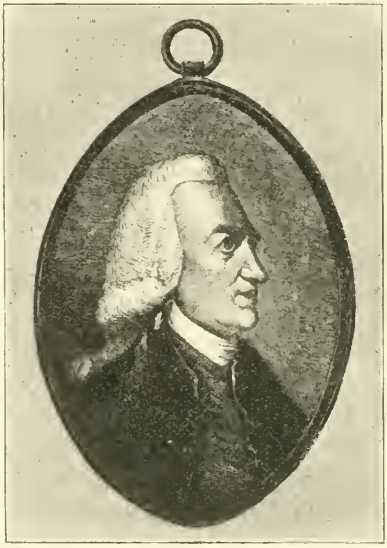
THE SMALLER BOSTON

BOSTON IN 1808

THE Boston which welcomed my father after his two days' ride from Northampton was a town of gardens. A few years after that time an ingenious Frenchman made a model of the town in cork, cutting out his separate houses and churches, and painting them in their proper colors. In the little handbill which explained this pretty reproduction of the town he says that there are in it nine blocks of brick buildings, of which one or two are new. The largest of these blocks were the two curved sides of Cornhill, which still stand. The name Cornhill, however, then applied to that part of Washington Street between Milk Street and Dock Square. The Cornhill of to-day was then called Market Street.

Most of the private houses in Washington Street had little yards or gardens, as we should say, on one or both sides, and on the street only

windows, the front door opening into the garden. In those days there were private houses in Washington Street. You may see the same arrangement in the Main Street at Charlestown to-day, on the other side of Charles River. In many cases there were orchards of considerable size immediately adjoining the houses. The account which Marshall Wilder gave in "The Memorial History of Boston" of the early gardens makes one's mouth water. "One of the largest gardens of that day was that of Governor James Bowdoin, who had a large house and extensive lot of land on Beacon Street, at the corner of Bowdoin Street, reaching quite over the hill — what is now Ashburton Place. This large garden abounded in the finest fruits, pears, peaches, apples, and grapes." Mr. Kirk



James Bowdoin.
After the miniature by J. H. Daniels.

Boott's garden was spread around the present site of the Revere House. "Fruit trees and vines and foreign grapes and other tender fruits which now succeed only under glass grew in the open air." In Summer Street the gardens of the Amorys, the Salisburys and Gardners, ran back to Bedford Street. In some instances

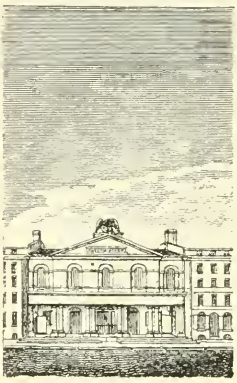
Beacon Street a hundred years ago.

these gardens covered two, three, or even more acres. No such luxury in open fields or orchards exists now.

These memoranda of old vacant spaces in Boston will have a certain interest for people who buy their thread and needles, perhaps, where I have picked and eaten pears, or have aimed my arrow at a target a hundred yards away.

But the exterior social changes between the active maritime town of thirty thousand people

into which, after two days, the Brookfield "stage" brought my father in 1808, are perhaps more noteworthy, when Boston life is compared against the more conventional life of to-day. A memorandum now before me, of 1806 or 1807, by the late James Hale, of New York, speaks of Colonel T. H. Perkins, for many years the prince of Boston merchants, as trudging home for his eight o'clock breakfast from old Faneuil Hall with the market-basket containing his one o'clock dinner. The same memorandum says that Harrison Gray Otis, the eloquent Senator of the State in Washington, might be seen doing the same thing; and that William ("Billy") Gray, whose ship discovered the Columbia River, Benjamin Bussey, the founder of the Agricultural School of Harvard College, Peter Chardon Brooks and Israel Thorndike, both of them among the richest men in New England, might be every morning in the same company.



CUSTOMHOUSE.

These gentlemen had bought their dinners personally at Faneuil Hall Market. It is a little

queer that when one goes into the historic Faneuil Hall, which we Boston people call "the Cradle of Liberty," he passes upstairs between the stalls of a market where he sees beef and pork, cabbages and lettuce, for sale. This is because Peter Faneuil, the son of a Huguenot, built the hall for the town of Boston when twenty thousand people lived there. He gave it to the town that the lower part might be used for a market, the upper part for a place of assembly for the citizens. At this moment, if any fifty citizens agree that they want to hold a public meeting in this hall, they can have the use of the hall without money and without price for that purpose. And the lawyers have long since instructed the government of the city that if she does not continue the use of the lower story as a market, some Huguenot of a new century might appear from France and establish his claim for this historic property.

Old State House.

In the business and pleasure of thirty thousand people there had to be large stables. And

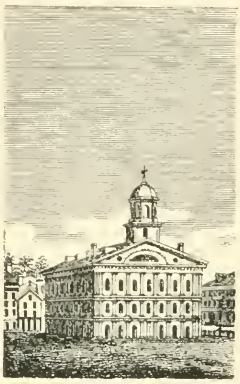
of the region now most crowded in the daily life of the town a large part was then given to such stables. Niles's stable ran back from School Street northerly. On Bromfield Street a large stable served the customers of the Indian Queen Tavern. This extended southerly. The Marlboro Hotel stood where the bookseller's arch

East View of Faneuil Hall Market.

now is. The taverns which stood where the Boston Theatre and Keith's now stand, and opposite them, were called the Lion Tavern and the Lamb Tavern and the Lafayette Tavern. Their stables ran back there. On the south side of West Street was another large stable. There was a very large stable on the west side of Haw-

ley Street, where the great retail shops of Washington Street now run back and cover the whole territory.

In 1830, when I was eight years old, I was sent on a Sunday morning with my brother Nathan to the house of Mr. Alexander Everett, in Summer Street, with the "extra" from the *Daily Advertiser*, which contained the news of the downfall of Charles X and the Parisian Revolution of 1830. We must needs go through Hawley Street, I do not know why, but when we arrived in Summer Street we found we had lost our documents. We returned at once, to find that the stablemen of the street were reading our news and so we regained our precious "extra." I tell the story, because I never pass through Hawley Street without thinking of Charles X.



Faneuil Hall.

The very queer lay of the streets in one and another part of Boston may be referred frequently to the former existence of these great "lots" of land, all but forgotten, which were

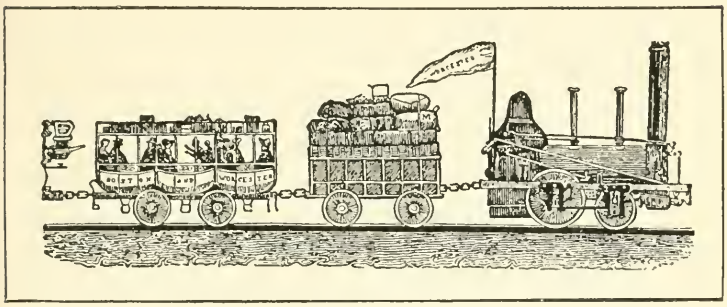
covered by barns for hay, and other cheap wooden buildings.

Into a town like this there shambled in very different *stages*, which were never called stage-coaches, from all parts of New England; or, very likely, travellers arrived in their own chaises. Observe that no wagon of four wheels for pleasure travelling was known until General Dearborn introduced such a wagon from the West in the period of the English war; and the light four-wheeled wagon in which people began to ride from place to place was called the "Dearborn wagon."[1] Besides the spring of the wagon proper, the seat hung on a spring of its own; it was, therefore, well adapted for corduroy riding. This seems to have been a Western invention, when New York was a Western State.

The first steam railroad line which carried passengers out of Boston was the Boston and Worcester Railroad Company, which sent a train, mostly as a matter of curiosity, nine miles out, to West Newton, in the summer of 1833. Before that time the communication with the

[1] I am sorry to say that the Century Dictionary says that this wagon was invented by a man named Dearborn. But I tell the tale as it was told to me.

interior was made on the common roads with horse traction, with the exception, which is hardly an exception, of the few passengers and slight freight which came on the Middlesex Canal from the Merrimack River. Boston was supplied with lumber, as our good American English has it, and with most of the fuel for burning, from Maine, and such products of the forest were



Boston and Worcester Railway.

brought by water. Such supplies as this made fuel very cheap in eastern Massachusetts. Our trade with the West Indies also made molasses a very easy product to import here. Putting these two easy and cheap commodities together, that is to say, wood under a boiler and molasses into the boiler, and you obtained New England rum. For the first forty years of the century, therefore, the manufacture of rum was a princi-

pal manufacture of the town of Boston; and to this hour, whoever digs a new cellar for any large building in what was then the South End of Boston runs against the old excavations which were made for condensing vats in those days.

The population of Boston in 1808 was about thirty thousand. The space occupied by the old peninsula was about seven hundred acres. My father used to say, when he was seventy years old, that when he came to Boston the enterprise of internal improvement which attracted the most interest on the part of Boston people was that by which they should dig down Beacon Hill and fill up the mill-pond, celebrated in Franklin's early biography, at the northern end of the town. This was successfully done, so that Mr. Thurston, of the house in Bowdoin Street destroyed only lately, used to say that the chimney of his new house, four stories high, was at the same spot in space as where the doorsteps were some years before. This condition of things lasted until the end of 1847, when it was the business of my father, as head of the water commission of that time, to rebuild Beacon Hill, in order to give sufficient height to the reservoir which should supply the highest levels of water in Boston.

Time rolled by, and in the last week of 1889 it was my privilege, in the company of Governor Oliver Ames, to offer in words the prayers of the great assembly when we laid the corner-stone of the annex to the State House, for which

THE OLD STATE HOUSE.
From a picture owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

corner-stone my father's reservoir had been pulled down and Beacon Hill again reduced in its altitude.

THE LAST LEAVES ON THE TREE

The Boston to which my father came in 1808, and to which Mr. Webster came in 1814, was

separated by a generation from the Boston of the Revolution. Mr. Webster alludes more than once, I think, to the fact that he was born the year before the treaty of 1783; and I always liked to tell my father, who was born in 1784, that he was as old as the Nation. When he came to Boston, the Revolutionary men were still on the stage as old men. Even Jefferson had not dared remove General Benjamin Lincoln, who had been made Collector of the Port by Washington. He resigned in 1808. Peter Oxenbridge Thacher, with whom my father studied law, was born in 1776, the son of that Dr. Thacher who wrote, from his personal observation, the American official account of the Battle of Bunker Hill. He was minister of Malden, and, with half his flock, he saw the battle on the "Rail Fence" side, across the Mystic River.

So in 1808, one saw men to whom the Revolution was as fresh as the Civil War is with us, and as distant. And, just as the generation stepping on the stage now does not care to be bound by the traditions of Bull Run or Antietam or Gettysburg, just so then the younger school of politicians were finding out that they had a country of their own.

For myself, I did not see men to know them for yet a generation more.

I was born in 1822, fifty-seven years after the Stamp Act and the Stamp Act Riots. Fifty-seven years after my birth, in 1879, Mr. Justin Winsor asked me, as one of his co-workers, to write the history of the Siege of Boston for the Memorial History.

I did the work as well as I could. I was a little amused — more than amused, I was interested — to observe that my birthday was halfway between the time which separated me and mine from King George and his. When my work was done, I was curious to test the value of personal tradition by seeing how much my own memories had contributed to my own article. I believe that there were twelve anecdotes in that chapter which I have heard and had not read, not one of the slightest real importance. But I propose now to go into a little detail with regard to them, because I think that such detail furnishes comment of some use on a habit far too general, of relying upon tradition.

My dear old friend James Savage, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, really thought, I believe, that the traditional anecdote was false because it was traditional. This goes much too

far, but, on the other hand, such a series of reminiscences as my twelve seem to me to show of how little worth personal tradition is at the end of the century. Here was I, growing up in Boston, within a century of the outbreak of the Revolution, and here are the facts which come to me from other sources than written history. For local color, yes, for

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO BOSTON.
From an old print.

what the artists call the broken lights in the foreground, such anecdotes have a certain value; but for the foundation facts, from which the truth of history is to be discovered, we must be very careful how we trust to the memories of men.[1]

[1] When in 1863 Mr. Savage was asked at a dinner party if he remembered my "Man Without a Country," he said that the name was fictitious, but that he remembered the court-martial.

I must have seen Lafayette himself with the eye of the flesh, on the 17th of June, 1825. I was three years and more than three months old, and on that day Lafayette went in procession from Boston to Charlestown to lay the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill.[1] I was a little boy, recovering from scarlet fever, and I was lifted up at the window to see the procession pass which escorted Lafayette. The place was opposite the Tremont Building of to-day, where the Tremont House stood for a half-century. At that time there was a large garden or orchard there, with three wooden houses upon it.

LAFAYETTE.
From a colored print.

[1] This battle is so far forgotten that, in a careful revise, which had passed the correctors in what was then the best printing-house in America, within sight of the Monument, I once had the words come to me as the Battle of Bunker Kill! This gives a sort of Boer sound to our history.

Alas and alas! such are the memories of childhood that, while I can recall the green feathers of the Rifle Rangers, a crack military company of that day, and also the yellow badge that was given to me which had Lafayette's head printed upon it, I have now no recollection either of the carriage in which he rode or the horses which drew it, far less of the hero himself.

My father then lived in the second house from the southern corner of School Street, but not long after he removed into a new house which was then built on the corner lot, occupying, as the other house did, part of the site of the present Parker House. As we children stood at the window to see the people pass, we used to see Major Melvill, who was really a hero of the Tea Party. He is the "last leaf upon the tree" of Holmes's song: —

> "But now he walks the streets,
> And he looks at all he meets
> Sad and wan,
> And he shakes his feeble head,
> That it seems as if he said,
> 'They are gone.'"

One knows that he really was of the Tea Party because he never said he was. It is to be noted, in any study of what tradition is

worth, that if in the last century any man said he was of the Tea Party, you knew that strictly he was not. If, on the other hand, when the subject was alluded to with an old Boston man, he smiled and winked and perhaps said nothing: if he turned the conversation in some other direction, you were almost sure that he was one of the two parties which were organized to throw the tea overboard. These members met at Griffin's wharf, coming from the North End and the South End by appointment. They placed sentries at the head of the wharf to prevent interference from any one. Their faces in some instances, and I think in all, were blackened, that they might not be recognized. And they went to work as stevedores would do, in a systematic way, to haul up the tea from the vessels, to break open the chests, and to throw the tea into the water. All these men had sworn with a masonic oath that they would never implicate any one in the transaction. If, therefore, when these men were old men, they did not say they were there, that is no reason for supposing they were not.

On the other hand, every man and boy in Boston who had two legs repaired to the scene

to look on. Some of them even struggled through the guard, as did the father of the late Charles Sprague, the poet. Mr. Charles Sprague told me this story. His father struggled through because his master who was at work in the Tea Party, recognized him. He blackened the boy's face with soot from a blacksmith's shop, as the rest were blackened, and permitted him to join in the work. But young Sprague was not, and never pretended that he was, one of what is technically called the Tea Party. Major Melvill was, and never said he was. Any amount of the tea as the tide went out drifted on the beach at South Boston, and there are few old Boston people who have not seen vials of the tea which were taken from the mounds which were then upon the beach. But we are apt to forget how little room tea takes.

A correspondent, Mr. Fritz Jordan, well informed in such matters writes me: —

"I make the following computations as to the Tea Party of December 16, 1773.

"John Adams says in his letter of Dec. 17 that all the tea in three ships was destroyed. Other records state that the names of the ships were the *Dartmouth*, *Eleanor*, and *Beaver*. I

have seen no statement as to their size, but it is possible that there are some records extant giving it. The *Dartmouth* was owned in Boston. The number of chests destroyed was 324. I have no data from old invoices as to the probable size of these chests, but as they were apparently passed out of the hold by hand and without the use of tackles they probably did not weigh over one hundred pounds or thereabouts. Most of the tea of to-day is imported in half chests of about 55 lbs. gross weight and 40 lbs. net weight, and of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet cubical contents. Assuming that these chests were double the size, or 80 lbs. net weight, 110 lbs. gross weight, and 5 cubic feet contents, the 324 would contain 27,360 lbs. of tea, equal to more than 12 tons, or including the packages, 17 tons weight, or about $40\frac{1}{2}$ tons measurement. A room 10 feet wide, 20 feet long, and a trifle over 8 feet high would hold the 324 chests. They could be loaded into an ordinary freight car, or put into the smoking room of a modern steamship.

"These ships are spoken of as tea ships and nothing is said of any other cargo, but it appears to me that they must have had some other cargo, as it is probable that they were from fifty to over a hundred tons burthen."

I remember no one else who actually wore a blue coat and leathern breeches, as the hero of Dr. Holmes's ballad does.

I think that Major Melvill was the first survivor of the Revolutionary soldier whom I saw, knowing that he had been a Revolutionary soldier. I must have seen many such men, but in 1830, when my real memories begin, people would hardly point them out in the street. By which I mean that a man who was twenty-one on the day of the Battle of Bunker Hill was in 1830 seventy-six years old. In all notices for public processions, for many years after that time, there was a place reserved for "survivors of the Revolution." The one exception of a veritable Revolutionary soldier with whom I have ever talked was Mr. Eben Clapp, of Northampton. I preached in Northampton in January and February and March, 1843. Mr. Clapp was one of the constant attendants at our church. I dare not say one of my constant hearers, for the old man asked me once to give out the text distinctly and address it to him personally, as he sat in the front pew. He said, "When I hear the young men's texts, I know what they are going to say," and implied that he did not care for much beside the

text. Mr. Clapp had been out "ag'in' Burgoyne" in 1777. The whole of the Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts was swept by conscription, and every man from sixteen to fifty-five was enrolled and had to march with the militia of Hampshire County to join the army under Schuyler, Gates, or Lincoln. Then there came another draft for the "exempts." Mr. Clapp's grandfather, who was nearly sixty, would have been obliged to march with this contingent, but Eben Clapp, a boy of fifteen, begged that he might be accepted as his grandfather's substitute, and was so accepted. With this company of "exempts" he marched as far north as what was known as "Number Four" in New Hampshire, which is now the town of Charlestown, New Hampshire. There they heard of Burgoyne's surrender, and they returned to their homes. The conversations which I used to have with Eben Clapp are, so far as I know, the only conversations I ever had with a Revolutionary soldier. It may be readily imagined that I did not learn from him much of the interior conduct of the war. In my grandfather's diary the great surrender is thus recorded: "October 23, lodging and so forth, 3s. Ride with Colonel Webster's son.

dine at Pembroke (New Hampshire) 2s 6 pence. Ferry at Pemycook. 4. Burgoine surrendered prisoner 17th Stop at Uncle Atkinson's." [The day's ride must have been from Portsmouth to Concord.]

As late as 1857 or 1858 I knew Mrs. Nancy Brown, a nice old lady, well preserved, who must have been at that time eighty-seven years old. She told me that she was a North End girl; that the day of the Battle of Bunker Hill every one who lived there was, of course, intensely excited. The cannon on Copp's Hill were, from time to time, firing across at Charlestown; the children must have seen Charlestown burning, though I do not remember that she spoke of that. But she did tell me that when the carts began to come up from the ferry with the wounded English soldiers, the children ran after the carts as they went up what are now Lynde Street and Staniford Street; and they could see the gouts of blood running out from the tails of the carts as they stood upon the roadway. Even in the hardest press of a cab, when eager to strike a train on the Northern railways, I never can drive through Staniford Street without thinking of that dripping red rain.

Since these words were first printed I have received the following note of a similar tradition from a Western correspondent : —

"Joseph Dyar, a boy in Boston at the time of the Battle of Bunker Hill, used to relate that he, with his brother and other boys, saw the wounded British soldiers carried from the boats that brought them over from the battle-field, and followed the carts through the streets, watching the blood drip into the dust."

At the foot of Winter Street in Boston, on the north corner, there has stood since my memory a wooden house, where is now Tuttle's shoe shop. This is on the spot, I may say in passing, where I first met John Brown, of Kansas. The New England Emigrants' Aid Board held its office in that place for years. The daughter of the lady who occupied the house in 1775 told me that an English private was billeted there in the winter before the siege of Boston. At nightfall on the 18th of April he came into the house for his kit, his musket, cartridge-boxes, knapsack, and the rest, being one of the detachment which was ordered out under Colonel Smith for the surprise intended

by the night march to Concord. The lady said to him, "When shall you be back, Gibson?" and Gibson said, "God knows, madam," and bade her good-by. They never saw him again. This anecdote has some worth, for it completely relieves Mrs. General Gage from the scandal in the early histories, which intimate that because she was an American by birth she confided her husband's secrets to the American patriots. If, in every house where a soldier was billeted, it was known at six o'clock that a thousand men were going out, we need not look to the Province House for the source of the information which Paul Revere and William Dawes carried out north and south at eight o'clock that evening.

In the year 1837 the accomplished student Mr. James Trecothick Austin delivered a lecture on the siege of Boston, which I heard and which I afterward read. It is a pity that this lecture should not now be printed. He had a good deal of local information which he had derived from survivors of the Revolution. I remember that he said that, as the sun went down, Beacon Hill was crowded with the Boston people who were quite ignorant of what had happened in Middlesex County; that, as night came on, they could

see the flashes of the muskets of the returning British forces and the victorious militia as they fired upon each other in the retreat of Milk Row, which we now call Kirkland Street.[1]

It is only a few years since the old stone powder-house was removed which stood, in Revolutionary days, surrounded with salt marsh, where the Cottage Farms bridge now crosses the Charles River. When General Washington was first making his rounds to the various posts of the Continental Army besieging Boston, he visited this powder-house. The day of the visit is to be found in the "American Archives." As he came out, the officer in charge called him aside and said that he supposed he understood that the kegs of powder which they had been inspecting were filled with black sand. This had been one of the precautions of General Ward, who had deceived even his own staff as to the amount of what is called, in the letters of that time, "the essential article." It is of this visit that the tradition is that Washington did not speak for an hour afterward. At that moment, without allowing anything for the cannonading, he

[1] "In a barn at Milk Row
Ephraim Bates and Monroe
And Baker and Abram and I made a bed."

had but nine musket-charges of powder for each man for his whole army.[1]

When I was in college, Jared Sparks, always a near friend, was lecturing on American history. I stopped after a lecture to ask him some question, and he told me this story of the Battle of Princeton. I dare not call it my personal touch with the Revolution, but it removes me from it by only one gap. Sparks told me of the Massachusetts officer, whose name he did not give me, who was at Princeton on the day of the battle. There is a certain bridge, which the well-informed reader will remember, which it was important to destroy. Washington instructed this Massachusetts captain to take a file of men and destroy

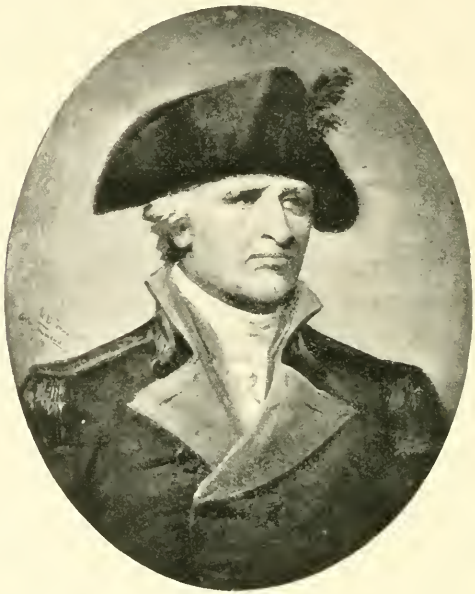
[1] Nobody chooses to care now, but General Miles, in an article in the *North American Review* in September, 1900, revealed to the world the secret that when we went to war with Spain the nation had not powder enough for half a day's supply of one pitched battle. Everything in the invasion of Cuba had to be postponed till we could make powder enough for our war. Every home critic, our excellent friend Mr. Dooley, for instance, and one might say the whole press, ridiculed and abused the Government for its delays. In truth, the Government was waiting until it had powder enough to fight with. It seems to me immensely creditable to the War Department that no hint of this secret slipped out. When General Miles had a right to make it known, no one whom I ever heard of, of all the critics, even read the articles. I never saw any newspaper which condescended to mention this curious fact. The war was already a "back number." It was history, and the modern theory of Journalism is that newspapers have no business with history.

the bridge. The captain touched his hat and said, "Are there enough men?" and Washington said, "Enough to be cut to pieces." This gentleman told Dr. Sparks afterward that as he went back to his men he pinched his cheeks for fear that they should see that he was pale; and they destroyed the bridge.[1]

[1] A courteous correspondent tells me that the officer in command lived to old age and often repeated the anecdote. It was Captain Varnum of the Massachusetts line. And my near friend and companion in arms (have I not slept under his blankets?). Dr. Alfred Alexander Woodhull gives me the following note regarding the bridge: —

"The bridge, or rather its stone successor, which belongs to the memory of the well-informed reader (*Outlook*, Jan. 4, p. 39), I frequently cross in these days. This bridge, perfectly strong and commodious, has lived through one entire century and parts of two others. The original bridge was wooden and spanned Stony Brook, on the old king's road between New York and Philadelphia (and the older Indian route between the Raritan and the Delaware), and its destruction by your Massachusetts friend after the battle was necessary to delay Cornwallis, hastening from Trenton to overtake Washington. It was cut down, the last of the work, tradition has it, under fire from the approaching British, and some at least of their rear guard were immersed in the icy water. Fortunately the brook was in freshet and Cornwallis was materially delayed before he could find a ford farther up stream. It was Mercer's advance upon this bridge *before* the battle, to break the line of the enemy's communication, that brought on the action. He came in collision with British reënforcements en route *to* Trenton from Princeton, and to gain a commanding position near by and let the bridge go until that enemy was defeated was the first necessity."

When John Stark cut off Baum and his party at Bennington, the history of the world changed, if we may trust Colonel Chesney. Stark was at this moment very angry with the



JOHN STARK.
From the painting by U. V. Tenney after the Trumbull portrait.

Continental Congress, which had snubbed him in some way. He would not tell them of his victory, but he wrote to the government of Massachusetts and of New Hampshire, whose militia he had commanded at Bennington, and

he sent to Massachusetts "one Hessian gun and bayonet, one broadsword, one brass-barrelled drum, and one grenadier's cap taken from the enemy in the memorable battle fought at Wallomsac on the 16th of August last"; and requests that the same may be kept "in commemoration of that glorious victory obtained over the enemy that day by the united troops of that State, those of New Hampshire and Vermont, which victory ought to be kept in memory and handed down to futurity as a lasting and laudable example for the sons and daughters of the victors, in order never to suffer themselves to become the prey of those mercenary tyrants and British sycophants who are daily endeavoring to ruin and destroy us."

The General Court said in reply: "These trophies shall be safely deposited in the archives of the State, and there remind posterity of the irresistible power of the God of armies and the honours due to the memory of the brave. Still attended with like successes, may you long enjoy the just rewards of a grateful country."

Memory is a treacherous ally. And I, who had often seen these trophies in the Senate chamber in the Boston State House, persuaded

myself, before I was a man, that the Hessian Colors were also there : —

> "Hang there, and there, the dusty rags
> Which once were jaunty battle flags,
> And for a week, in triumph vain,
> Gay flaunted over blue Champlain,
> Gayly had circled half the world,
> Until they drooped, disgraced and furled,
> That day the Hampshire line
> Stood to its arms at dress parade,
> Beneath the Stars and Stripes arrayed,
> And Massachusetts Pine,
> To see the great atonement made
> By Riedesel and Burgoyne."

The truth of history requires that I should here acknowledge that Riedesel is really a word of three syllables.

As a school boy I used to take my sled up to the hill on Boston Common where the monument to the heroes of the Civil War now is. The redoubts thrown up by the English in 1775 were then still in good condition, so that we could "play soldier," if we chose, in the protected trenches behind the works. These trenches, however, collected water, which became mud, and since I have become a man the ground has been wholly smoothed over.

Lord Percy, afterward the Duke of Northum-

berland, was a young man of spirit who commanded a brigade of two or three regiments, and was disposed to teach them what war really was. Instead of putting them into quarters for the winter of 1774–1775, he established them in tents on the line which extended from the head of West Street as it is now, as far as the parade-ground where Charles Street separates the Common from the Public Garden. He found it pretty cold, and he doubled his tents, crowding the spaces between with hay and straw. All this left a good deal of vegetable matter in the circle covered by each tent, of this the result was that the grass in those circles started earlier in the spring than other grass in the neighborhood. Until within thirty years these circles of grass could be distinctly traced; but in the progress of civilization it has been necessary to lay a flagstone sidewalk there, for the accommodation of the people who used to come up from the Providence railroad station to go to their business in Boston every day, so that the circles of grass, which till thirty years ago were so many memorials of the Revolution, have been destroyed.

One of the familiar traditions in my own family, told to us children, was that my great-

grandmother, Mrs. Alexander Hill, was suffering from an illness which I suppose was a consequence of the hard rations of the siege. Her husband, Alexander Hill, went downstairs before light in the year 1775–1776, and, as he opened the back door of their house at the North End, he stumbled across a bag which proved to contain a bit of fresh mutton. Fresh mutton was something which he and his household had not seen for months. From the fresh mutton, mutton broth was made for my great-grandmother as long as it lasted.

As this story was told on successive Thanksgiving days, we children conceived the vague impression that the Angel Gabriel descended from heaven with the bag of mutton, which he left at "Grandpa Hill's" door. But, as time rolled on, history revealed the truth that Major Moncrieffe, who was an old brother in arms of General Putnam, received from Putnam a "present of fresh meat." And, on the 31st of July, Dr. Eliot thanks Daniel Parker for two quarters of mutton smuggled in from Salem.

The charming Murray letters, just now published, reveal to us an arrangement which is not mentioned in the histories. Through a considerable part of the "Siege of Boston" friends were

permitted to meet under a flag of truce on the two sides of Roxbury line at the neck. Apparently you could send in a half a dozen eggs to a friend or could send out a paper of pins.

In January of 1776, Burgoyne, who was among the people besieged, wrote a play which was called "The Blockade of Boston," and this play was acted by the British officers at Faneuil Hall. A venerable kinswoman of mine, Miss Letitia Baker, told me, as late as the year 1835, that she went to Faneuil Hall that night to see the play under the escort of an English officer. As the play advanced, a sergeant rushed in, crying, "The Yankees are attacking Bunker Hill!" This seemed a part of the play, until the highest officer present came out saying, "Officers to their posts!" and Miss Letitia Baker, then sixteen years old, I believe, had to find her way home without the attendant who had taken her to the play.

I am afraid that these desultory anecdotes, if I may call them such, of my personal relations with the Revolution must end when I say that, under the guidance of that charming gentleman, Mr. Henry Armitt Brown, of Philadelphia, I visited Valley Forge some twenty years ago. The most interesting thing in the visit which

I recall is this: that the fortification by which the barracks were protected from any sudden incursion from Philadelphia, having been thrown up in the midst of arable land, presented a certain difficulty to the ploughman in after years. Of this, the consequence is that a large square "reservation," so to speak, is now covered by a heavy growth of woodland which would all have been under the plough for a hundred and twenty years but for the accident that these works had been thrown up there. So it happens that the forest, now more than a century old, is the monument of the Valley Forge encampment.

Harrison Gray Otis, Senator of the State of Massachusetts in Congress, and Mayor of Boston, sent to me, in the year 1844, on the 17th of December, these notes: —

"On the 19th of April, 1775, I went to school for the last time. In the morning, about seven, Percy's brigade was drawn up, extending from Scollay Building [where Scollay Square now is] through Tremont Street, nearly to the bottom of the Mall [by this Mr. Otis means the Mall of English elms, and the "bottom of the Mall" means the head of West Street], prepared to take up their march for Lexington. The Cor-

poral came up to me as I was going to school, and turned me off, and told me to pass down to Court Street, which I did, and came up School Street to the schoolhouse. [This is where the ladies' room at Parker's now welcomes lunching people every day.] It may be imagined that great agitation prevailed, the British line being drawn up a few yards from the schoolhouse door. As I entered school I heard the announcement, 'Deponite libros,' and I ran home for fear of the regulars."

I forget who told me what I know to be true, that the critical delay which held that reënforcement so long waiting on Common Street, happened in this fashion, which shows what red tape was and is in the English service. These troops were waiting for the Marines. "Where are the Marines, where are the Marines!" Finally the proper orderly was found. "Did you take the order for the Marines last night?" "Yes, sir, and I left it at Major Pitcairn's quarters." Alas, Pitcairn had gone with the first detachment; it was already four hours since he had given the order to fire on Lexington Common, and here we are on Common Street at eight o'clock in the morning, waiting for somebody at

the North End to cut open his order for the Marines.

The coasting scene, almost celebrated in local history, belongs on School Street, where the sleds of the Latin School boys ran down daily on the snow from the point where is now the Bellevue House, as far as Washington Street. General Haldimand was quartered at the corner of what is now Province Street. His servant broke up the coast by putting ashes and dirt upon it. The first class of the Latin School waited upon Haldimand, and told him that coasting was one of their "inalienable rights." Haldimand was very civil to them. He did not want to make more disturbance than he could help. He sent for his servant and scolded him, and told him to put water on the coast every night when it would freeze. He asked the delegation from the Latin School to take a glass of wine with him. This may be called the first triumph of the Revolution. The story of this interview was told to me in 1844 by Jonathan Darby Robins, who was one of the committee who interviewed Haldimand on this celebrated occasion. I am sorry to say that I cannot find any reference to the matter in Haldimand's rather voluminous correspondence.

This is a good place to say that the philologists have not found in print any earlier use of *coast* for a slide on a sled than the letter of the time describing this interview.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I began these papers with a story of a little Italian girl who paid me the high compliment of asking if I were George Washington. I was obliged to confess that I was not. It was only the summer before that I had been reading a lecture on "Washington in Private Life" at the Pennsylvania University in Philadelphia. A courteous lady joined me in the street-car as we rode home and asked me if I were personally acquainted with my hero. I was well pleased at the tribute thus paid to the vividness of my pictures of him. But to have had an intimate conversation with him, I must have been one hundred and fifteen years old at the time when

GEORGE WASHINGTON.
From a rare stipple engraving after the Houdon bust.

I met her. I did not however, suggest this to her, but I was obliged to disown her compliment, as afterward I disowned that of the little Italian.

As the reader will have to follow along with more or less memorials of all the other Presidents, I think I will put in here, as a sort of prologue to the memories of the century, some notes of different reminiscences of George Washington which I have stumbled upon sometimes, when I have come in touch with people who had seen him and known him. I have outlived the period when there was a determination to make him a demi-god, but that period continued well down the nineteenth century. As late as 1864 I served as the junior member of a committee of the Massachusetts Historical Society which was to edit the Heath-Washington letters, owned by the Society. So soon as the committee met I said that I would not serve unless we determined from the first to print the letters as we found them, "swear-words" and bad spelling and all. We had fresh in memory the discussion between Dr. Sparks and Lord Mahon as to Sparks' treatment of the Mss. which he had published. The veteran chairman of the committee, my kind and accomplished friend,

Mr. Thomas Coffin Amory, said at once: "I think Mr. Hale is right. I think the time has come when we can *afford to tell the truth* about Washington." He really meant that, at the beginning of the century, it was better to hold up Washington's authority as that of a superior being — not to be discussed, and far less to be doubted.

I am sure he was wrong. I have studied Washington more carefully, I think, than I have studied any life except Franklin's, and I am sure that the more we know of Washington, and the more we can tell of him, the better all round. Writing, as I do, at the period of the Judge Marshall Centennial, I am tempted to say that a careful reading again of some of Marshall's chapters in his "Life of Washington" is well worth the while of any one who wants to know the truth.

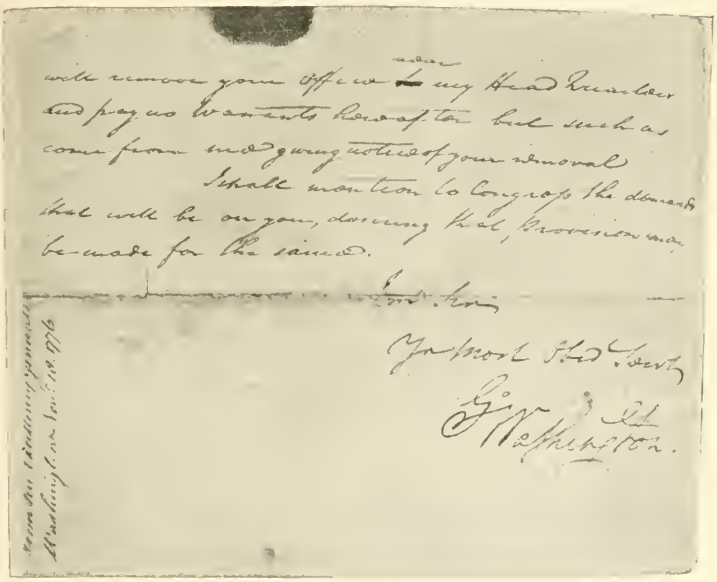
As I lost my chance of talking with Washington by being born a quarter of a century too late, I have but a few anecdotes of him which have not, before my time, been put on paper. In the Washington Number of "Old and New," edited by me and published in February, 1872, the student will find a few studies of that time for which it is worth while taking down the volume.

There is an account of Braddock's defeat, where you would not look for it, in Day's "Sandford and Merton," where an old soldier tells the story, in 1783, observe, to the prigs who are named Tommy Merton and Harry Sandford. The year after that defeat Washington came on to Boston for the first time. He came on horseback, remember, with two aides, and four or five black servants. There were also led horses to ride upon as relays for the others. It is pity of pities that the original diary of that year, writ by his own hand, has been "conveyed" from the collection now at Washington. Sparks saw it, but made little use of it. I think it was stolen, and that afterward it appeared in some auction. And I print this in the hope that a faithful reader can give a hint as to where it is now.

I will put in a parenthesis here what seems to me a good story about this valuable lost manuscript. There was some suspicion that it was in one of the great Chicago collections, and our friend Mr. Robert Lincoln was kind enough to try to look it up for me. But he did not succeed. Mr. Lincoln told me that he did go to a great collector and ask him to trace it for us. When, the next week, he returned to inquire about it, the virtuoso said, "Send to Mr. Hale

to say that I have not Washington's diary for 1746, but that I shall be glad to show him a lock of General Washington's hair."

An enterprising Philadelphia publisher once



THE WASHINGTON LETTER.

asked me to furnish for him twenty original stories of Washington. The contract was too large even for my audacity, and I had to decline. But I did try my hand on starting a tradition, and if we all acknowledge that we take a part, there is no harm in handing it along. I wrote

a story which represents Washington with his aides, Mercer and Stewart, as clattering along "Marlboro Street," now Washington Street, in Boston, coming in from the great Governor Shirley's house in Roxbury, and stopping at the "Cromwell's Head," in School Street, then the best inn in town.

(Good doctrine, this, for young Colonel Washington, if, as people choose to think, he was of Cavalier family. Observe that this was one hundred and five years since Charles the First's head had been cut off, when we stand under Cromwell's and give our bridle-rein to the groom. Washington's memories of Charles were about as old as ours of Washington are.)

In my story, which the reader will find in its place, the Latin School boys, from the school just above, on School Street, where the Franklin statue now stands, come down to see the little Virginian company. Washington asks one of them to mount his horse. He sees that the boy has an older friend, and calls a black servant for a horse for him, meaning to take a short ride with them. But, alas! he is called into the Town House to meet Shirley, and the two Bostonians have to take their scamper alone.

But, half an hour after, they all three meet again under Cromwell's Head.

"Have you enjoyed your ride?" the Virginia Colonel asks them.

"Oh, certainly," says the boy, who proves to be Josiah Quincy. "We went right up to the Common, and I made Mr. Hancock ride three times round the Wishing Stone. And, Colonel Washington, what you wish there will certainly come to pass."

"And what did you wish?" asked the Virginia Colonel, laughing.

The boy blushed, but he answered bravely, "I wished that all the Continental troops might be in one great army, and that Colonel Washington may be Commander-in-Chief."

They all laughed heartily, and Mercer, who had joined them, laughed as well. And Washington said, "And I will wish that our friend Mr. Hancock here may be President of the Continental Assembly, when that grand day comes round."

Now there are many stories in Plutarch which have no more foundation than this. There is no proof that this is false, so let us hope that it is true. To the New York *Observer*, with which I have an old battle on this point, I will observe

that the story belongs to a class of literature sometimes called "parable" and sometimes fiction.

It was on this journey that Washington fell in love with Mary Philipse, who married, not George Washington, alas! but Colonel Morris, who had been, like Washington, an aid of Braddock's. Not many years ago I visited the Braddock battle-ground, through which the Pennsylvania Railroad now runs. As you go from Bessemer to Braddock, a few miles from Pittsburg, you pass through the scene of the Braddock massacre. From this place I took the train home, to find on my table, of course, a note from an English correspondent, asking me if nobody wanted pretty Mary Philipse's picture — picture by Copley, observe. I tried to make the Yonkers

Mary Philipse.
From an engraving by J. Rogers.

people buy it, but they did not "seem to want it." And I suppose the picture is in England still. Another portrait of Mary Philipse, also by Copley, is preserved in this country. This is the picture followed in our engraving.[1]

Governor Edward Everett awakened a new enthusiasm for Washington by his oration which he delivered everywhere in 1856 and later. The object, as publicly announced, was to raise money for the purchase of Mount Vernon; and in this enterprise he succeeded. The estate is now the Nation's, and one likes to say that everything in the arrangement of the home itself is just what we could wish. His own wish, everywhere freely expressed, was to make one effort for uniting in a matter of sentiment the Northern and Southern people, who were so hopelessly divided in politics. It was his one last effort to reconcile the two.

His "Life of Washington," published in the same interest at the same time, contains a good deal of what he had himself picked up in conversation and elsewhere. His father, my grand-

[1] That picture is now the property of Mr. Amherst Morris, great-grandson of Colonel Roger Morris and Mary Philipse, whom Morris married. He was one of Braddock's aids at the battle, and was wounded there. Our picture follows an engraving by J. Rogers.

father, had delivered an oration on Washington in 1800, when the whole country was mourning him, just after his death. In this address I found the suggestive and important statement that so thoroughly did Washington reckon himself a citizen of the country, and bound by the duties and habits of the Virginia country gentleman, that after he had retired from the Presidency of the Nation, he served once at least as foreman of a jury in the regular business of the county court.

It is with some hesitation that I add here, what I am afraid is true, though I never heard it said aloud until the year 1901. It belongs with the discussion as to the third term for the Presidency. The statement now is that Washington did not permit his name to be used for a third election because he had become sure that he could not carry the State of Virginia in the election. He would undoubtedly have been chosen by the votes of the other States, but he would have felt badly the want of confidence implied in the failure of his own "country," as he used to call it in his earlier letters, to vote for him. It is quite certain, from the correspondence of the time, that, as late as September of the year 1796, the year in which John

Adams was chosen President, neither Adams nor Washington knew whether Washington meant to serve a third time.

I have been assured by gentlemen who lived in northern Virginia that the universal impression there was that the slaves of the Washington plantation hurried Martha Washington's death because their own liberty was secured, by Washington's will, after her death. I do not believe that this bad statement can be authenticated. But there is no doubt, I believe, that Madison had made a similar will liberating his slaves after Mrs. Madison's death, and that he changed his will on account of this rumor with regard to the Washington slaves.

Mr. Everett told me that Colonel Pickering told him that Washington's hand was the largest hand which he remembered to have particularly noticed. I suppose the anecdote is in print, but I heard it in conversation, which gives the detail of his anger at Monmouth when he met General Lee. Washington asked him why such a column was retiring, and Lee said that the American troops would not stand the British bayonets. Washington replied, "You damned poltroon, you have never tried them!" As this relates to the exact truth of

the battle, the story seems probable. Since printing this anecdote I have a note which gives the detail of the story as told by an eye-witness.[1]

Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President with Abraham Lincoln, told me that when he entered Congress in 1842 there were Virginians still there who knew Washington personally. They said that the neighbors regarded him as a clear-headed, sensible man, whose opinion was worth having, and who was well worth consulting in farming matters or in common business. He thought that in Washington's later years this neighborly feeling quite overruled the estimate which the same people had of his service to the country.

[1] "David Breading was temporary aide to General Maxwell at Monmouth, New Jersey. Maxwell sent Breading to find General Washington, and to report to him Lee's action in retreating when Washington had ordered otherwise. He found Washington, and the General said to him: 'Young man, can you lead me to General Lee?' Breading replied that he could. The General said: 'Lead on, and I will follow.' They went at furious speed, and found General Lee. Washington said: 'Why have you acted thus?' and swore at him in no mild terms. My grand-uncle, David Breading, narrated this to me, himself being the actor.

"As Mr. Hogg and his ancestors were good church members, perhaps the *damned* poltroon of your anecdote may be the "no mild terms" of their recollection. When one considers the provocation, it would seem easy to pardon the Father of his Country had he used some very much stronger imprecations." — *From a note by Dr. Woodhull.*

Procession.

Boston, Oct. 19, 1789.

As this town is shortly to be honoured with a visit from THE PRESIDENT of the United States: In order that we may pay our respects to him, in a manner whereby every inhabitant may see so illustrious and amiable a character, and to prevent the disorder and danger which must ensue from a great assembly of people without order, a Committee appointed by a respectable number of inhabitants, met for the purpose, recommend to their Fellow-Citizens to arrange themselves in the following order, in a

PROCESSION.

It is also recommended, that the person who shall be chosen as head of each order of Artizans, Tradesmen, Manufacturers, &c. shall be known by displaying a WHITE FLAG, with some device thereon expressive of their several callings, and to be numbered as in the arrangement that follows, which is alphabetically disposed, in order to give general satisfaction.—The Artizans, &c. to display such insignia of their craft, as they can conveniently carry in their hands. That uniformity may not be wanting, it is desired that the several Flag-staffs be SEVEN feet long, and the Flags a YARD SQUARE.

ORDER OF PROCESSION

MUSICK.

The Selectmen,
Overseers of the Poor,
Town Treasurer,
Town Clerk,
Magistrates,
Consuls of France and Holland,
The Officers of his Most Christian Majesty's Squadron,
The Rev. Clergy,
Physicians,
Lawyers,
Merchants and Traders,
Marine Society,
Masters of Vessels,
Revenue Officers,
Strangers, who may wish to attend.

Bakers, No. 1.
Blacksmiths, &c. No. 2.
Block-makers, No. 3.
Boat-builders, No. 4.
Cabinet and Chair-makers, No. 5.
Card-makers, No. 6.
Carvers, No. 7.
Chaise and Coach-makers, No. 8.
Clock and Watch-makers, No. 9.
Coopers, No. 10.
Coppersmiths, Braziers and Founders, No. 11.
Cordwainers, &c. No. 12.
Distillers, No. 13.
Duck Manufacturers, No. 14.
Engravers, No. 15.
Glaziers and Plumbers. No. 16.
Goldsmiths and Jewellers, No. 17.
Hair-Dressers, No. 18.
Hatters and Furriers, No. 19.
House Carpenters, No. 20.
Leather Dressers, and Leather Breeches Makers, No. 21.
Limners and Portrait Painters, No. 22.
Masons, No. 23.
Mast-makers, No. 24.
Mathematical Instrument-makers, No. 25.
Millers, No. 26.
Painters, No. 27.
Paper Stainers, No. 28.
Pewterers, No. 29.
Printers, Book-binders and Stationers, No. 30.
Riggers, No. 31.
Rope-makers, No. 32.
Saddlers. No, 33.
Sail-makers, No. 34,
Shipwrights, to include Caulkers, Ship-joiners, Head-builders and Sawyers, No. 35.
Sugar-boilers, No. 36.
Tallow-Chandlers, &c. No. 37.
Tanners. No, 38.
Taylors, No. 39.
Tin-plate Workers, No. 40.
Tobacconists, No. 41.
Truckmen, No. 42.
Turners, No. 43.
Upholsterers, No. 44.
Wharfingers, No. 45.
Wheelwrights, No. 46.
Seamen,

N B.—In the above arrangement, some trades are omitted—from the idea, that they would incorporate themselves with the branches mentioned, to which they are generally attached. For instance—it is supposed, that under the head of *Blacksmiths*, the Armourers, Cutlers, Whitesmiths and other workers in iron, would be included; and the same with respect to other trades.

Each division of the above arrangement is requested to meet on such parade, as it may agree on, and march into the Mall—No. 1 of the Artizans, &c. forming at the South-end thereof. The Marshalls will then direct in what manner the Procession will move to meet the President on his arrival in town. When the front of the Procession arrives at the extremity of the town, it will halt, and the whole will then be directed to open the column—one half of each rank moving to the right, and the other half to the left—and then face inwards, so as to form an avenue through which the President is to pass, to the galeries to be erected at the State-House.

It is requested that the several School-masters conduct their Scholars to the neighbourhood of the State-House, and form them in such order as the Marshalls shall direct.

The Marine Society is desired to appoint some person to arrange and accompany the seamen.

THE BULLETIN ISSUED ON THE OCCASION OF WASHINGTON'S ENTRANCE INTO BOSTON IN 1789.

Our dear old Josiah Quincy, college president when I was an undergraduate, was one of John Hancock's aides when Washington came to Boston in 1789. When he was ninety years old, Mr. Quincy told me that, in one way and another, he frequently saw Washington in the days when he was in Boston. Quincy had to render to him the fit courtesies of the State. He said that although Washington had then had very wide experience in life, there appeared, mixed in with the manners of a perfect gentleman, a certain shyness, such as you might see in any man who lived a good deal without the society of other people. "Exactly," Mr. Quincy said, "as you have met a fine country gentleman from one of the smaller towns who was spending the winter in the Legislature at Boston." He implied, that is, that in Washington's personal manner, while he quite understood the important dignity of his position as President, there lingered still the traces of what might be called the shyness of the life of a plantation. I am almost sure that Mr. Quincy used the word "shyness."

An old parishioner of mine once told me that the day when Washington entered Boston in triumph, — that is, on the 17th of March, 1776, he

took up his headquarters at the best public house in Boston, which was at the head of State Street, until then called King Street. According to my old friend's account, General Howe had occupied the same inn. The mother of my informant was the daughter of the keeper of the inn, and was a little girl playing about the house, and, of course, interested in all that passed. Washington, with his usual kindness to children, called the child to him and said, "You have seen the soldiers on both sides; which do you like best?" The little girl could not tell a lie any more than he could, and, with a child's frankness, she said she liked the redcoats best. Washington laughed, according to my friend's story, and said to her, "Yes, my dear, the redcoats do look the best, but it takes the ragged boys to do the fighting." This is one of many well-authenticated anecdotes which disprove the old demigod theory that Washington never smiled.

Every new biography of Washington is better and better, because it reveals him to us as a man, and he is no longer a demigod. On another page is an autograph from a letter which has never been published. Older readers must excuse what may interest younger readers — the little history of this particular scrap of writing.

I was sitting one night, when I had nothing better to do, examining and destroying old papers of my father's. I came to an old letter, in a handwriting which I did not remember, which seemed like an article on the character of Washington. I said to myself, "Surely, if papa did not choose to print this ten years ago, I need not save it now." I crushed the paper in my hand to throw it into the fire, when the signature which the reader sees arrested my eye, and I found that the letter which I had been criticising enclosed an autograph of Washington which a Virginia friend had thought my father would like to see. So near did I come to destroying the autograph! Moral. — Remember the Chinese law: that no piece of paper with writing upon it should ever be destroyed.

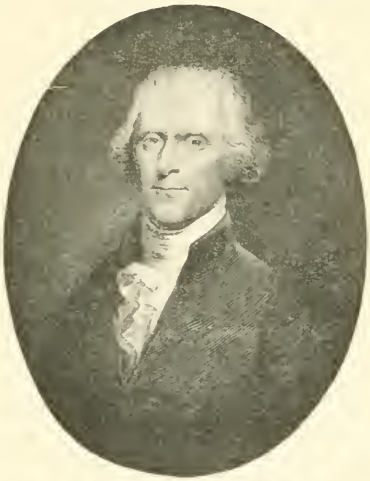
THE VIRGINIAN DYNASTY

CHAPTER IV

THE VIRGINIAN DYNASTY

THOMAS JEFFERSON

I HAVE already quoted from my grandfather's diary the words which seemed to him big with fate, "T. Jefferson chosen President U. S.," and big with fate they were. My grandfather, a fine leader of the people in the fashion of his time, thought that dangers untold began for the United States in that moment. He was right enough in thinking so. But he did not understand, and it seems to me that for five and twenty years nobody understood, that this country governs



THOMAS JEFFERSON.
After a painting by Bouch.

itself, and that the backward and forward moves of Cabinets and Congresses have not, in general, a critical importance in the history of the country. They are by no means of that critical importance which the liveried servants of the country think they are. I have said this already, but I shall often say it again, whenever any one gives me a chance.

The men who made the Constitution builded better than they knew, perhaps. Whether they knew it or not, they made such arrangements that the American People governs America. True, there are people in America who are constantly harking back to the supposed analogy between their President and the sovereign King, between their Cabinet and an English Cabinet. Now, it is hopeless to undeceive Europe on this subject. Every writer on the Continent of Europe supposes that Mr. McKinley was a king, or that Martin Van Buren was a king. But on this side of the ocean we ought to know that every one of the Presidents has been the servant of the American people.

Undoubtedly Thomas Jefferson, without meaning to inflict a serious injury on the fortunes of the young Nation, really thought he was to be a sort of king. But the young Nation was so

much stronger than he was that, after he became President, he really fills the place in history which a fussy and foolish nurse fills in the biography of a man like Franklin, or Washington, or Goethe, or Julius Cæsar, of whom the nurse had the charge. It is interesting in a fashion to know whether Master Julius Cæsar wore his baby clothes six months longer than he should have done under our practice, but, as it appears when you read his own life, this has not proved a very important matter. In the same way it is interesting to know how much fuss and how much folly there was in Jefferson's pretended oversight of the infant Nation, but when you see that apparently without his knowledge Fulton and Livingston were revolutionizing the world, that Eli Whitney was revolutionizing the world, that the pioneers in the Valley of the Mississippi were creating the history of to-day, that in spite of Jefferson and his policy the infant navy of the United States was forming itself and that her immense maritime commerce was coming into being, it is impossible to think that Jefferson's administration had that crowning importance in history which his older admirers claimed for him.

To tell the whole truth, the history of what I

like to call the Virginia Dynasty, their failures and follies, their fuss and feathers and fol-de-rol, for the first quarter of a century, never got itself written down until twelve years ago. Mr. Henry Adams then published his very entertaining history of the years between 1801 and 1817. The more prominent actors in that period were skilful in covering their tracks, and have done so curiously well. Such books as Hildreth's book on the outside history of America — let me say modestly, such chapters as my own in the "People's History" — were therefore made up only from public documents and from the superficial contemporary view in the wretched newspapers of twenty-five years. This is the reason why our printed histories of the generation before our own are neither correct nor interesting, nor in any sort important until we come down to 1861.[1] Into this circle of chattering crickets there steps Mr. Henry Adams. He is the son of a great statesman, who is the son of another great statesman, who is the son of another great statesman, and all of his ancestors have left behind them full materials for history. Mr. Adams has lived, perhaps in an official capacity,

[1] I will speak at more length of this in Vol. II., Chap. II., in referring to the historians.

certainly with the respect deserved by such men, in the principal capitals of Western Europe. He has had ready access to the confidential correspondence of English, French, and Spanish diplomatic agents for the time of which he writes. In our own Department of State he is, of course, a welcome guest. And now, with a charming and pitiless impartiality, he draws all curtains back and reveals to us the frenzies, the follies, the achievements, and the failures of what people call the "government" between 1800 and 1817.

I have read many novels as the last ten years have gone by, but not one of them is so amusing as is this record of people who were trying to persuade themselves that they were great men, and even thought they were. In Mr. Adams's nine volumes, if my young friends the historical novelists of to-day only knew it, there is material for endless comedies which are not yet written.

But the United States is absolutely convinced that the Nation is always right in what it undertakes. It must be confessed, also, that our habit of looking forward is so certainly fixed that our people care very little for their history. They hardly care for it at all. And so it happens that Mr. Adams's History is passed by as you

might pass by annals of the court intrigues of Hugh Capet. This is partly because it is new, partly because it is true, but mostly because it is all so far back in time as to come under the head of a "back number," to borrow one of the expressions of our modern slang. His revelations make it clear that the work of Jefferson's régime and of Madison's and of the Congresses which met in their time was almost always foolish or frivolous. But who cares? It is all eighty or ninety years ago. This revelation has been printed, published, and passed by with only the very slightest attention on the part of the general reader.

One does notice, with a certain interest that since Mr. Adams's volumes were published, the old-fashioned indiscriminate praise of Jefferson has almost ended. In truth, there is hardly a recommendation of his from 1801 to 1826 which anybody likes to quote. The annexation of Louisiana is the one great triumph of his administration; and he himself would not have pretended that he had sought for this. It was greatness thrust upon him.

But I suppose we ought to insert here a few dates and forgotten names, if it is only to propitiate Miss Jerusha Dryasdust, the accomplished

principal of the high school in New North Nolandville, when the first class takes "History in thirteen lessons." All she wants is dates and names.

This calendar may briefly run thus: —

"1803. The Texan, Phil. Nolan, killed by the Spaniards, and nobody at Washington cares.

"1805. Jefferson's second Presidency. Electoral vote, 162 to 14.

"1805. Burr sails down the Mississippi for the first time.

"1806, 1807. Berlin and Milan Decrees.

"1807, 1808. English Orders in Council.

"June, 1807. The English frigate *Leopard* fires on the American ship *Chesapeake*, and takes four seamen from her.

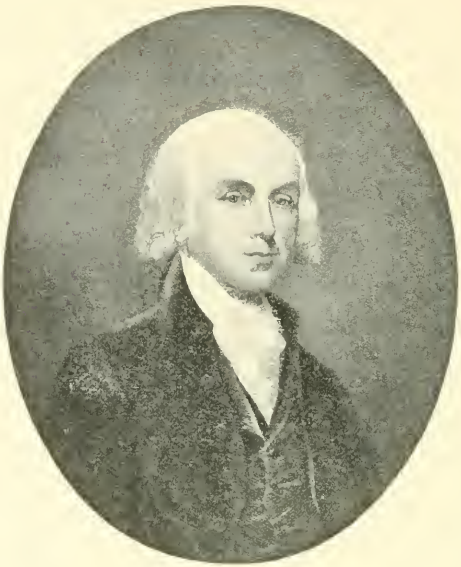
"December, 1807. Jefferson's Embargo, which paralyzes the commerce and agriculture of the country for a year. It lasted for the first nine months of 1808."

With such abject disgraces Jefferson's second reign ends and Madison's begins. Jefferson retires to his home at Monticello, and thinks he is going to run the country from behind a screen, as an Italian runs Punch.

But no!

JAMES MADISON: AN UNWRITTEN TRAGEDY

Poor James Madison! The best fitted of any of the Virginian Presidents between 1801 and



JAMES MADISON.
After the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

1825! A man of genius, learning, wisdom, integrity! A man to whom the country was immensely indebted for what he did in making the Constitution and in securing its adoption. He became President; and an ambitious man of

his ability might well be proud of this. And now his administration stands in history as all mixed up with futile politics, with a useless war, which includes his own flight from his own capital; a war only not disgraceful to the country. Poor Mr. Madison!

As for "poor Mr. Madison," I have been for twenty years trying to find some young dramatist who would make for us a historical tragedy out of the details of the crisis of his life. Even Mr. Stephen Phillips might be willing to handle such a theme. Here is a wise man, a patriot, well equipped, well surrounded, ambitious, old enough, young enough. He has all the external conditions which a man need have, in the shape of houses, bread and butter, and a sky over his head, and money in the bank; and, in general, good surroundings. And he is born in Virginia, which has taken upon herself, what nobody else cared for much, the administration of the new Nation.

All this seems very fine. It is very fine for the moment. The only bitter drop in the cup is a drop which all men have always found bitter. For James Madison is eight years younger than Thomas Jefferson. (Note eight years, all astrologers and wiseacres and Girondists of whatever

type.) And Thomas Jefferson is in the saddle; and James Madison is the Fitz-Eustace to his Marmion. Poor James! He can write as well as his chief, or better; his armor is as good, or better. There are who say his horse is as good as the chief's, or better. He knows more than the chief, and he thinks he can do as well as the chief, or better. But that cursed misfortune of the eight years compels him for a certain eight years, between 1801 and 1809, to run on that chief's errands and to do what the chief says; to pull the chief out of countless scrapes, and to take the responsibility for the chief's dreams or fancies or blunders. History is full of such miseries. It is like poor Lord North having to conceal the craziness of his young King, before 1770; and that is one of the most tragical things in history.

Now, here is the point which the dramatist is to see: in 1809 Thomas Jefferson retires and James Madison becomes President. Dear good soul, he thinks that at last he is going to have his own way. He is fifty-eight years old, five years more before the grand climacteric, which is very near the prime of a man's life. The Constitution which he has interpreted on paper is to be interpreted in fact, as he reigns. He

moves into the White House, and so Fitz-Eustace mounts Marmion's horse. He proposes to forget this wretched vassalage of the past and to step forth a freeman on the enterprises before him.

But just at that moment a set of young bloods from the West and South surround him. They have no care for history. The young American never cares for history, as I have said already. They tell him that this and this is to be done thus and so. They tell him that they mean to fight England, and that, as God lives, he must fight England. They tell him that he shall be President of the United States for another term only if they and theirs choose that he shall be President of the United States. So this poor Secretary of State for Thomas Jefferson, when he flatters himself that for once he is going to give his own dinner-party and ask his own guests, finds that Henry Clay and John Caldwell Calhoun and a group of other young gentlemen of thirty years of age, more or less, who have the country behind them, are to dictate to him the policy of his administration; and that he is to obey them for the last half of his life as he obeyed Mr. Thomas Jefferson for the eight years before.

This reminds one of the amusing story which

the banker, Abraham Mendelssohn, the father of Felix Mendelssohn, used to tell of himself. He said that while he was a young man, indeed while he was well forward in middle life, people introduced him as the son of Dr. Moses Mendelssohn — "You will like to know the son of the great Dr. Mendelssohn." The great Dr. Mendelssohn, forgotten, I am sorry to say, by this reader, was the great metaphysician of those days. All of a sudden, however, as this good Mr. Abraham Mendelssohn walked the same streets, people began to introduce him as the father of Mendelssohn — "You will be glad to know the father of our great musician." So my poor James Madison, after having been Fitz-Eustace of Marmion, just as he approaches his grand climacteric, finds that he is to run the errands of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay.

Is not this tragic? And in your drama here is the climax, such as hardly any student of history could have suggested — that at the crisis moment of poor Madison's life the great Napoleon himself fell mortally wounded from his eagle flight. Madison had hoped that at least he was making himself an ally of the greatest conqueror of the world. But before his war was well begun, this great conqueror had lost the

greatest army which modern times had known, and was himself in flight from Moscow to his own capital.

Leaving the tragedy — and coming back to "History in thirteen lessons" — Madison's war did not begin until 1812.

The situation was complicated, of course, and very badly complicated, by the length of time required to receive news from Europe and to send instructions to Europe. One and another excitement harassed the thinking men until, on the 18th of June, 1812, Congress declared war.

PEPPER AND GINGER. — WAR!

A bright Portuguese minister, whose name I have forgotten, said in the year 1812, or thereabouts, that the same Providence which takes care of idiots and drunkards takes care of the United States. I do not suppose he thought that this dictum would be remembered after ninety years, nor do I think that he supposed it was a reverent statement of an infinite truth. All the same, it does state such an infinite truth. And it is one worth remembering, especially by people whose business it is to write "leading articles" between one and two o'clock in the morning.

What happened in 1810 has happened many, many times since; and let us hope reverently that it will happen many, many times more. That is to say, the "Power that makes for righteousness," whose name among most English-speaking people is God, helps forward by his Immanent Presence, and by what we call laws resulting from his Immanent Presence, all those people who are trying to do his will. And so it happened then — "happened," as we say irreverently — that the people of the United States, so far as they were trying to do right, were helped forward. It "happened" that there were a few ignorant and foolish persons at Washington and in Congress who thought they knew better than the people, by and large, of the United States. These few undertook to lead those many by the nose. Here is the Secretary of State, Mr. Monroe, for instance, sneering at commerce in an official conversation of 1811. He says to the French Minister: —

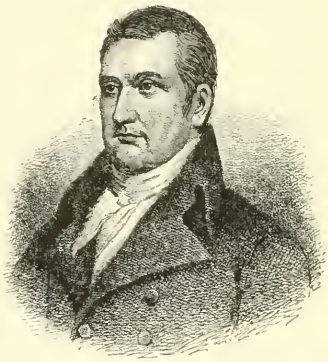
"People in Europe suppose us to be merchants occupied exclusively with pepper and ginger. They are much deceived, and I hope we shall prove it. The immense majority of our citizens do not belong to this class, and are,

as much as your Europeans, controlled by principles of honor and dignity. I never knew what trade was; the President is as much of a stranger to it as I."

One cannot help asking himself, as he reads such words now, what the New York merchants of 1901 would say if they found in an English Blue Book that Mr. Hay was talking in this fashion to Lord Pauncefote. All the same, it was a fashion in which the Virginian Secretary of State spoke for the Virginian President. It expressed what he thought of the commerce by which the United States "whitened every sea," and which gave the United States all the power which she had in the world. It was honest commerce, too. It was the commerce of men who had what other people wanted and were willing to receive what America produces in return. It was such commerce as fulfils the requisition of the Christian law that men must bear each other's burdens.

Under our Constitution, Congress, and Congress only, can declare war against a foreign power. In this case, declaration of war had lagged in Congress under the certainty, only too evident, that there was no disposition on the part of the people to enter the new army.

In the hope, which proved vain, that a declaration of war would excite the laggard volunteers, war was declared on the 18th of June, 1812. This was twenty-four hours after Castlereagh, in London, had announced that the English Government had determined to suspend the Orders in Council. It was about these very orders that all the declamation which led to the war had gathered. With an ocean telegraph there would have been no war. "Within forty-eight hours Napoleon, about to enter Russia, issued the first bulletin of the Grand Army;" these are the words of Mr. Adams.



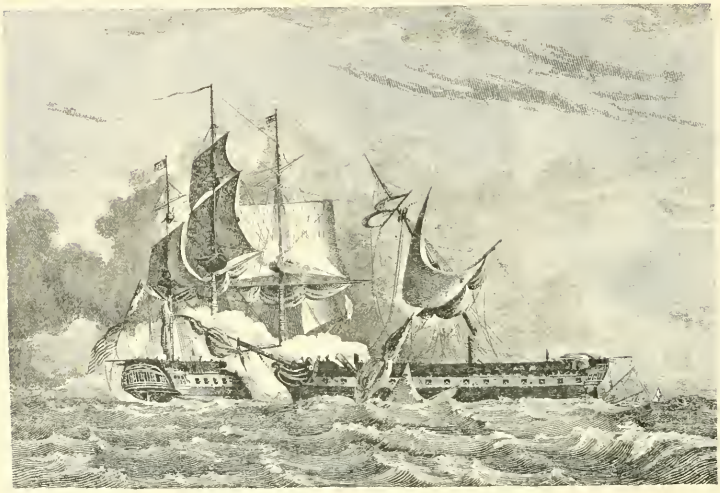
Major-General Henry Dearborn.
From an original etching by H. B. Hall.

New England had looked with great disgust — alas! I cannot say contempt — on the whole war enterprise. After Jefferson and the Democratic party had established themselves as the ruling party of Massachusetts, all this war business had again revolutionized that State, and Caleb Strong, the Federalist Governor, was well in the saddle. The

Commander-in-Chief of the United States army was Dearborn, a Massachusetts man; the Secretary of War was Eustis, who was another. But there was no local pride or interest in the new undertaking, and the whole tone of talk held it in ridicule, not to say scorn. So it was to the great astonishment, and I may well say satisfaction, of the Federal leaders that they found themselves making capital for the opposition to Madison from our successes of the sea, as, indeed, Madison and his friends lost favor by their successive failures on the land.

The policy of Jefferson and Madison had been to reduce the navy and to keep it at the lowest point possible. It was said on sufficiently good authority that the commanders of our four frigates took them to sea, on the outbreak of the war, as soon as they could, because they were afraid of orders from Washington which should keep them at home. But Isaac Hull, who was in command of the frigate *Constitution*, was at Annapolis, trying to ship a new crew. He had orders to go to New York in the *Constitution*, and he sailed in this duty on the 5th of July, 1812. It was in this voyage that he fell in with the English fleet of five cruisers, and that the celebrated chase took place, of

which men still tell in the forecastle. Hull came into Boston Harbor on the 26th of July, after his escape. He was afraid to come up to the navy-yard, because Bainbridge was there, who was his senior, and he had orders to take



THE CAPTURE OF THE "GUERRIÈRE" BY THE "CONSTITUTION."
From an engraving by Samuel Walker after the drawing by T. Birch.

command of the *Constitution* on her arrival. Hull, therefore, stayed in the outer harbor, supplied himself with what he needed, and in less than a week sailed again toward Newfoundland. It was on the 19th of August that he met the English frigate *Guerrière*.

The *Guerrière*, under Dacres, had been well

known on the American coast for many years in the offensive blockade which the arrogance of the English Government maintained. Now and then Dacres would stop an American merchantman, summon her crew on the deck, and pick out such English sailors as his officers found on board. There are legends which I think must have been well founded, of her coming into port sometimes. But one can hardly believe that Boston, New York, or Norfolk would welcome any such visitors. I think there is no doubt, however, that her officers knew personally the officers of the *Constitution*.

William Bainbridge.
Portrait by J. W Darvis.

Commodore James Richard Dacres.
Engraved from the portrait by Bowyer.

It is a New England tradition, which probably has some foundation, that the *Constitution* on

this cruise was manned with what might be called a picked crew. You will hear it said by old men that she had not a man on board who could not "sail the vessel." This is undoubtedly an exaggeration, but I have no doubt that a large number of ship captains from the merchant marine, who could not go to sea because of the declaration of war, had shipped at Annapolis, or before, on board the frigate. She was of larger force than the *Guerrière*, and in less than thirty minutes of the battle that ship was left without a spar standing. What colors she had she struck, and her officers thought she was sinking. Hull took his prisoners on board and blew up the wreck. With his prisoners he arrived in Boston Sunday morning, the 30th of August.

ISAAC HULL.
From an engraving after the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

The whole thing was dramatic in every detail. Rodgers and Decatur, with their squadron, entered Boston within forty-eight hours empty-handed, "after more than two months of futile cruising." The newspaper which announced their arrival announced also the melancholy intelligence of the surrender of General Hull at Detroit. General Hull was a veteran of the Revolution, and was an uncle of the Isaac Hull who was the hero of the day. There was as yet no daily paper in Boston. The news was made known by real "Extras."

Commodore Rodgers.
Portrait by Henry Williams.

My father used to tell with gusto of the triumphant discussions in the newspaper office as to their announcement of the victory and

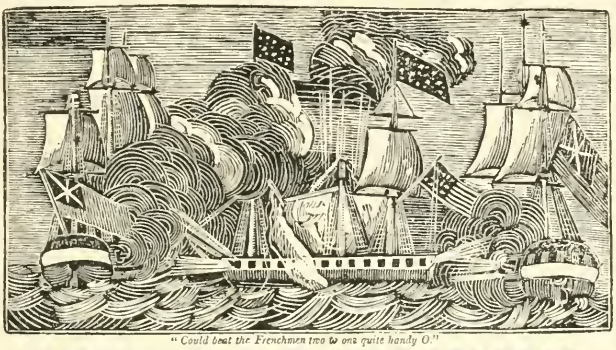
Stephen Decatur.
Portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

the defeat. In the seaboard, which was crazy with excitement because of the sinking of the English frigate, it was easy to remind men that the *Constitution* had been built at their wharves, that she was manned by their seamen, that it was John Adams's foresight that had built her, and that the true policy of the Nation would have been the maintenance of a large fleet of such vessels. At the same moment it was easy to point out the folly of the administration which had pretended to invade Canada in the face of an active enemy, who had taken advantage of our want of preparation to take the aggressive with success. Here are some of the stories of the time which came to me, after a generation, with excellent authority. I print them for what they are worth because they are *ben trovato*. These anecdotes of Hull and Dacres I copy from a note-book of my own of 1894: —

"At the Authors' Guild dinner at Salem today the President told three stories of Hull and Dacres.

"1. He says that before the war the *Guerrière* was on our coast and that Hull entertained her officers at dinner on his ship (probably at the Charlestown navy-yard). They fell to talk of what they would do if there were war, and Hull

THE CONSTITUTION



"Could beat the Frenchmen two to one quite handy O."

AND GUERRIERE.

I OFTEN have been told
That the British seamen bold
Could beat the tars of France neat and handy O;
But they never found their match,
Till the Yankees did them catch,
For the Yankee tars for fighting are the dandy O.

O the Guerriere so bold
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by Dacres the grandee O,
For the choice of British crew
That a rammer ever drew
Could beat the Frenchmen two to one quite handy O.

When the frigate hove in view,
O said Dacres to his crew,
Prepare ye for action and be handy O,
On the weather-guage we 'll get her;
And to make his men fight better,
He gave to them gunpowder and good brandy O.

Now this boasting Briton cries,
Make that Yankee ship your prize,
You can in thirty minutes do it handy O,
Or twenty-five, I 'm sure
You 'll do it in a score,
I will give you a double share of good brandy O.

When prisoners we 've made them,
With switchell we will treat them,
We will treat them with Yankee doodle dandy O;
The British balls flew hot,
But the Yankees answered not,
Until they got a distance that was handy O

O cried Hull unto his crew,
We 'll try what we can do;
If we beat those boasting Britons we 're the dandy O.
The first broadside we poured
Brought the mizzen by the board,
Which doused the royal ensign quite handy O.

O Dacres he did sigh,
And to his officers did cry,
I did not think these Yankees were so handy O.
The second told so well
That the fore and mainmast fell,
Which made this lofty frigate look quite handy O.

O says Dacres, we 're undone,
So he fires a lee gun,
Our drummer struck up Yankee doodle dandy O;
When Dacres came on board
To deliver up his sword,
He was loth to part with it, it looked so handy O.

You may keep it, says brave Hull,
What makes you look so dull;
Cheer up and take a glass of good brandy O;
O Britons, now be still,
Since we 've hooked you in the gill,
Don't boast upon Dacres the grandee O.

A Broadside of 1812.

From an original in the possession of the author.

said that he would bring them all into some American port. Dacres offered to bet one hundred guineas. Hull said no, but he would bet a hat.

"When the *Guerrière* was taken, and Dacres gave up his sword on the quarter-deck, Hull returned it to him, but said, 'But I will thank you for the hat.'

"2. After the war Hull and his wife were at Gibraltar, and Admiral Dacres received them with great courtesy. On his own ship he showed Mrs. Hull his own Bible which his mother had given him. He said that when the *Guerrière* was burned, Hull asked him what he wanted him to send for specially, and Dacres asked that the Bible in his cabin might be saved. It was sent for, and this was the book.

"Hull and Dacres were in Rome together, and the boys in the street used to call them light and shadow, Hull being short and stocky and Dacres tall and thin."

"Mr. James Hale, writing in 1880, says: 'I remember seeing Commodore Hull march up State Street with Captain Dacres having his arm, after the capture of the *Guerrière* by the *Constitution*. And, in company with many others, saw, from one of the islands in the

harbor, the fight between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. Two days before I saw poor Lawrence in State Street."

Some of such anecdotes, perhaps all, must be true. There was more than one ballad printed and sung. One which is said to have been written by James Campbell, a sailor on the *Constitution*, begins with the words: —

"Come all ye Yankee heroes, come listen to my song,
I'll tell you of a bloody fight before that it be long,
It was of the *Constitution*, from Boston she set sail,
To cruise along the coast, my boys, our rights for to maintain.

"So come rouze ye, Yankee tars, let it never be said,
That the sons of America should ever be afraid."

But the song which has lingered in memory, and is to this hour sung among seamen, is the ballad which we show in facsimile on another page.

A great public dinner was given to Isaac Hull by the town of Boston, and he was asked to sit for his picture to Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated artist. The portrait is in Faneuil Hall to this day.[1] Everybody is dead now, so that I will make

[1] Or affects to be. The real Stuarts were removed from Faneuil Hall a few years ago, to escape the danger of fire, and may now be seen in the Museum of Fine Arts. The copies in their places are so good that no visitor need regret the change.

bold to tell one of the anecdotes of the picture. Stuart was himself a great braggart, and he was entertaining Hull with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the Marquis of this and the Baroness of that, which showed how elegant was the society to which he had been accustomed in England. Unfortunately, in the midst of this grandeur, Mrs. Stuart, who did not know that there was a sitter, came in with her apron on and her head tied up with some handkerchief, from the kitchen, and cried out, "Did you mean to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" To which Stuart replied, with presence of mind to be recommended to all husbands, "Ask your mistress."

It was at the beginning of June, in 1813, the next year, that the exultation which had welcomed Hull and the *Constitution* received a heavy check in the battle fought off Boston Harbor, in which the ill-fated and unlucky *Chesapeake* surrendered to the English ship *Shannon*. Old people still tell you how on that Tuesday, the first day of June, men and women went to the high lookouts and hill-tops of Boston that they might see the *Chesapeake* bring in the *Shannon* for a prize. Our ship had been lying in "President's Roads," in plain sight of the

wharves of Boston. According to Mr. Henry Adams's interesting and intelligible account, the *Chesapeake* could have fired only fifty-two shot. "She had been a beaten ship from the moment when she was taken aback after the loss of her forward sails." She was really captured by boarding in a tragical fight, in which, on her crowded deck, her crew had no officers, and in which all the English officers were killed or wounded. Of the fifty Englishmen who passed to the deck of the *Chesapeake* from the deck of the *Shannon*, no less than thirty-seven were killed or wounded. Mr. Adams supposes that Lawrence, the commander of the *Chesapeake*, who was himself killed, had been satisfied of his "easy superiority in the battle" by his successes in the *Hornet*.

JAMES LAWRENCE.
Portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

From an interesting letter from Mr. Buck I am able to copy a passage which shows the impression made at the time on a competent observer who saw the crews of both the frigates.

"From Captain Butler I learned that his vessel had been captured by the *Shannon* in 1813. He was kept with the vessel a few days and then requested to bear a challenge from the commander of the British ship to Commander Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*, then lying in Boston Harbor. He was promised his freedom, with that of all belonging to his vessel, on condition of bearing said challenge. The offer was readily accepted. While a captive he had been a careful observer. The crew of the *Shannon* appeared to him to be a picked crew, very thoroughly drilled. As he took the challenge to Lawrence the crew of the *Chesapeake* seemed to him in a demoralized condition. They had been in port just long enough, with perhaps special license to become thus. He felt quite sure what the results would be if the challenge was accepted. The results were as he expected."

Lawrence died before the ships reached Halifax, and his first lieutenant also died. Lawrence's dying words, "Don't give up the ship," have become a proverb in the Nation.

To those of us who grew up in Boston, a queer reminiscence of this defeat turned up more than a generation after, when Tom Hughes's "School Life in Rugby" was printed. For it

was interesting to know that, while American boys were singing, "Bold Dacres came on board to deliver up his sword," English schoolboys were singing about the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. It seems that Tom Hughes was at Rugby with a boy named Brooke, who was or was not a nephew of the captain of the *Shannon*. Here is Tom Brown's amusing account of the credit given to the English ballad by boys in the different forms at Rugby: —

"Then followed other vociferous songs in rapid succession, including the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, a song lately introduced in honor of old Brooke; and when they come to the words,

"'Brave Broke he waved his sword, crying, Now, my lads, aboard,
And we'll stop their playing Yankee-doodle-dandy oh!'

you expect the roof to come down. The sixth and fifth know that 'brave Broke' of the *Shannon* was no sort of relation to our old Brooke. The fourth form are uncertain in their belief, but for the most part hold that old Brooke *was* a midshipman then on board his uncle's ship. And the lower school never doubt for a moment that it was our old Brooke who led the boarders, in what capacity they care not a straw."

Here is the whole ballad.[1] It is evidently written by some one who had seen the *Constitution* and *Guerrière* ballad: —

"The *Chesapeake* so bold
Out of Boston, I've been told,
Came to take a British Frigate
Neat and handy O!
While the people of the port
Flocked out to see the sport,
With their music playing
Yankee Doodle Dandy O!

"Now the British Frigate's name
Which for the purpose came
Of cooling Yankee courage
Neat and handy, O!
Was the *Shannon* Captain Broke,
Whose crew were heart of oak,
And for fighting were confessed
To be the dandy, O!

"The engagement scarce begun
Ere they flinched from their guns,
Which at first they thought of working
Neat and handy, O!
The bold Broke he waved his sword,
Crying, 'Now, my lads, on board,
And we'll stop their playing
Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!'

[1] Mr. Whitney enables me to reprint this ballad.

"They no sooner heard the word
Than they quickly rushed aboard
And hauled down the Yankee ensign
Neat and handy, O!
Notwithstanding all their brag,
Now the glorious British flag
At the Yankee's mizzen-peak
Was quite the dandy, O!

"Successful Broke to you,
And your officers and crew,
Who on board the *Shannon* frigate
Fought so handy, O!
And may it ever prove
That in fighting as in love
The true British tar is the dandy, O!"

Here are the kindred verses from another *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* song: —

"Silent as death the foe drew nigh,
While lock'd in hostile close embrace,
Brave Broke, with British seaman's eye,
The signs of terror soon could trace.
He exclaim'd while his looks did his ardor bespeak,
Brave boys they all flinch from their Cannon!
Board, board, my brave messmates, the proud *Chesapeake*,
Shall soon be a prize to the *Shannon*.

"Swiftly flew the words; Britannia's sons
Spread death and terror where'er they came,
The trembling foe forsook their guns,
And call'd aloud in mercy's name.

Brave Broke led the way, but fell wounded and weak,
Yet exclaim'd — They have fled from their Cannon!
Three cheers, my brave seamen, the proud *Chesapeake,*
Has lowered a flag to the *Shannon!*

"The day was won, but Lawrence fell,
He closed his eyes in endless night,
And oft Columbia's sons will tell
Of hopes all blighted in that fight.
But brave Captain Broke, though wounded and weak,
He survives to again ply his cannon,
And his name from the shores of the wide Chesapeake,
Shall resound to the banks of the Shannon."

Chesapeake has been such a wretched name in our naval annals that I have been surprised that our naval people care or dare to retain it. The grand people may think there is no such thing as luck, but sailors think there is. If I had my way, we should preserve more of the historical naval names, like *Ranger*, *Protector*, *Tyrannicide*, *Bon Homme Richard*, and *Serapis*. You could say "Poor Richard," if you wanted to put it in English.

The account of Broke's victory given in the Georgian *Era* is in these words: "Toward the close of the battle, Broke leaped on board the enemy's ship, and having saved the life of an American seaman, who called for quarter, received the stroke of a cutlass on the back of the

head from the wretch whom he had spared. This wound had nearly proved fatal, and from its effects he never afterward recovered. His assailant was immediately cut in pieces by the sailors on the *Shannon*, and the *Chesapeake* became a prize to the English. The action, which only occupied fifteen minutes, was one of the most bloody and determined ever fought between two ships of their class in so short a time."

Captain Sir P. V. Broke.
From an engraving by W. Greatbatch.

For this achievement Broke received a gold medal, as well as the formal thanks of the lords of the admiralty, besides a sword of the value of one hundred guineas. The people of Suffolk subscribed more than seven hundred pounds for a piece of plate, and an Ipswich Club gave him a cup of the value of one hundred guineas. On the 2d of November he was made a baronet. The *Shannon* was condemned unfit for further service. Broke's name was Philip Bowes Vere Broke.

It is said that the *Chesapeake* never went to

sea under an English commander; that no man liked to walk the deck which had been stained by his companions' blood. The English Government maintained the name *Shannon* until two or three years ago, when the armored cruiser *Shannon* was lost. In our War of the Rebellion there was a Southern cruiser named the *Chesapeake*.

Mr. James E. Whitney, Jr., is kind enough to send me the following note which gives the history of the poor *Chesapeake*: —

"The *Chesapeake* was sold in 1820 to Mr. Holmes of Portsmouth, England, who broke her up and sold the timbers which were of pitch pine, quite new and sound, for building purposes. Much was used in houses built in Portsmouth, but a larger part was bought by John Pierce, a miller of Wickham in Hampshire, who used it in constructing a new mill. The deck timbers were thirty-two feet long and eighteen inches square, and were placed, unaltered, horizontally, in the mill. The purlins of the deck were about twelve feet long, and served without alteration for joists. In 1864 the mill — a flour mill — was owned by a man named Goderick. Wickham is nine miles from Portsmouth."

Old-fashioned people will remember how angry

our fathers were because the English newspapers spoke of the *Constitution* and our other frigates as "pine built frigates." This gives interest to the statement that some of the *Chesapeake* timbers were of pine. It seems to me that an old joke applies here, that it made no difference what Jove's thunderbolts were made of if they proved to be thunderbolts.

Some recent inquiry satisfies me that no American officer surrendered the *Chesapeake* in form. The ballad is quite correct which says of the boarders, "They hauled down the Yankee ensign."

JAMES MONROE

CHAPTER V

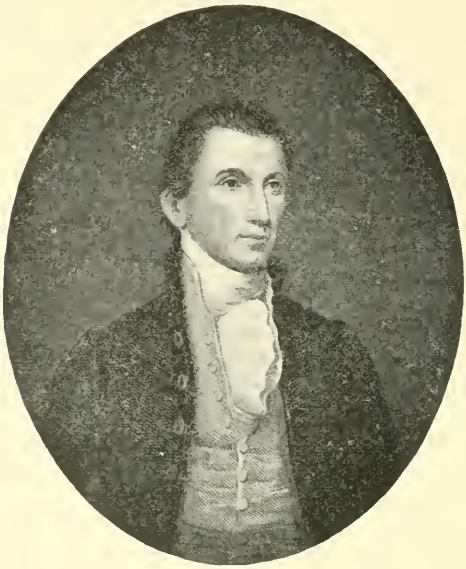
JAMES MONROE

WHEN Dean Stanley visited America a few years before his death, one of the queer, pregnant questions which he put to a gentleman who was welcoming him was, "What was the end of the Federal party?"

"As if I knew what was the end of the Federal party!" said his host to me, afterward, when he was describing the interview. And that ejaculation is a fair enough illustration of the curious difficulty which haunts almost all the political writers and historians. As I have said twenty times in these papers, people who are trained to read histories and to write them cannot rid themselves of the old superstitions which imply that the State of New York to-day is governed by Albany, that the State of Ohio is governed by the city of Columbus, or that the United States is governed from Washington.

I ought not to say all people on the Continent of Europe. For Mr. James Bryce, who does

understand these things, says somewhere that when he wrote there was a schoolmaster in Switzerland who understood the relation of our State Government with the National Govern-



JAMES MONROE.
From the portrait by Vanderlyn.

ment. But I never met this gentleman nor his writing.

It is vastly easier to follow along eight years of Washington life in James Monroe's administration, and to call that the "history of America," than it is to read and to write the

endless narrative of what really happened in America between 1817 and 1825. The truth is, as I try to say in every chapter, if anybody could be made to believe it, that the people of America govern America. The various administrations run by the side of the chariot, they make a good deal of dust as they run, and the equerries and the escort sometimes think that they are the rulers. All people on the Continent of Europe think that such persons are the rulers, while in truth the people in a thousand organizations, or without any organization, are carrying the country forward in their own way. Yet you may read many a "History of America" written in America which does not say one word of the affairs of any State, of forty-five "Sovereign States."

The dynasty of Mr. Madison was broken in upon by the war with England. The war was none of his making, it was no part of his plan, but he could not help himself and it came. Fortunately for him and fortunately for the country, it was a short war. It was a war in which the people, shut up at home as they would have been had the Atlantic Ocean been an ocean of fire, were developing natural resources which are so enormous that to this day we are only

scratching at the surface of our treasure. With the peace the Federal party died by a natural death. It had nothing to do. It was pledged to a strong central government. And now Jefferson and Madison had assumed powers which the old Federalist leaders had never dared to ask for. It had opposed the war with England, and peace with England had come. No man in America was fool enough to take up the broken fortunes of poor Napoleon, before whom everybody in the administration had been kneeling only two years before. And the Federalist leaders were paying as they deserved for any distrust they had ever felt of the People. The People was taking care of itself and was directing its own future quite unmindful of the intrigues or blunders or the successes at Washington.

Who should be the President to follow poor Mr. Madison? Why, Mr. Monroe was Secretary of State: let him be President. It is clear enough that nobody cared much. Certainly nobody was afraid of undue abilities in a man who had never shown any ability so far. And it is fair to say that James Monroe drifted into the Presidency, drifted through office, and drifted out of the Presidency, while his great master,

the American People, was carrying forward its own enterprises and doing its own business.

One remembers, of course, whose name is given to the Monroe Doctrine. One remembers that in his dynasty we purchased Florida. In a separate chapter I will try to trace some of the more curious lines of the development of emigration to the West, about which even then the self-styled leaders seem to have been curiously doubtful. The President, as soon as he was President, the same man who "never was in trade and knew nothing about it," arrayed himself to see the commercial States, and even to cross to the new-born West and show himself to the people who were creating a nation there. In my boyhood, this journey of his, which began on the 31st day of May, 1817, and did not end until October of the same year, was called "The President's Progress." Washington's similar journey in 1791 was always called "Washington's Progress." There is a little touch of burlesque when one reads that President Monroe arrayed himself in the old buff and blue of the Revolution with an old-fashioned three-cornered soldier's hat. There is just a touch of absurdity about this, because his military exploits were, of

his whole life, the enterprises which his friends would have most gladly forgotten.[1]

There is a good Harvard tradition which I may put in print without hurting anybody. At a meeting of the little college faculty in the year 1817, it was announced that *Blank*, a spirited senior, must be "suspended." I suppose his marks were not high enough, or his attendance at chapel had been irregular. Dear, courteous, kindly Dr. Kirkland, who was the President, was supposed to be dozing in his chair as the march of college government went forward; but at this proposal to suspend Blank he roused to life and activity. "Send away Blank, when Mr. Monroe is coming? Who will command my Harvard

[1] Burr hated Monroe from the time when he served with him in the Revolution. Burr says of his military career, in a letter of 1815, that Monroe "never commanded a platoon nor was ever fit to command one. He served in the Revolutionary war, that is, he acted a short time as aide de camp to Lord Sterling who was regularly

* * * * * * * *

Monroe's whole duty was to fill his Lordship's tankard, and to hear with indications of admiration his Lordship's long stories about himself. Such is Monroe's military experience. I was with my regiment in the same division at the time. As a lawyer, Monroe was far below mediocrity. He never rose to the honour of trying a cause of the value of one hundred pounds."

"This is a character exactly suited to the views of the Virginia junto."

Washington Corps when the President visits the College?" The Harvard Washington Corps was the military establishment of the college boys at that time. Dr. Kirkland could put his foot down when he chose. And so it chanced that Blank was retained in college and that the Harvard Washington Corps, which he commanded, presented arms at the proper time and in the proper way to the President of the United States. And so it happened that, fifty years after, Harvard University received a very important and very expensive new building from an alumnus who on that day commanded the Harvard Washington Corps.

If I could get history written as I should like to have it written, there would be a nice bronze put up in the doorway of that spacious hall, which would tell this story for the next hundred years. I observe that men spell the name with one more letter than they used in 1817.

There is yet in the ink-bottle a good historical essay, not yet written, on students who have been exiled from college and those who have not. Fenimore Cooper, for instance, is not in the catalogue of Yale University, although he was a student there.

THE ERA OF GOOD FEELING[1]

This is the old-fashioned phrase, now generally forgotten, which was introduced by some bright person in Monroe's time.

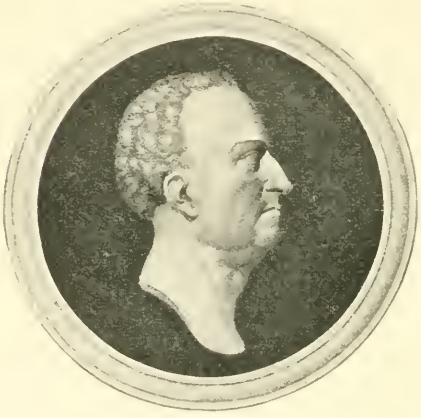
The real English of the matter, as I understand it, is that the principle of "two terms" had been well introduced, and was considered as rather a matter of course. The Virginians were in the saddle; they had been in the saddle since the beginning; they had not much else to do than to administer the general government; and, which is the most important point of all, there was not much general government to administer. There is a certain humor in what Burr said of the Virginia junto in 1815: "To this junto you have twice sacrificed yourself and what have you got by it? Their hatred and abhorrence. Did you ever know them to countenance a man of talents and independence? Never nor ever will!"

That is to say that the Nation as a Nation was still hardly conscious of its own existence. The States' Rights doctrine was still the favorite doctrine of a great many theorists, who believed, as most people do believe, that all the world of any importance is within ten miles of their own

[1] Ascribed to Ben. Russell or his wife in Appleton, — at the time of Monroe's progress. See p. 228.

meeting-house. And this theory of government lingered among the men who cared for government. But they were not many in proportion. The country was advancing, with the energy and dignity which I have tried to describe, on its own business. The New Englanders were weaving cotton and woollen by the power of their own waterfalls. Nobody seems to understand it to this day, but men really do like better to have the rain from heaven drive their looms and wheels than to have their wives work a treadle or make a wheel go round by a crank. The Virginians were selling their slaves to the Southwest at a very high price, and the people of the South and West were selling their cotton and wool at very high prices. People were beginning to find out that there was a West, and such men as De Witt Clinton and others were insisting upon it that there should be highways to the West. What was there for the "General Government" to do? It could fuss and fiddle about treaties which should permit our breadstuffs to go into the West India Islands. It could fuss and fiddle about some claims we had on the Governments of France and Spain for some ships which had been destroyed some years before; but really there was very little

National business, as we understand National business to-day. People suffered from a bad currency; but they did not understand what advantage they would gain from a currency like ours to-day, in which a bill on an Arkansas bank is as good as a bill issued in the city of New York. Indeed, for one reason or another, the Nation did not assert itself much in the management of the currency. The people at Washington could not make up their minds whether they did or did not want to help in the business of highways across the Alleghany Mountains.



Governor De Witt Clinton.
Engraved from the bust by A. B. Durand.

There came about some rather curious illustrations of this comparative insignificance of the National Government, which are perhaps worth jotting down. When the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, as early as 1797, all the officers of Government retired from that city.

John Adams lived in Braintree, Mass.,[1] for much of that time, and had his mail brought to him once or twice a week from Philadelphia; and there are queer letters in the foreign correspondence which say, almost in so many words, that the business of the Government is suspended until the yellow fever shall be cured.

It is rather interesting to say that Adams himself said when it began, "I have no apprehension of danger." But he added, "the members of Congress will be more exposed than I shall be, and I hold myself intrusted with the care of their health — a precious deposit which I will preserve according to the best of my judgement with perfect integrity and with more caution than I would take for my own." This is in a letter to Wolcott of October, 1797.

Mr. Henry Adams cites Joseph Hopkinson to say, in 1814, "The general Government would have dissolved into its original elements, its powers would have returned to the States from which they were derived." If the English Government had not been absolutely determined on peace, if they had not crowded it down the throats of the American envoys, Mr. Madison would have gone home from Washington to his own house, and

[1] His part of the town is now called Quincy.

the different Ministers of War and the Navy would have gone to theirs, and the National Government would have stopped.

Under such circumstances, when the year 1820 came round, there was no great clamor for a change of administration. James Monroe had done no harm, if he had done no good; he was as good a cipher as anybody else was; and there was absolutely no organized opposition of any great importance to his election. When the time of the election came, and the electors gave their votes, it proved that he had all the electoral votes but one. This was the vote given by the sturdy old New Hampshire man whose name still exists in honor in another generation, — William Plumer. He said, when the electoral college met in New Hampshire, that there never had been but one President who had received a unanimous vote, and that he was not going to have another so chosen by his act, and he threw his vote, therefore, for John Quincy Adams.

It was before this period, July 10, 1817, after Mr. Monroe had been in office three months, that a writer in the *Columbia Centinel* in Boston spoke of his election to the presidency as marking an "era of good feeling." It was not a bad name, and it lingered in a fashion for a genera-

tion among the people who had nothing better to do than to talk politics. In fact, the real interest of the country did not turn, as I have tried to show, on the accidents of the presidential election. It would, however, be to the last degree absurd to suppose that because nothing "happened" in the line of political events which the Dryasdusts like to write down, nothing "transpired" in the eight years of Monroe's dynasty. The country began to gird itself up to the business of what was called internal improvement, which meant the creation of better roads and of canals, which developed into the railroad system of to-day. The people who call themselves the historians do not care to write of such things; but in truth the opening of a great canal has much more to do with the progress of the world than most of the battles which have been fought on the sea or on the land. More gunpowder is used in peace than in war. War so far arrests the advance of the world in the civilized arts that, though it uses in the killing of men such a quantity of gunpowder, it does not use so much as would have been used had the world been working together about its business.

DISTANCE THEN AND DISTANCE NOW

This will be the best place to say that almost all the readers of this generation read the history of the first fifty years of the Nation without any fit apprehension of what were practically the distances in those days. It seems impossible to make such readers understand how far apart the States were from each other, and how little people knew each other. Steamboats made the beginning of a change. Railroads carried it farther. And since the railroads came in, the telegraph and the telephone have done the rest.

But even in 1814, seven years after the *Clermont* made her voyage up the Hudson, Gallatin and Clay at Ghent considered what men called the Northwest Territory as of little or no value. Yet it was the territory north of our Illinois, west of Lake Michigan. "You will have nothing to do but to take care of the Indians there." Until the first steamboat was launched upon the Ohio in 1811, the members of Congress from Kentucky would probably go to Washington by way of New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico.[1] As late as 1827 when Dr. Holley, an eminent

[1] See page 319, Chap. VII, Internal Improvement.

Boston preacher, was returning to Boston from Lexington, Kentucky, he was coming by this route when he died at sea.

I think that George Washington, if in writing he had said "my country" in any of the last years of his life, would have meant Virginia. If he had used these words in speaking of the Nation, he would have been careful to say that such was his intention. From this physical separation of States and cities, it grew up as a matter of course that the people at large knew little or perhaps knew nothing of the leading characters in distant States. People had to vote as they were directed by the handful of men who knew the political public characters at Washington.

It was, then, perfectly natural that the members of Congress should take upon themselves the duty which in the arrangements of to-day devolve on the great quadrennial conventions of the great political parties. And up to the election of Harrison in the autumn of 1840, they exercised a great deal of power in such matters. But even at that time the railroads and the steamboats had begun to make great conventions possible. In the exciting political canvass which swept old Tippecanoe into place, many

great conventions were held. A convention of young men, as it was called, from all parts of the Nation was held in Baltimore. On this occasion, one of the delegates was killed, I think, by some accident. It was agreed in the convention that every delegate should pay one dollar to a fund for his widow. It was thought that this would give to her twenty thousand dollars. And I know that, in fact, the Massachusetts delegates paid one thousand dollars into this fund. The occasion was the first test of the resources of the railroads in carrying large numbers of people on special occasions.

As early as May 21, 1832, a Democratic convention called nominally for the Democratic party had met in Baltimore. I think this was the first National convention. It was taken for granted that General Jackson would be chosen a second time. This first Baltimore convention named Mr. Van Buren as Vice-President. Two hundred and eighty-three persons voted.

If the system of the choice of President by electors had not now gone hopelessly to pieces, we should avail ourselves of the railroad system by making the electors take the responsibility which in theory the Constitution imposes upon them. As it stands, each party elects, or affects

to elect, its members for National nominating conventions; but these conventions are not known to the Constitution, and hardly known to the law. Still, the irresponsible delegates chosen by them really elect the President and Vice-President, or try to.

It would be better in theory, according to me, if each party made in each State the best canvass it could for its "favorite son," without any National convention. Then when the election came, the voters of each party would express the wish of their State, and would choose its proportion of electors. Then you could have the electoral college really meet at some central city. They could ballot as often as they liked, meeting in one caucus, or two or three, till all men should know which of the different candidates had the largest support among the people. But this system could not grow up in the beginning, because there were no railroads, and practically it cannot grow up now.

THE MISSOURI QUESTION

When you count thirty-two years from 1787, you come out to 1819. A generation of men has passed, and you have to do your work over again. By a struggle such as Congress had

never known before, in which the North and South were divided against each other, what was called Mr. Clay's Compromise of 1820 prevailed after a year. Under that compromise, with always increasing difficulties, the Nation worked along for another generation, and then in 1853, in another generation, if you please, a few reckless men, blindly confident in their own success, undertook to disown the measure of 1820, and tried to force slavery on the regions which had been exempt by Mr. Clay's plan; and the dragon was waked up again. This time his head was cut off, and in that particular form the question was settled forever, after thirty-three more years.

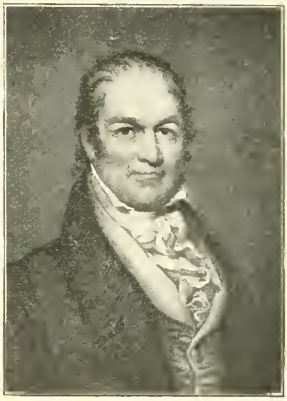
Of Mr. Monroe's so-called administration, and the interior politics of what is called the Cabinet, we have the most edifying and interesting account in what is printed of the journal of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Monroe recalled Adams from England in 1816 and made him Secretary of State. Now, the unwritten theory had held since Jefferson came in that the Secretary of State was a good available candidate for the Presidency. Jefferson himself had been Secretary of State, Madison had been Secretary of State, and Monroe had been Secretary of State.

Naturally enough, the impression had been wrought into people's minds that the Secretary of State would succeed the President, other things being equal. I suppose Mr. Adams thought so. But if he did think so he reckoned

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
After an engraving from the portrait by A. B. Durand.

without his host, for the Virginians and people who believed in politics as a trade had no such intentions. The business of the country, so far as it came into the Cabinet or these discussions, seems to have been quite secondary to the intrigues of Mr. Adams's friends, and Mr. Cal-

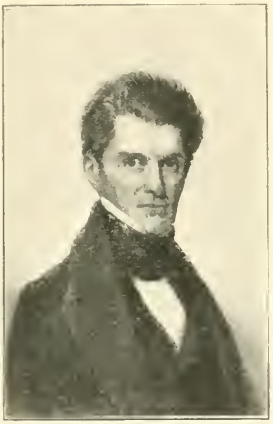
houn's friends, and Mr. Wirt's friends, and Mr. Crawford's friends, as to the succession. To us at this time what is most curious in the very interesting volumes of Mr. Adams's Journal which have been published is to see how little, on the whole, any of them esteemed the importance of the slavery question. Mr. Crawford withdrew from public life on account of ill health. Mr. Adams and Mr. Calhoun lived to see that all things beside were not so important as this question which involved eternal principles. But of the history of the anti-slavery movement it will be more convenient to speak in another place.



WILLIAM HARRIS CRAWFORD. Engraved by S. H. Gimber from a painting by J. W. Darvis.

While I speak of Mr. Monroe himself as a person comparatively insignificant, I do not, of course, mean that those eight years from 1817 to 1825 were in any sort insignificant. It is in these years that the curtain rises for those who study the great drama of the century. The

drama begins with the gray dawn, half twilight, through which you dimly see a vague, distant prospect. The hero of the drama, the stripling nation, comes forward alone, doubtful and even timid. The world is out of joint, and can he set it right? The curtain falls, at the end of the century, really on the first part of a trilogy. The stripling boy, loose-jointed, ignorant, and doubtful, appears then as the strong man, borrowing omnipotence for the duties God trusts to him, and still wondering what those duties are.



JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.
From a miniature by Blanchard.

One of the great questions which the young stripling must decide is the question of freedom or slavery in the region west of the Mississippi. The battle royal comes on which was timidly pushed off in 1787, and which has been dreaded for thirty years, — a generation of men. It is not often that great questions are settled once for all; generation after generation comes up to a new round in the battle. And so it was now.

The Constitution had in its way settled this question by what are called the "Compromises" of the Constitution. But after thirty-two years, with another generation of men on the stage, it insisted, as I have said, on being settled again. It returned under the title of the "Missouri Controversy."

In the admission of the Gulf States of Alabama and Mississippi, they followed the law or custom of Georgia, to which, in some fashion, their territory had belonged. With the admission of Kentucky and Tennessee, in the same way, it had been taken for granted, almost, that they would be slave States because they were settled from Virginia and North Carolina. On the other hand, for the States north of the Ohio, the admirable forecast of the "Northwest Ordinance," 1787, so called, had forever exempted them from the institution of slavery. With more or less questioning as to the permanency of the provision of "the Ordinance," as we still call it, Indiana was admitted to the Union in 1816, and Illinois in 1818. So far, so good. After serious controversy, all the States east of the Mississippi River, and the State of Louisiana, made out of the French population at the mouth of the river, took their status in advance regard-

ing the institution of slavery. It was not until one State west of the Mississippi, made from the Louisiana Purchase, was ready for admission that the question as to its future status in this matter could come to a critical contest. That State, as it proved, was Missouri.

In 1803 and 1804, when we had just bought Louisiana from Napoleon, it was taken for granted that we should not send emigrants across the river for a hundred years. That was Livingston's opinion, as it has been cited already in these pages.[1] One must not wonder, therefore, that little or nothing was said, even in the bitter debates on the Louisiana Purchase, as to the existence of slavery in territory so far away, and so sure to remain in barbarism. But there was already a French post at St. Louis, and one or two garrisons farther down the river, on its western shore. As fifteen years went on, this post at St. Louis became more and more populous. It was the dépot of the fur trade of the West. Without questions on any part, its people followed the habit of the original settlers, and bought negroes for slaves where they chose and where they could. In 1820 there were not five thousand inhabitants in St. Louis. Around

[1] See p. 33.

it, however, the natural resources of the country had called in settlers in large numbers, and a population of sixty-six thousand people, of whom ten thousand were slaves, had already collected itself in this region, where Livingston had told Europe, seventeen years before, that we should not send an emigrant. Those of these new settlers who were white and who owned slaves had taken them there without scruple, perhaps without hesitation. In their application to be made a State, they took it for granted, or affected to, that their right to their slaves would be recognized.

It was at this point that the contest came. The whole institution of slavery was on a different basis from what it had been when Jefferson came to the Presidency. At that time he and Madison and the leaders of Virginia were discussing, in an academical way, the best methods of bringing the wasteful system of slave labor to an end. At the same time, the exclusion, in the year 1808, of African slaves by a Constitutional prohibition gave an artificial value in money to the negroes born from slaves already existing in the country. I suppose that if, in 1803, a vigorous effort had been made to exclude slavery from the territory bought from

Napoleon, such a measure would have had the assent of the States of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. But as early as 1819 it was quite impossible to secure any such assent. Southern men were beginning to look at slavery in a much more favorable light than that in which the wisest of their fathers generally regarded it. And so it was that the proposal that the State of Missouri should exclude slavery for the future failed to receive the assent of any Southern State.

So soon as the bill for the admission of Missouri was introduced into the House, it was amended so as to prohibit the introduction of slavery, and to declare free, at the age of twenty-one, all negro children who had been born in the Territory. This amendment passed the House.

But, as we all know, it is easier to legislate for the future than for the past. In hard fact, there were already ten thousand negro slaves in Missouri. There were fifty thousand whites. To take care of the future of people yet unborn would be one thing. To change the status of every black person who should come to the age of twenty-one was quite another. This for matter of detail. Then, as a matter of prin-

ciple, it is easy to see that the Southern leaders did not mean to cut off the right of emigration from Eastern States to Western territory with the slaves who were their property. And when the bill, as amended, went to the Senate, it was rejected by a vote of twenty-two to sixteen. The bill went back to the House, and failed by the disagreement of the House.

The subject was brought up again at the next session. The North was at a disadvantage, for here were already ten thousand slaves in the new State. The debates would seem to show that the whole question of "State Rights" was more considered than the abstract question of the right or wrong of holding men as slaves. Even Calhoun granted that Congress could prohibit slavery in the Territories; but on "State Rights" ground he insisted that no act of admission passed by Congress could limit the power of a State after it had changed from a Territory to a State.

The second time there came a deadlock between the Senate and the House. The Senate, as before, amended the bill by striking out the anti-slavery proviso. The House, as before, disagreed to the Senate amendment.

To obtain some "method of living," a Senator

from the Northwest proposed a new section to the bill. This was what we know as the "Missouri Compromise." For this one time a slave State was to be received north of the line of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, the southern line of Missouri, and with the proviso that the same should not be allowed again. This proposal, which passed the Senate, was once rejected by the House; but, under the influence of Mr. Clay, who was Speaker of the House, it finally obtained just enough votes for its passage. Missouri was admitted on the 10th of August, 1821, with a constitution authorizing slavery on condition that no other slave States should be admitted north of the southern line of Missouri. At that time there were twenty-two States. Eleven were free and eleven slave. The vote in the Senate, therefore, was equally divided between North and South. But the greater population of the Northern States gave

HENRY CLAY AS A YOUNG MAN.

that section a majority of twenty-five in the House. The amended bill, when it first came from the Senate, was rejected in the House by a vote of 159 to 18. But after a vote of the Committee on Conference, every Southern Representative voted in the affirmative; and the votes of fourteen Northern members were obtained for the "Compromise" with great difficulty, and for many varied reasons, different, perhaps, with every vote from those given for every other.

The contract thus made between the North and South was an agreement, broken in 1854, when the Southern leaders, really crazy with their success, proposed to repeal the anti-slavery provision in establishing the Territory, as it was called, of Nebraska, west of the State of Missouri.

At the moment when the "Compromise" passed Congress the feeling of the North touching anti-slavery matters for the future had been more distinctly announced than it had ever been before. In December, 1819, there was a great popular meeting held in the Doric Hall of the State House in Massachusetts, under the lead of Daniel Webster, who made a strong speech insisting upon the duty of the North to reject all proposals which could enslave the States made west of the Mississippi.

The substance of that speech is in the address which that meeting sent out to the people of Massachusetts. And it is one of the infamous suppressions of history that in George Ticknor Curtis's life of Mr. Webster all allusion to this address is omitted, — undoubtedly intentionally omitted.

What was called the "Compromise" did not for a moment suppress the feeling of protest. I have heard it said, and believe it to be true, that hardly one of the fourteen Northern men whose votes were given for it was ever returned to Congress. I know that the two or three New England men who voted for it came home to find themselves very coldly treated by their constituents. All the same, however, Missouri was admitted into the United States, the more readily because of the district of Maine. This had always been a part of Massachusetts, had been already admitted on the 15th of March, 1820. This gave the North two more senators and was scored as so far a Northern victory. The men who wanted to push the slavery question off could say and did say that Missouri and Maine were, so to speak, paired against each other. So much precedent was there given to a sort of general understanding that if you admitted a

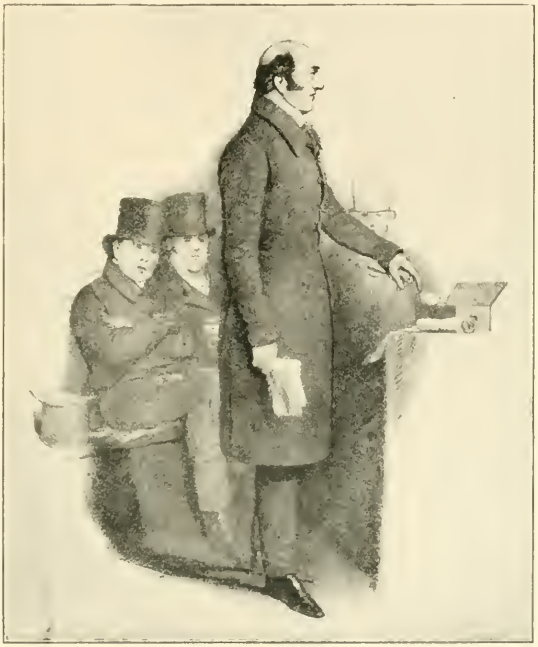
Northern State, you must admit a Southern State. And people would tell you that Michigan and Iowa were paired against Florida and Arkansas. This did not mean that in either case two States were admitted by the same bill; but it meant that the opposition to the admission of Southern States was to a certain extent lulled because equal strength was added or could be added on the Northern side.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

James Monroe now lives in history because, fortunately for him, his name is attached to the Monroe Doctrine. In 1823 George Canning made the suggestion of something of the same sort to Mr. Rush, who was our Minister in London.

I think that the earliest memorandum on paper of the project is in John Quincy Adams's letter to Mr. Rush of the 2d of July, 1823. "A necessary consequence [of the independence of the South American States] will be that the American Continent will be no longer subject to colonization." Canning's conversation with Mr. Rush took place in the next month. He proposes a joint declaration of England and the United States that they would not view with

indifference any foreign intervention in America. That conversation, when reported at Washington, called the attention of the President to the



GEORGE CANNING.
From a sketch made in the House of Commons, March, 1826.

matter, and Monroe asked the opinion of Madison and Jefferson, who were both retired from office. Jefferson in reply said squarely, "Our second maxim should be, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs." Mr.

Madison, referring to some threats on the part of the Holy Alliance, said that "they call for our efforts to defeat the meditated crusade." The President's message is dated the 2d of December in that year. It contains the celebrated passage, "We owe it to candor . . . to declare that we should consider any attempt on the part of the allied powers to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." So far the "Holy Alliance" is alluded to. And this statement goes no farther, but the message goes on to say, "We could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing [the South American States] or controlling, in any manner, their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

The next year he says: "It is gratifying to know that some of the powers with whom we enjoy a very friendly intercourse and to whom these views have been communicated have appeared to acquiesce in them."

William Plumer in his biography says that the President told Adams that he had doubts about that part of the message of 1823 which related to the interference of the Holy Alliance

with Spanish America. He said he believed it had better be omitted, and asked him if he did not think so too. Adams replied: "You have my sentiments on the subject already, and I see no reason to alter them." "Well," said the President, "it is written, and I will not change it now." This was a day or two before Congress met.

It seems probable that John Quincy Adams drew the passage which has given Mr. Monroe, fairly enough, the honor of naming the proviso.

PERSONAL AND GENEALOGICAL

The reader of these pages will have to follow a good many memoranda in the Everett handwriting; and it will save footnotes or other explanations if once for all I account here for my own middle name of Everett. It will be enough to say that in the first generation of Massachusetts Bay as early as 1636 appears Richard Everett. It is supposed that he first settled in Watertown, Massachusetts. But in 1638 he is called "Richard Evered of Dedham in New England, Pharier." I suppose this means farrier. He seems to have been respected in the town. He died July 3, 1682. In 1667 the town paid to him twenty shillings as its bounty for killing two wolves. The

descent struggles along, always in the Everett name, through the regular eight generations, the most prominent person in it being a commander of the train-bands who was frequently on permanent duty in New Hampshire and Maine.[1] I think he was somewhere in that region at the time of Lovell's fight. From this blood there appears in South Dedham, otherwise called Tiot, now known as Norwood, Ebenezer Everett, whose house was standing there a few years ago. He had had the courage and good sense to go over to Andover and marry Joanna Stevens, of the Andover Stevens blood. Of their children, Moses Everett and Oliver Everett were sent to Harvard College. Oliver Everett graduated there in 1772.

The first time I was ever at a formal dinner-party, being a rather frightened young man of twenty, I met dear old Dr. John Pierce, who called himself in joke the Catalogarius of Harvard College. He spoke to me across the table, breaking up the other conversation to say, "Mr. Hale, your grandfather, Oliver Everett, was born in 1752, graduated in 1772, took charge of the New South Church in 1782, left that Church in 1792, died in 1802; you were born in 1822, and

[1] A good guess supposes that Everett was originally the Dutch name Evaert or Evarts.

will take your second degree in 1842." It was one of the instances, almost absurd, of the curious accuracy of his memory in any detail which related to college history. To me it has been a very convenient memorandum. It is a little hard for us to connect the statistics of our personal life with the chronology in books. I once had, as a piece of hack duty, to write the life of Wolfgang von Goethe in the same summer in which I wrote the life of my great-uncle, Nathan Hale. I confess I was a good deal surprised when I found that Goethe, whose death I remember, was born five years before Nathan Hale, who was killed by General Howe in the autumn of 1776.

Both my grandfathers were born in the last half of the eighteenth century, Enoch Hale in 1754, Oliver Everett two years earlier. For ten years he was minister of the New South Church in Boston, where he was a predecessor of Kirkland, who went from that pulpit to be President of Harvard College. His second son was Alexander Hill Everett, with whom this reader will have a good deal to do. His third son was Edward Everett, whose name I bear. His second daughter was Sarah Preston Everett, who was my mother. Oliver Everett's health failed him so far that he could not carry on the duties

of a large Boston parish. His brother Moses Everett was a minister in Dorchester, now a part of the municipality of Boston.

Alexander Hill Everett.
From an early miniature.

I suppose this was the reason why Oliver Everett, when he retired from his ministry in Boston, bought a house, which was pulled down only a year ago, which stood on what is known as Edward Everett square in Dorchester. In this house my mother was born, on a day ever to be marked with red in the history of my own family — the 5th of September, 1796.

I was sorry enough when the supposed exigencies of modern life made it necessary to pull down this building, which really belonged to what are called the colonial days.[1] I suppose it to

[1] Purists say "provincial days" when they speak of the period after Massachusetts was a "province" until the 19th of April, 1775. But we people in the Bay, who are in fact a little provincial, do not like to be called provincial, so we speak of a "colonial" house, even of a house built in the eighteenth century, the century of "The Province."

have been built by one of the West Indian planters who used to like to come up from the islands to live for the summer in Boston or its neighborhood. Jamaica Plain is named for such people. Some of them had the wit to plant English walnuts at the Dorchester house which throve and bore fruit, as, for some reason, English walnuts do not seem to do when they are planted in New England now. My mother herself planted a honeysuckle there before the year 1806; and for the convenience of gardeners I may say that this plant was alive in the year 1895. The stem was at that time three or four inches through. In this house my grandfather died in the year 1802, when his sons were but boys, leaving my grandmother to bring up a family of eight children. Two of those children, Alexander Hill Everett and Edward Everett, lived to hold distinguished positions in the administration of the State of Massachusetts or of the Nation. John Everett, his fourth son, who came next after my mother in the family, had a very brilliant career in college, and died at the age of twenty-eight. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was in college with him, often spoke to me of his remarkable ability and promise.

In what now seems to me rather a helter-

skelter way, my mother grew up in this widow's household, her father having died when she was six years old. In after life she almost worshipped the two brothers, Alexander and Edward, who from her earliest recollections had interested themselves in her education. So little had schools to do with this education that I cannot at this moment name any of her schoolteachers. But her brother Alexander went to St. Petersburg in 1809; and in his first letter to her he proposes that this girl of thirteen shall write to him in French, and this she seems to have done.

Her brother Edward went to Germany in 1815, and either then or before she mastered the German language, and I cannot remember the time when she did not read it with ease. This is now a common accomplishment, but as late as 1830 she could not buy a German book in Boston.[1] The duties of life under rather struggling pecuniary circumstances in a village like Dorchester gave her a sort of household training such as is harder for a young woman to have in our days. As early as

[1] In 1843 I tried in Philadelphia to buy some German books for her. But I could find only Goethe, Schiller, the German Bible, and the German hymn book.

1807 she enjoyed, as a girl would enjoy, the friendship and advice of Joseph Stevens Buckminster, who was the minister of Brattle Street Church. Thus she gained on Sundays the im-

The Everett House at Dorchester.

mense advantage of his emancipation from the mechanical religion of the preceding century. Such training as this for a girl who had thoroughly sound health and a temper of great sweetness and even balance made an all-round woman, a little of the Die Vernon type if

you please, of whom there were not many in New England in the first twenty years of the century. Such a girl twelve years of age was in the home to which Alexander Hill Everett took his Exeter friend Hale on their first vacation visit to Boston. One of the traditions of the family is that when her brother and his friend for the first time cut off the queues which had adorned their young heads until then, they gave them to her to make hair for her doll. Another similar tradition of about the same time is that when they came home from a Phi Beta dinner at Cambridge they gave her for the millinery of the baby house the pink and blue ribbons from their Phi Beta medals. But girls of twelve grow up to be women of twenty, and sometimes they marry their brothers' nearest friends. My mother married one dear friend of one dear brother the day she was twenty years old. which, as I have already said, is a day to be marked with vermilion by me and mine.

From this marriage began a happy life for her and her husband, with every range of experience and fortune, of which these pages need say nothing more but what relates to the more public affairs of the century.

1808 TO 1840

CHAPTER VI

1808 TO 1840

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER

I TURN for a few pages from America to Europe. I have a series of letters between John Quincy Adams and Mr. Alexander Everett for fifteen years after the War of 1812. Mr. Everett had gone to Russia with Mr. Adams in 1808 as his private secretary. He was with him there through that most interesting and critical period when the Emperor of Russia stood so loyally to his engagements with America and to the traditions of Catherine and

EMPEROR ALEXANDER I.
From an engraving by Montaut.

other neutral powers. Because the Emperor would not agree in any form to Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees, Napoleon quarrelled with him and invaded his empire.

I must not go into this. The reader will find it all explained and illustrated by Mr. Henry Adams. I only wish here to say that an intimacy began between John Quincy Adams — a veteran statesman, as far as American diplomacy went — and Alexander Everett as early as 1806, when Mr. Everett left Exeter and began the study of law in Mr. Adams's office. That friendship continued unbroken while Mr. Adams lived. From the correspondence which grew from it I shall make a few extracts. The reader will see that their statements of fact are of the first authority. And I copy a few of such details as explain the delay of letters and the slowness of travel to show how different the external conditions were from those of our days.

The reader will observe that it was but a few years since the *Weekly Messenger* had begun a new series, under my father's sole direction. It was but two years since he had purchased the Boston *Daily Advertiser* newspaper, the first daily paper in New England. Our old-fashioned people call the paper *The Daily* still. My mother

used to laugh about her indignation when, on her wedding tour, the *Advertiser* or the *Messenger* had followed them, and she found that the friendly compositors at the printing-office had printed the names of bride and bridegroom in letters unusually large, under the head of "Marriages." I suppose no compositor or proof-reader in the office of the *Tribune* or the *Journal* now would take any such liberty, even if he happened to know the name of his chief. But to a certain extent those were still feudal days. From the beginning of the *Advertiser* down, the editor owned the printing plant, or owned enough of it to control its use. And in such days the counting-room direction and the editorial wish were one and the same, because both came from one and the same man.

I must take for granted what we will hope is true — that all readers are well informed as to the great crisis which culminated in the triumph of neutral rights and the fall of Napoleon. So I will venture to suppose that they would prefer not to read of those half-forgotten politics. And instead of them, for the moment they may forget wars and rumors of wars and look in on Coleridge as he lectures on "Love."

In 1811 Mr. Everett left St. Petersburg on

leave of absence and visited England. The following passage gives a description of one evening in London as late as 1849. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson told me that when his friends were arranging for his lectures in London in 1848, they went back to the traditions of these lectures by Coleridge: —

"London, 1811.

"I dined to-day at the Globe in company with Mr. Amory. In the evening Frank Williams called in and we went together to Coleridge's Lecture. It was on the interesting subject of love and the French character as delineated by Shakespeare. Love he defined to us 'the perfect desire of being united to something that we feel to be necessary to our happiness by all the means that Nature permits and Reason allows.' I think he does not shine in Definitions. I understand that at a recent lecture which I did

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
From an engraving of 1809.

not hear he defined a poem to be the natural expression of a natural thought. He wished, he said, to take a middle course in his idea of Love between the high Platonists, that excludes the idea of body, and the gross materialists that have no conception of anything further. Scott's description went very much to this point: —

> "'True Love's the gift that God has given
> To Man alone beneath the Heaven.
> It is not Fantasy's hot fire
> Whose wishes soon as granted fly.
> It liveth not in wild desire,
> In dead desire it doth not die.
> It is the secret sympathy,
> The silver cord, the silken tie,
> That heart to heart and mind to mind
> In body and in soul doth bind.'

"He took up the play of Romeo and Juliet, dividing the characters into the general and individual ones, the former as Tybalt and Capulet, the great characters of the play. Mercutio he commended very much. It had been objected, he said, that Shakespeare had despatched Mercutio in the third act because he was unable to support him any longer. The fact was that he had given him the brilliancy which he displays while on the stage in order to excite an interest in the death and thus give an air of nature to

the spirit of revenge it creates in Romeo, by which means the death of Tybalt and the catastrophe of the play that hangs upon it are rendered probable. He advanced something in favor of the conceits of Shakespeare. He undertook to consider the Nurse, which seems to be a very favorite character with him, for his admiration was without bounds, and appeared so to have bewildered his head that he could not descend to particulars so as to make the grounds of it intelligible. The attractive nature of the subject had brought together a larger audience than usual, and the ladies all concurred in saying that it was very pretty. They appeared to be disappointed when he finished."

CHILD LIFE IN BOSTON

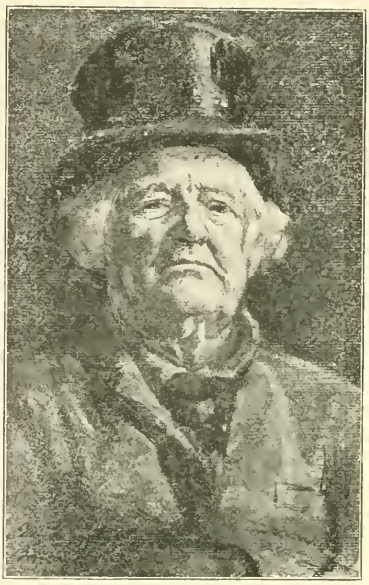
Do not let any one think that I am going to harass my readers with many details as to my personal life. What we are trying for is a keyhole view of the whole century; and when I speak of myself, it is simply because the reader and I, as I keep saying, are looking through the same keyhole. Still, it will be convenient to all parties if I say that it was in the twenties that I began to see matters with my own eyes. On the 3d of April, 1822, I came into this world.

There is a well-known reminiscence of a French physicist who remembered seeing the nurse raise the curtain of his room when he was six hours old. I do not go back so far as he, and I do not believe that I recall anything of my own observations earlier than my sight of the green feathers of the Rifle Rangers on the 17th of June, 1825, of which I have spoken already. A good deal had happened to me before then, however, which I cannot recall. Thus, I could read the printed badge which was given me. But I have no recollection of learning to read; not even of who taught me. I suppose it was Miss Susan Whitney, to whose school I was sent, at my own eager request, before I was three years old.

This admirable lady tried to teach the children of the next generation their letters.

And here I may as well illustrate the scenery and the other arrangements of the stage in Boston in the twenties by telling how "we four" went to school and how we returned. To the company of readers of these lines who live within a mile or two of the cheerful gaslight by which they are written, the locality and the line of march will be sufficiently clear when I say that I was born in a house of which the front door opened where the Ladies' Entrance of Parker's

Hotel opens to-day — near School Street in Tremont Street. From this front door, Fullum, who has been spoken of before, took us to school twice a day, excepting Thursdays and Saturdays, when we went but once. "Us" means that he took "us four" — my two sisters, my brother, and me. The other three were my playmates; they were older than I; and when they went to school daily, I used, naturally enough, to cry and beg to go with them. Ah me! since that time I have known many another hapless child who has stumbled into the like pitfall. Miss Susan Whitney did not hesitate to receive me. I suppose I was one of the youngest of her flock. She attended to her part of the business well. I suppose I had learned my letters at home. I have no recollection of anything in the



Abel Fullum.
Drawn by Ellen D. Hale.

process. I cannot recollect any moment of my life when I could not read as well as I can now.

I may say, in passing, that Sequoyah, the Cherokee Cadmus, taught a boy to read in a day, and speaks as if two or three days were always quite sufficient for the business. Helen Keller, who was certainly badly handicapped, learned to read and write and spell in less than four months; and has never, I think, made a mistake in spelling in twelve years since. The truth seems to be that we generally make a great deal too much fuss about learning to read.

What I remember is this: that the schoolroom was one of two chambers on the first floor of a pre-Revolutionary house in a little private courtyard next west of the Trinity Church of those days. The room was perhaps fifteen feet square, with a sanded floor, and with benches and chairs enough for twenty scholars or more. It was warmed by an open wood fire in the winter. We had slates and pencils and the "New York Primer" and Barbauld's "Early Lessons."

It seems to me a rather curious index of the times that, as I suppose, there was no other primer in Boston since the "New England Primer," which was then wholly antiquated. I had some highly philosophical child's books, not

either of these primers, which I cannot now find. I wish any one would tell me when and where it was arranged. Some such book which I had gave me a picture or conspectus of the five vowels,

The Capital Letters.
A B C D E F G H I
J K L M N O P Q R
S T U V W X Y Z
The Small Letters.
a b c d e f g h
i j k l m n o p
q r s t u v
w x y z &
Double Letters.
Italic Letters.
Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee Ff Gg
Hh Ii Jj Kk Ll Mm Nn
Oo Pp Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu
Vv Ww Xx Yy Zz &
Italic Double Letters.
Vowels.
a e i o u y
Conſonants.
b c d f g h j k l m n p q r ſ s t v w x z
Diphthongs
Æ æ Œ œ

THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.
From the collection of W. G. Bowdoin, Esq.

each leading his own platoon in the little army. A and E each had three followers. I, O, and U, the other three captains, each had five. Now whoever always sees his letters arranged in this order in his mind's cabinet has many great advantages over those who do not — advantages which it is not necessary here to describe.

Let us return to Fullum and his little flock of four, of the united ages, as the newspapers say, of twenty-three years. Nathan and Sarah, aged eight and seven, could have gone to school alone, but could hardly have taken care of me and my other sister at the ages of three and five. We were to go down School Street — then a paved lane without any regular curbstone or sidewalk — to turn to our right and go through the "Main Street," not yet familiarly called Washington Street. When we came to Sumner's crockery-shop, then at the corner of Summer Street, with its fascinating shepherdesses and lambs in the window, we would stop a moment to admire them, and then, to make up for the lost time, would hurry down to the courtyard which led in to Miss Whitney's door. There Fullum took us upstairs and left us in the northern room; the southern room was occupied by another school under the care of Miss Ayres. There was a vague impression that their scholarship was more advanced than ours. For all that, however, we had the serene and proper childish confidence that ours was the best school in the world, and that we, as individuals, probably had no superiors. The only blemish on this bright mirror of self-consciousness was the fact that Miss Ayres had a

watch, and that in our establishment we had none. So we had to send in to her if we needed to know the time.

At twelve o'clock Fullum came for us and we went home. At three in the afternoon we went through the same streets again, and at five went back again. Joy for us when winter came! For the purposes of winter, Fullum had contrived a box sled, which was painted green. Into this box sled all four were packed, and thus we enjoyed, on the snow, four triumphant sleigh-rides daily, dragged by our faithful friend. How many policemen would there need to be to escort such a company through that part of Washington Street to-day?

Opposite the block of houses of which ours was one were three large gardens running up to the western side of the western block of Tremont Place of to-day. These estates were bought by the syndicate which built the Tremont House and opened Tremont Place. For the Tremont House the old houses were taken away and their orchards were cut down. The corner-stone of the Tremont House was laid in 1828. It was matter of surprise and of common conversation that here was to be a large hotel which had no stable of its own, though larger than the

Indian's Head in the neighborhood. Observe that for years afterward horses and oxen gave the only motive power on the roads.

THE PEOPLE AT THE HELM

In the year 1830 I saw General Jackson, who had come to Boston as President. In a State which had voted stiffly against him, the "Progress" was watched with great interest. Since that time I have spoken with John Quincy Adams, with Tyler, Polk, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield I think, Arthur, Hayes, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, and Roosevelt. I have seen all the Presidents since Monroe. From Washington to Monroe, I never saw any of the five.

General Andrew Jackson.
From a rare print by F. Cardon.

It was on the third day of November in 1828 that I, who was then six years old, was led by the hand of Fullum as we four of us children returned, after dark, from a tea-party at Katha-

rine Foster's in Avon Place. It was the night following the day when Massachusetts had given her vote for J. Q. Adams in 1828. As Fullum half dragged me and half lifted me across the "Main Street," a man's voice broke

The Hermitage.

the silence of the evening by the cry, "Hurrah for Jackson!" I think that such cries were then very unusual. I doubt whether the New Englanders were in the habit of expressing themselves in such ways. A counter cry from another direction immediately replied. "Hurrah for Adams!" But, alas! a third voice, evidently from a new interlocutor, replied at once

with a second "Hurrah for Jackson!" I was but a child, but in one matter I saw the future of seventy years as well as I now see it in retrospect. Impossible not to observe that two men hurrahed for Jackson and only one for Adams! Impossible not to reflect that in the street neither my father, nor my uncles, nor any of the gentlemen whom I was used to see, would have hurrahed for anybody. And, at the same time, how clear, even to a child's observation, that there were many more men in the world of the kind who like to hurrah in the street than of the kind who do not like to! All that we children understood of the business was that General Jackson once hanged six militia-men, and that his election would be ruin for the country. Observe also that this was at the close of an election day in which Adams had four votes in Massachusetts for one given for Jackson.

I believe this story about "Hurrah for Jackson!" is worth the precious three hundred words which it has cost, because it marks almost to a minute the period when the United States became a real democracy. It is as good a text as I shall have for saying a few words on the political change between the first third of the century and the last two-thirds.

The men who made the State constitutions and the United States Constitution had no idea of the universal suffrage with which we are familiar. Massachusetts was as far advanced in such matters as any of the States, but Massachusetts had begun with confiding the suffrage to church members, and they were only admitted to vote by the consent of a majority of those already voters. In 1780, in the State constitution of which John Adams is the real author, Massachusetts gave the suffrage to landowners, or to persons with an amount of property on which they paid taxes.

By the National Act of 1798, no foreign emigrant could be received to suffrage on less than fourteen years' probation, and this after five years' previous declaration of intention to become a citizen.

One can see how effective were the limitations by the small number of votes as compared with the whole population. It was like a vote in Mississippi to-day, where six thousand voters choose the Congressman of two hundred thousand people.

What followed on this limitation of suffrage was that the two great parties were simply two rival aristocracies. There is something ludicrous

now in reading the private letters of the real leaders on both sides. They take it as entirely for granted each that the party will do what half a dozen leaders determine on; as Mr. Croker (in 1900) took it for granted that Tammany would do what he determined on. Indeed, there was no popular convention or any other method by which the rank and file of the voters could express any opinion, even if they had one. But, practically, they had none. The condition of affairs in South Carolina up to Mr. Tillman's reign is a good enough illustration of the way in which every State was managed up till 1829. "Some of us get together at Columbia after the Commencement and arrange the politics of the State for the next year." Such was the convenient fashion everywhere in which things were managed all along the line, before people found out what universal suffrage means or what democratic government is.

It seems to me one of the most curious bits of political sagacity in our history that, as early as 1815, Aaron Burr suggested the name of Andrew Jackson as the best candidate for the succession to James Madison.

Aaron Burr hated and despised Monroe as he had ever since they quarrelled in the Revolution.

And so Burr, looking with the dispassionate eye of one who wished for the failure of both of the regular candidates, writes: —

"The moment is extremely auspicious for breaking down this degrading system. The best citizens of our country acknowledge the feebleness of our administration. They acknowledge that offices are bestowed merely to preserve power, and without the smallest regard to fitness. If, then, there be a man in the United States of firmness and decision, and having standing enough to afford even a hope of success, it is your duty to hold him up to public view: that man is Andrew Jackson. Nothing is wanting but a respectable nomination, made before the proclamation of the Virginia caucus, and Jackson's success is inevitable."

When, twenty years later, the New York regency at Albany sent the younger Hamilton to open negotiations with Andrew Jackson, they thought, in the innocence of their hearts, that they created him and they were going to run him. As a chess-player moves a pawn and changes it into a queen and then moves the queen up and down the board as he chooses, so the managers at Albany thought they were going to handle this Western bush-whacker. In

1853 the Southern Democratic leaders tried the same experiment with Franklin Pierce, and with entire success.

But Andrew Jackson, when he was called into being, proved to be made of very different stuff. He was neither putty nor dough. He said very squarely that the American people made him President, and that he had nobody to thank, and nobody to reward, and nobody to obey. It is a pawn who rules the board, if you please, but he rules it in his own way, and not as any Albany regency or any John Caldwell Calhoun bids him rule it.

That man is a strong man who has the American people behind him. Lincoln said wisely that you can fool some of them some of the time, but that no man ever fooled all of them all the time. The eight years of Andrew Jackson's dynasty were the end of the halting pretence at republicanism of the first fifty years of the Constitution. From that time down the men who had the Nation behind them have succeeded. The men who were set up by intriguing oligarchies have failed.

Up till the close of General Jackson's Presidency, as I have said, no such thing was heard of as a National Convention for the choice of a

candidate. Somebody had to make such a choice; and, for want of a better, a meeting of the members of Congress named the candidates of either party. So it was that in 1825 General Jackson and John Quincy Adams and Mr. Crawford and Mr. Clay divided the electoral votes. But so soon as General Jackson withdrew, having named Mr. Van Buren as his successor, all the enthusiasm of the Democratic party departed with Old Hickory. Poor Van Buren had to face the terrible storm of the commercial crisis of 1837. The fault was none of his, excepting as the industrial States of America are always at fault when they intrust their business to those States where nobody can mend a water-pail, or to statesmen who do not know a bill of lading from a bill of exchange, — to men who "know nothing of trade," as that excellent Monroe said. In the crisis of 1837 half the business firms in the country were bankrupt and half its industries were destroyed, of which the consequence was that the industrial States, that is, New England, the West, and the great States between, took their affairs for once into their own hands.

When they called together the great conventions of 1839 and 1840, the reign of oligarchies

and caucuses of Congressmen was over, and the reign of the voters began.

In the very bitter canvasses, all crowded with personalities, which preceded the election of John Quincy Adams and of Andrew Jackson, every sort of lie was told on all sides. In those circles of the New England States which prided themselves on civilization no tales were told with more eagerness than those which presumed that a Tennessee man must be wholly barbarian, so far as the etiquettes of elegant life would go. But when Andrew Jackson came to the White House the curiosity of the country was perhaps a little annoyed that the so-called elegancies of Washington were maintained. He did not go out with a shot-gun to bring in canvas-back ducks from the river, and Mrs. Jackson did not dress them at an open fire.

Still, I remember very well the anecdote in which Mrs. Jackson was supposed to give an account of a lung fever, of which, I think, she died. It was declared and believed in Northern circles that she said, "The General kicked the kiverlet off, and I kotched cold." I should not tell the story but to record the resentment of a true lady, a relative of my own, who had seen all the elegancies of the best Courts of Europe,

and who protested to me that Mrs. Jackson was a lady through and through, in breeding as in daily manners. My friend quoted the anecdote which I have told, only as illustration of the bitterness of partisanship at that time. On the other hand, if any story can be received at the distance of one person from the spot of which the story is told, the story which I will now record is true: —

The daughter of a Massachusetts Senator told me that in her younger life she went with her father to one of the regulation dinners at the White House. General Jackson himself took her out to the dinner-table. There was some talk about the light of the table, and the General said to her, "The chanticleer does not burn well." She was so determined that she should not misunderstand him that she pretended not to hear him and asked him what he said. To which his distinct reply was, "The chanticleer does not burn well."

MARTIN VAN BUREN

Of Mr. Van Buren the general impression is certainly that he was simply an intriguing New York politician, utterly indifferent to anything but his own advancement and the success of his

own coterie in the politics of New York. But as lately as March, 1891, I heard Mr. McKinley express a very different opinion. I should not repeat what he said if he were living; but his remark has for me a special interest because,

MARTIN VAN BUREN.
After a miniature by Mrs. Bogardus.

after that evening, I never saw him again, and these were among the last words I ever heard him utter.

In his charming, cordial way Mr. McKinley was showing to Mrs. Hale the arrangements of

the White House. As we passed a rather poor full-length portrait of Van Buren, he took a candle, by which he could throw a better light on the face, and called our special attention to it. He said that till lately he had grown up in the feeling to which most of us were trained in younger days, that Van Buren was a man of no wide range of thought, or indeed of any convictions; that he was merely a selfish politician. But lately he had been studying those early days with new interest, and he was convinced that Van Buren was a much stronger man — a man far more fit for the Presidency — than history has on the whole believed. I suppose he had been reading Mr. Shepard's thorough and valuable study.

If anybody chooses to say that Martin Van Buren made Andrew Jackson President of the United States, I think he can maintain his thesis. Certainly the man who did that did something of importance in history.

In the election of 1824 Jackson had enough Western votes to bring him as a prominent candidate before the people in 1828. The New York leaders did not care who was President, if only they had "the patronage," and they seem to have thought that in this popular old General,

then more than sixty years old, they should find a tool whom they could handle easily. So they sent the younger Hamilton all the way to the "Hermitage," as the old General called his home in Tennessee, to sound him, virtually to offer him the nomination, if he would agree to their conditions. Hamilton's journey was somewhat like what the journey of a young New Yorker of the Four Hundred would be to-day if he were sent, say, into the "Bad Lands" to have an interview with a Blackfoot chief. He afterward printed his instructions, which are very funny. He was to observe the habits of the family, and to be able to tell such things as might be profitable in the canvass — whether they had family prayers, whether the old gentleman asked a blessing at table, whether they played cards, etc. Let the reader remember that one of the reasons why John Quincy Adams was not reëlected was that he had a billiard-table in the White House.

But when the New York managers had caught their hare and had him in the White House, they found, as I have said — rather to their dismay — that they could not manage him "worth a cent," to use a fine National proverb. The General had a very decided will of his own. He had the knack of cutting Gordian knots, and came

to like it. Possibly to get Van Buren out of his way, he sent him as his Minister to England,— an official appointment which meant even more then than it would now.

Mr. Parton says — and I think wisely — that if the United States Senate had only had sense enough to leave Mr. Van Buren in London, and, one might add, to thank God he was there, the history of this country since would have been different. But there was a strong opposition Senate. Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay were leading it, and, in the pride of power, they refused to confirm the nomination of Mr. Van Buren after he had been presented at the English Court in 1831. He had the mortification of presenting his own recall, and the English Foreign Minister — either Earl Dudley or Lord Palmerston — said to him, what is very true, that, to a public man, an act of evident injustice is often one of great advantage.

Certainly it proved so to Van Buren. The rejection by the Senate made him President. The insult had been aimed, not at him, but at General Jackson, and Old Hickory understood this perfectly well. From the moment of Van Buren's return he folded him in his arms and made his interest his first care. Will it do to

say he made his election sure? On Jackson's nomination, Van Buren was made Vice-President for the second term of Old Hickory, and so far all the new popularity which Jackson had won as the saviour of the Union went to the account of Van Buren.

But he could not have the popularity without the responsibility. Whether he himself cared for the sub-treasury system or for the rest of General Jackson's financial policy, he had to take the consequences of that policy. The financial panic of 1837 swept over the country. Literally everybody suffered. Practically everybody charged it on the Government. A storm of indignation swept out the President who had had two-thirds of the electoral votes in 1836.

I heard a little story, when I was in Washington four years after this downfall, which illustrates the bitterness with which the people of his own State regarded him. Things were very simple in Washington in 1836. Manners had the simplicity which they would have in a large country town in Virginia or Kentucky to-day. So it happened that of an evening, probably when Congress was not in session, the President would walk across to Lafayette Square and make an evening call in one of the charming homes

there. The people there were glad to have him entertain himself as he would, and such home-like visits were often repeated. But as the "recess," as people used to call it, went on, Mr. Van Buren's visits at Mr. Ogle Tayloe's suddenly stopped. Mrs. Tayloe, herself a most agreeable lady from an old Albany family, told her husband that he must go over to the White House and ask Mr. Van Buren why he had given up his evening calls, and Mr. Tayloe undertook the commission.

Mr. Van Buren did not hesitate in reply. He said that it was true that he had given up his visits to Mrs. Tayloe: "She has things lying about on her table which should not be there."

Then it proved that, as a part of the drawing-room furniture, Mrs. Tayloe's matchless collections of autographs lay on the table. It was specially rich in letters from New York statesmen — letters from many men whom the whole world remembers. The President had been fond of turning these books over. They revealed to him some things which he had not known before.

Mr. Tayloe went back to his wife with the President's message, and they applied themselves to studying the autograph-books. It was not long before this phrase was disinterred: "What

is little Matty doing? Some dirty work, of course, as usual." To this phrase, not unnaturally, the President had taken exception. Mrs. Tayloe's scissors at once relieved the book, and so she wrote to Mr. Van Buren. And the President of the United States was able to renew his visits upon his opposite neighbor.

It is difficult for an outsider to understand how completely the President of the United States is sometimes shut in out of sight, almost out of sound, of the very people who have chosen him. In November, 1840, as I have said just now, by a perfect typhoon of indignation on the part of the commercial and manufacturing States and of the West, then new to power, Mr. Van Buren was swept out of office and old General Harrison was put in. Harrison had 234 electoral votes and Van Buren had only 60. The election had already begun, it had been decided in some States, when Mr. Alexander Everett, who told me this story, passing through Washington, made a visit on Mr. Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren assured him, and believed that evening, that he should be reëlected, and reëlected by a strong majority. The managers of the White House, if one may say so, the people who kept the President, had succeeded in

deceiving so far the man whom posterity has regarded as the most astute politician of his time. Mr. Everett, when he told me the story, was confident that this was not the talk of an intriguer to an outsider, but that Mr. Van Buren expressed his own opinion as to the issue.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT

CHAPTER VII

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT

IN an earlier chapter I told a story of the way in which the Connecticut River students of Williams College travelled fifty miles to and from their homes. In 1902 a student can go from Northampton to Williamstown in less than two hours. My father, in 1806, went from the same Northampton to Boston by what was called "the stage" on a journey which he supposed would take two days. In fact, it took three. He began by taking the public conveyance from Northampton to Brookfield, a ride, perhaps, of thirty-five miles. At Brookfield this line connected with the stage line from Springfield to Boston. He had taken a through passage, or, as our English friends would say, was "booked through," so that he was sure of a seat in the carriage from Springfield when it came along. While they waited at Brookfield, a lady appeared who was very anxious to go to Boston as soon as possible.

But when the Springfield wagon appeared, there was no seat for her, the six seats being all taken.

With all his own kindness of heart, my father gave up his seat to her, spent twenty-four hours with a classmate, and went on to Boston the next day. When, afterward, he built the Boston and Worcester Railroad and directed the

A View of Boston, showing the Providence and the Worcester Railways.

From an early drawing.

preliminary surveys for the Boston and Albany roads, which now carry thousands of passengers daily between Boston and the Connecticut River, he liked to tell this story of his three days from the Connecticut River to his future home. I have already told the family story of his voyage from New York to Troy, which required twelve days.

When one compares such anecdotes, which for time and distance are on the scale of Sindbad's voyages, against the incidents of our daily lives, he gets some feeling of the contrast, almost absurd, between the beginning of the century and the end. The steps of advance can be marked quite distinctly. And I should think that one of the wide-awake young men who are connected with the more than gigantic railway system of the country would find it worth his while to give to us a thorough history of the progress in this business of going from place to place. A hundred years have changed almost every detail of almost every life in America by the changes wrought in travel. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the second of that illustrious name, has made some interesting studies in that line. Perhaps he will build on his own foundations.

It shows what manner of man Washington was that, in the literature of the subject, what he wrote about the importance of opening up the West, and of the details of method as well, is more in amount than everything on record said by all his contemporaries in the same years. It really seems as if Washington were the only person in the country who even be-

gan to comprehend its future. After the Revolution his diaries are full of the journeys which he took, even as far as the valley of the Ohio, and they often dwell on this great business. It was a matter of course that the New York people should see those natural facilities for reaching the lake region which they afterward developed. Every soldier in every army which tramped through central New York, as well as every trader who brought in a pack of beaver, told the same story of a country without mountains, easy for canals or other highways. Travellers do not perhaps recollect generally that, until a period which does not seem very long, the waters of the West did not seek the valley of the St. Lawrence, but crossed to what we call the Hudson River, and found the ocean by what I suppose I must call the Vanderbilt route. I believe the geologists think this was not ten thousand years ago. I suppose that till the end of the eighteenth century, however, the Iroquois Indians seemed an important and inconvenient obstacle in the way of roads or canals before 1800.

Washington's wishes for Virginia turned on the improvement of the navigation of the James

and Potomac Rivers. There is on record a conversation of his in the latter part of his life in which he foreshadowed the Erie Canal. For thirty years more, far-sighted people were planning and building canals westward. In New York these people were led by De Witt Clinton.

This canal was opened in 1825, and has been a benefactor to millions who do not know enough to thank the men who built it. "Give us this day our daily bread," this is the daily prayer of millions upon millions of such people. Of which millions, let us hope, one half thank the God who answers it. But I am afraid that even of that half, not one child of his in a thousand thanks the agents of the good God in this affair. Yet they insisted that his children through the world watered by the Atlantic should buy their flour for four dollars a barrel, as they do to-day, instead of paying sixteen dollars, as their ancestors often

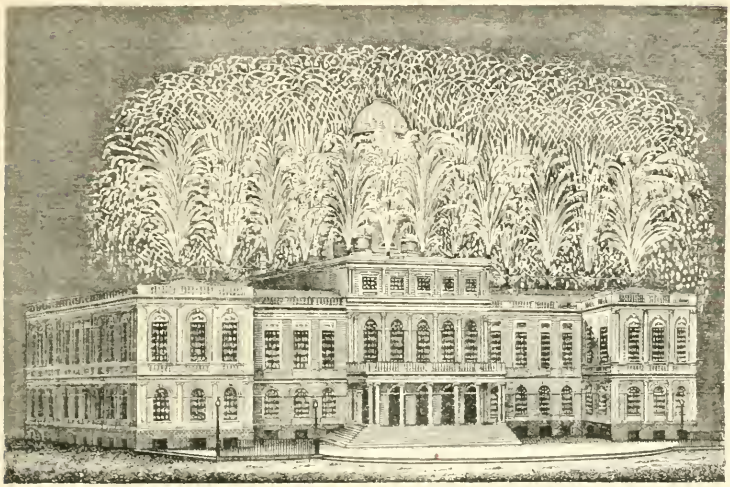
did before De Witt Clinton built the Erie Canal.[1]

When I was in college, the Josiah Quincy of that generation, the man who was born just before the Revolutionary Josiah Quincy died, told me something about the cereal food of Massachusetts in his boyhood. I knew perfectly well that his family was in as comfortable circumstances as any family in New England. He said that until his manhood white bread, the bread made from wheat flour, was, so to speak, a luxury on his mother's table. I remember he said it was served as nice cake might be served in the average New England family of the time when we were speaking. His mother would have her loaf of white bread in the house, but it would be used, not as the substantial bread of the family, but as a sort of extra luxury at the table. The family food was "rye 'n' injun," as we Yankees say, by which we mean the bread which is sold at restaurants as Boston brown bread.

So much interest attached to the subject of canals that in Rees's great quarto Cyclopædia, the ancestor of the great cyclopædias of to-day,

[1] I speak of rates in Boston. In Philadelphia, in the heart of what was then a wheat-growing county, the highest rates for the seventy years after 1784 was $15.00 in March, 1796.

one hundred and seventy-five pages are given to the subject, and a separate account is given of every canal in the British Islands at the beginning of the century. The American editor introduces a long and careful account of the canals undertaken in the United States from



Illumination of the New York City Hall during the Grand Canal Celebration.

the time when, under Franklin, the route was surveyed for a canal across New Jersey. This account gives the history of American canals up to 1805 and 1806, when the article was prepared.

On the 4th of July, 1817, the first spadeful

of earth was turned for the Erie Canal, and in October, 1825, this longest canal in the world was open for traffic. The whole construction is an admirable object-lesson in the study of American life and American success. Half of the men who built it had never seen a canal. Mr. Fitzgerald tells a story of a young New Yorker who had to do with it, crossing to Europe for the purpose of seeing European canals. He walked on the tow-paths of those canals and came home with the results of his observations. In just such fashion was the whole early school of American civil engineers trained, and we owe it to the country's skill in self-education that this school of engineers has achieved the methods of to-day.

At the close of this chapter we print a facsimile of a note of De Witt Clinton's in 1817, in which he alludes to the great work which has given immortality to his name.

The Erie and Champlain canals were built entirely by the State and cost only ten million dollars. Before 1830 they were paying an annual income of more than eight per cent to the State, and it was already estimated that the canals had increased the value of the real estate of New York by a hundred million dollars.

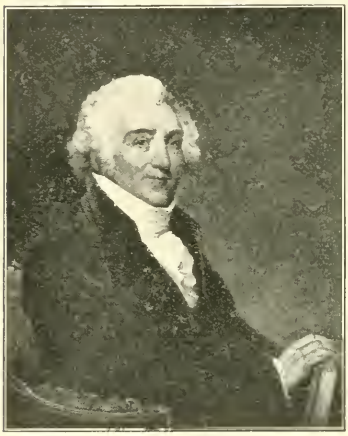
Such successes are conveniently forgotten to-day by people who, while eating their daily bread, whine about the dangers which accrue to a State which owns its own highways.

It was quite natural that the men of the future, if one may call them so, in America, should first turn their attention to the establishment of navigable canals. The General Reader, though he is a person who knows very little, still recollects the names of Stanhope and of the Earl of Bridgewater and of the great engineers of those times.

In point of time the Santee Canal of South Carolina is earliest of the American series of canals, but the first of importance which actually got to work was the Middlesex Canal, uniting the Merrimack River of the northern part of Massachusetts with Boston Harbor. In 1833 this canal passed into the ownership of the competitor which ran near it, the Boston and Lowell Railroad. During a considerable part of its existence it paid dividends.

The charter of this canal was signed by John Hancock on the 22d of June, 1793. In the next October the directors chose James Sullivan, afterward Governor, to be their President, Loammi Baldwin to be their first Vice-President, and

John Brooks, afterward Governor, the second Vice-President. The early accounts say that it was difficult to collect capital stock, but eventually five hundred thousand dollars was subscribed for this purpose. Mr. Weston, an English engineer, was engaged to make surveys, and in the spring of 1794 the work began. The canal was opened in 1803. There are not many persons now living who have sailed from Boston to Lowell in a packet-boat on that canal; but for me, one of my earliest memories is a voyage for a day upon it in the *General Sullivan* packet-boat from Charlestown, opposite Boston, to Chelmsford. At Chelmsford they were building the dam which has created the water-power of the city of Lowell. My father was interested in such work, and took us all down to Chelmsford when he went to see the progress of the dam. Lowell was incorporated with its new name



JAMES SULLIVAN. PRESIDENT OF THE MIDDLESEX CANAL COMPANY. After the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

the next year, the territory being taken from the old territory of Chelmsford.

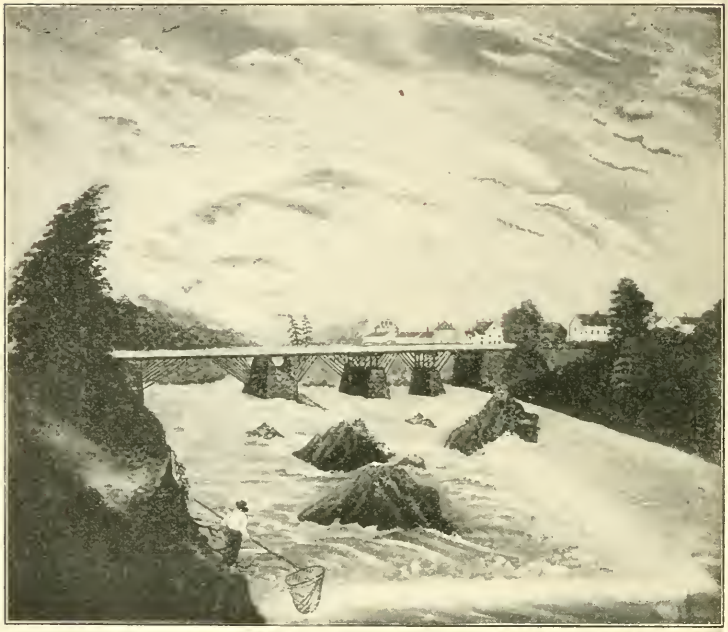
I am told that for many years no salmon has succeeded in flinging himself up over the dam. But in that early day, when the Falls had the picturesque look which we are able to reproduce from an old painting by an English artist, the salmon had not deserted the homes of their ancestors. It was a familiar tradition that, on one of those excursions of the gentlemen of the Lowell Company to Chelmsford, Mr. Isaac P. Davis,[1] one of the leaders of Boston, went out to the innkeeper of the Chelmsford Tavern to ask what he should give them for dinner. The man said he thought they would like a nice salmon, and that that would be the resistance-piece for their party.

Colonel Loammi Baldwin.
From a silhouette. The only known portrait from life.

As the morning went on Mr. Davis thought he should like to see the salmon, and went

[1] I would print the middle name at length. But there was no middle name. Mr. Davis found inconvenience from the fact that there was another Isaac Davis in Boston and he inserted the *P* to relieve them both from annoyance.

out to ask that permission could be given him. To which the reply was: "You don't think I am such a fool as to catch him before we want him? He is in the pool, and will not go up



The Falls in the Merrimack at Chelmsford.
From a painting by an English artist.

for twenty-four hours; I shall go out before dinner and catch him." And so he did; such were the simple refrigerators in which men kept their fish in those early days.

The enthusiasm for building canals which

Washington and his more intelligent contemporaries had attempted to awaken, gradually extended itself and became almost a mania. The cyclopædias and reports of the time give the names of such enterprises as these, which are among the most important. All of them took new life with the triumphant success of the Erie Canal : —

The Middlesex Canal, in Massachusetts.

The system of Pennsylvania, spoken of as the largest system of all; but the Erie Canal was the longest.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

The Dismal Swamp Canal of Virginia, which was among the earliest finished.

The large system in Ohio, and in other States large appropriations for the improvement of rivers.

In Maryland the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was begun in July, 1828, and it was using steam power in 1831.

The reader will see that there is no large enterprise till we come to De Witt Clinton and his great Erie Canal. Of Burr's two families, which divided, as he says, the politics of New York, the Livingstons gave to America the steamboat with Fulton's coöperation, and the

Clintons gave to America the Erie Canal. No work or word of Jefferson's administration is to be compared with these, excepting the Louisiana purchase, the credit of which, as has been said, belongs to Livingston and Napoleon.

Traces of the canal epidemic and its results

THE SUSQUEHANNA AT LIVERPOOL, PA., SHOWING THE PENNSYLVANIA CANAL.

A comparison of the two modes of carrying freight.

may still be seen in Ohio. These owe their place in history, however, to the fact that John Quincy Adams crossed Ohio in a canal-boat; and that the Ohio canals find a place in Mr. Howells's history of his boyhood. In those level prairie States of the Northwest there were certain possibilities for such enterprises. The attempt of the

great State of Pennsylvania to take a canal across the Alleghanies seems to us now almost magnificent in its blundering audacity. Possibly this reader may live to see how our poor Pennsylvania, or rich Pennsylvania, had to pay forty million dollars to Sydney Smith and others who had furnished the money for this quixotic endeavor. New Jersey lent herself more readily to such enterprises.

But if Mr. Eads's successors shall give us, as they think they can, a railway on which ocean steamers shall be lifted to cross the Isthmus of Tehuantepec from ocean to ocean, why, in their success, the Pennsylvanian legislation of the twenties will be remembered and justified.

The reader in America should remember what Mr. George Morison reminds us of in his address at Chicago, that there never has been a time when canals were considered so important a part of the transportation system of Europe as in this very day.

There is a curious letter of Robert Fulton's, written by him as early as 1807 to Albert Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury. It accompanies Gallatin's report to the National Government on canal communication. Gallatin shows how freight could be carried from Boston

to Savannah without exposure to an enemy's cruisers. This report was prepared in days when the English frigates *Belvedere* and *Leander* and *Leopard* and *Guerrière* were parading up and down our coasts, were occasionally running into our waters for the impudent purchase of supplies, and were enraging every man who loved his country as they picked off seamen at the will of their commanders from American merchantmen. Gallatin advised the Nation to send its freight barges from Boston by Weymouth to Taunton, in a canal to be built for that purpose. Then the canal-boats would sail down Taunton River. They were then to run the gantlet into Long Island Sound, taking the chances of fog and northwest gales for dodging their enemies into these safer waters. By the Sound and Hell-Gate and the East River and New York Harbor, behind Staten Island perhaps, they were to come to Amboy, from Amboy to cross by a canal to Philadelphia; they were then to float down the Delaware to Wilmington, to cross by another canal to the head of the Chesapeake, to go down the Chesapeake as safely and prosperously as Rochambeau and Washington went. Then, through lines which adventurous readers take to-day through the Dismal Swamp, for instance,

and this or that sound, which are protected from English cruisers and easterly storms by Cape Fear and Cape Hatteras and Cape Lookout, the Hingham pails of Massachusetts and the negro-cloths of Woonsocket were to be delivered at Savannah.

I cannot find that Fulton's interesting letter is alluded to by any of his so-called biographers. He discusses in detail the value of a canal system. Of the several canals suggested by Gallatin for his voyages all are now in operation excepting that by which he meant to cross Massachusetts.

Fulton says in his letter that he had been pressing canal service on the Nation for eleven years. He urged a good canal system, first, for its effect to raise the value of the public lands; second, in cementing the Union and extending the principles of confederate republican government. "At the conclusion of my work there is a letter in which I contemplate the time when canals should pass through every vale and wind around each hill, and bind the whole country together in the bonds of social intercourse. And I am now hoping to find that the period has arrived when an overflowing treasury exhibits abundant resources and opens the mind to

works of such immense importance." This was written on the eighth day of December, 1807.

Gallatin's table at the end, which tells how much it will cost to build the necessary canals between Boston and Savannah, shows that they need only be eighty-eight miles long, have a total lockage of 548 feet, and cost $3,050,000.

Of all the canal enterprises of that time, I suppose that the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is now the most important, with the great exception of the Erie. I believe the chief service of this canal is the delivery of Cumberland coal at navigable waters. It never reached the Ohio River, as its name and charter proposed.

But the knell of American canals had, for the time, struck. In 1825 — about the time when, with firing of cannons and ringing of bells, New York celebrated the marriage of the Hudson with Lake Erie — George Stephenson built a special engine-factory at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in England, that he might create a school of men. I count that enterprise as the date when modern civilization begins. He meant to have men who could build machinery which could be relied upon. He created a school of men. He invented the tubular boiler, and those men and he built the Rocket, and the Rocket won the prize

of five hundred pounds which the Liverpool and Manchester Railway had offered for a workable locomotive engine. The word "locomotive" came into use. Modern civilization was changed.

My father has been called, rightly enough, I think, the founder of the railroad system in New England. When I was a child, he made with his own hand a model of a railway, which stood in our parlor, that he might explain to visitors what he was talking about when he spoke of a rail or a flange or an inclined plane. As a child, I understood as well as I understand now the look of pity on people's faces as they left the room, thinking how sad it was that a man of as much sense as he should give himself up to such delusion. He forced the Legislature of Massachusetts to the formation of an Internal Improvement Commission, and, as a member of that Commission, he wrote its reports after the first.

In earlier reports of the Internal Improvement Board he had followed up in detail the success of Stephenson and of steam power in England. But I cannot but notice that in their first report to their own stockholders the Worcester Railroad Directors do not even allude to steam

power. It seems as if they would not introduce at a business meeting a subject which was still matter of discussion; but the next report takes steam power almost for granted. And it was as early as 1828 that locomotive engines had been used in New Jersey, in Maryland, and in South Carolina. It is in the report of 1832 that there is a full computation made of the saving of steam power over power of horses. Readers in New England will be amused by the statement of the number of persons who travelled between Boston and Worcester in the year 1830 and the year immediately before. Fifty thousand travellers is the largest which can be estimated after you have calculated on stage-coaches and turnpike tolls and have guessed at private vehicles which went over the old road.

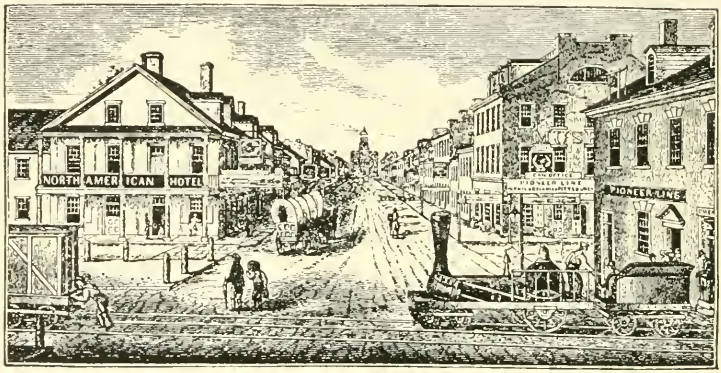
In the case of the Boston and Worcester road, Mr. John Milton Fessenden was engaged as engineer-in-chief — a young gentleman who had graduated at West Point only a few years before. It is said in the report that he had travelled in Europe and had seen all the railways in Europe at that time. In his first report he compares the price and value of the T rail against the flat rail which was used on most of the early American roads. He speaks of the Stevens Rail by

name, a bit of which was presented to Mr. Carnegie the other day. When this is spoken of as the first T rail, the first American rail is meant. Stephenson had used the T rail in England before this rail was rolled. Those of us who are more than sixty years old have often ridden over flat rails. The special excitement of such a ride was the possibility that the end of the rail might loosen, and that the wheel of the car might run under the rail instead of above it. In this case the rail became what was called a snake, and, with its sharp point entering the bottom of the car as the train went on, all the passengers who sat directly over the rail were transfixed and spitted as so many pigeons might be prepared on the spit for dinner.

The State of Pennsylvania, with a sort of plucky audacity which, as it seems to me, has characterized Pennsylvania more than once, adopted the scheme of carrying out two plans which were in rivalry.

Louis Philippe used to call himself the representative of the *juste milieu* in France. His radical enemies used to say that the King's principle was this: One set of men said two and two make four; another set of men said two and two make six; and he determined that

two and two make five. This is in truth a good definition of the *juste milieu*. The State of Pennsylvania could not complete a canal from Philadelphia to Pittsburg because of the Alleghany Mountains. Still it wanted to try canals. They started a canal from the Susquehanna up the Juniata. They then took the boats on the rail-



The Pioneer Line Station at Lancaster, Penn.

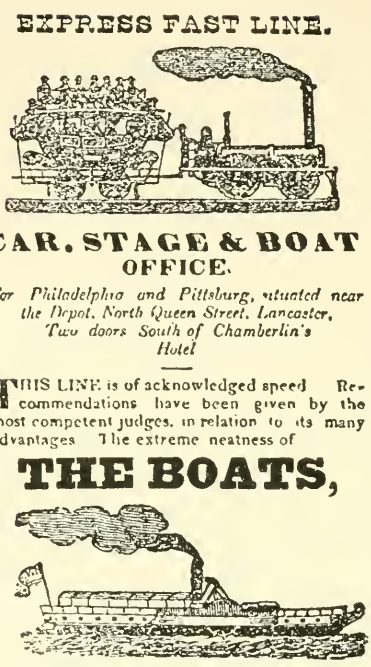
way over the mountains, and on another canal carried them down to the port of Pittsburg.

In the year 1843 the State was forced to suspend the payment of the interest on its loan. The loyal citizens of the State felt very badly about this, and no wonder. The disgrace was vividly pointed out in what may still be remembered as Sydney Smith's letter about Pennsylvania.

The men of character and ability addressed themselves at once to reform the State's finances; the back interest was paid; and at this moment the credit of the State is as high as it ever was. In this crisis the railways and canals were sold to the great Pennsylvania Company who now carry us from Philadelphia to Pittsburg in seven or eight hours, all the way by rail.

The early travellers to the West give very amusing accounts of the transfer from water to land and from land to water. Of such accounts, Dickens's in the "American Notes" is perhaps the best remembered, but there is a very bright sketch by Mrs. Stowe which ought not to be forgotten: —

"'But, say, there ain't any *danger* in a lock, is there?' respond the querists. 'Danger!' exclaims a deaf old lady, poking up her head. 'What's the matter? There ain't nothin' burst, has there?' 'No, no, no!' exclaim the provoked and despairing opposition party, who find that there is no such thing as going to sleep till they have made the old lady below and the young ladies above understand exactly the philosophy of a lock. After a while the conversation again subsides; again all is still: you hear only


EXPRESS FAST LINE.

CAR, STAGE & BOAT OFFICE.

For Philadelphia and Pittsburg, situated near the Depot, North Queen Street, Lancaster, Two doors South of Chamberlin's Hotel

THIS LINE is of acknowledged speed Recommendations have been given by the most competent judges, in relation to its many advantages The extreme neatness of

THE BOATS,

The comfort and adaptation of the

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AND CARS,

are not to be surpassed by anything on the route. The Fare will be as low as that of any of the other lines, and the agents will be ready and willing to conduce to the comfort of the passengers, see that their baggage is strictly taken care of, and look to every arrangement necessary to their accommodation The Porter, who is known to be obliging, will convey baggage to any part of the city for those who desire it The undersigned Agent will endeavor to add to the comfort of those who may patronize the Express Line

WM A HAMBRIGHT.
AGENT FOR EXPRESS LINE.

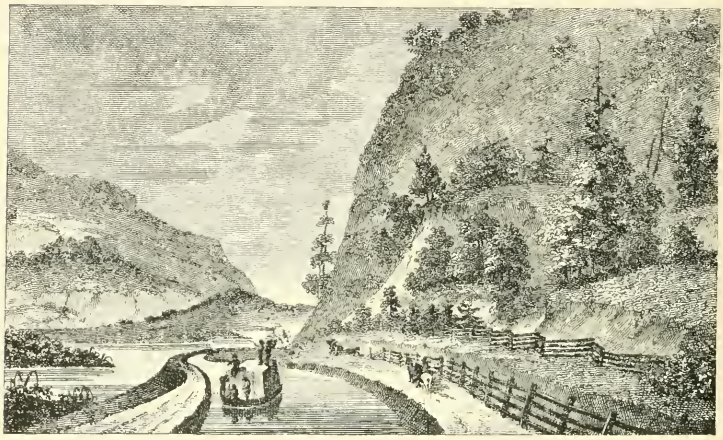
MAY 30, 1837

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE EXPRESS LINE BETWEEN LANCASTER, PHILADELPHIA, AND PITTSBURG. From a newspaper of 1837.

the trampling of horses and the rippling of the rope in the water, and sleep again is stealing over you. You doze, you dream, and all of a sudden you are startled by a cry, 'Chambermaid! Wake up the lady that wants to be set ashore.' Up jumps chambermaid, and up jump the lady and two children, and forthwith form a committee of inquiry as to ways and means. 'Where's my bonnet?' says the lady, half awake, and

fumbling among the various articles of that name. 'I thought I hung it up behind the door.' 'Can't you find it?' says poor chambermaid, yawning and rubbing her eyes. 'Oh, yes, here it is,' says the lady; and then the cloak, the shawl, the gloves, the shoes, receive each a separate discussion. At last all seems ready, and they begin to move off, when, lo! Peter's cap is missing. 'Now, where can it be?' soliloquizes the lady. 'I put it right here by the table leg; maybe it got into one of the berths!' At this suggestion the chambermaid takes the candle and goes round deliberately to every berth, poking the light directly in the face of every sleeper. 'Here it is,' she exclaims, pulling at something black under one pillow. 'No, indeed, those are my shoes,' says the vexed sleeper. 'Maybe it's here,' she resumes, darting upon something dark in another berth. 'No, that's my bag,' responds the occupant. The chambermaid then proceeds to turn over all the children on the floor, to see if it is under them. In the course of which process they are not agreeably waked up and enlivened; and when everybody is broad awake, and most uncharitably wishing the cap, and Peter too, at the bottom of the Canal, the good lady exclaims,

'Well, if this isn't lucky; here I had it safe in my basket all the time!' And she departs amid the — what shall I say? — execrations? — of the whole company, ladies though they be."



The Erie Canal.

The old announcements of successive steps in the advance of internal transit are often very funny. Sometimes the appalling ignorance of the future crippled men's best efforts. In the treaty of 1814, only three years before Clinton's first spade blow, and three years after the first Ohio steamboat, it was with difficulty that even Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Clay could be held up at Ghent to the mark of retaining for the United States the great Northwestern Territory. "What

is the use? It only gives you the care of the Indians." Yet in that doubtful territory are now our States of Iowa, Wisconsin, half Michigan, Minnesota, and who shall say how much of the country westward?

Neither Gallatin nor Clay apprehended the value of the steamboat in this matter. Here is a triumphant announcement from the Boston *Weekly Messenger* of November 1, 1811, as to what might be expected of it — "thirty-five miles a day"!

"THE STEAMBOAT

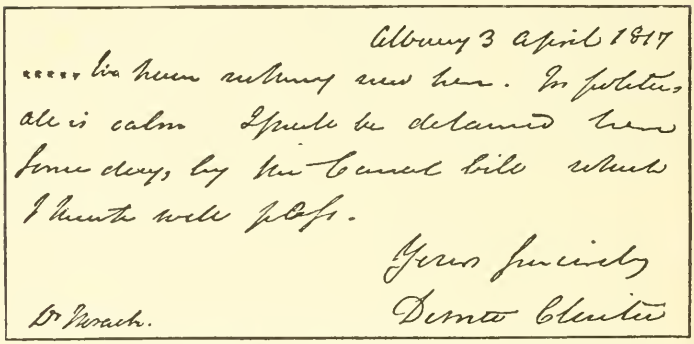
"Built at Pittsburg, by Rosewelt & Co., for the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to carry goods and passengers between New Orleans and the different towns on those rivers, was loaded at Pittsburg the beginning of this month, and would sail about the 10th instant for New-Orleans. We are told she is an excellent, well constructed vessel, about 140 feet long, will carry 400 tons of goods, has elegant accommodations for passengers, and is every way fitted in great stile. It is supposed that she will go 35 miles a day against the stream, and thereby make a passage from Orleans to Pittsburg in six weeks; but as she must go considerably

faster with the current, she will make the passage down in two or three weeks."

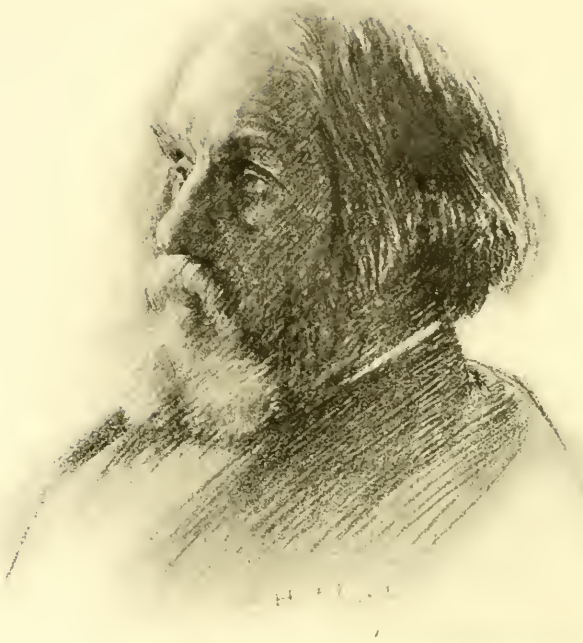
Observe Rosewelt!

In 1811, as a correspondent reminds me, the passage, even on the Great Lakes from Buffalo to Detroit, required at least five days and often twice as much.

Here is a facsimile of a note of Clinton's, referring to his master-work, written as early as 1817: —


Albany 3 April 1817
..... has been nothing new here. In politics all is calm. I shall be detained here some days, by the Canal bill which I hope will pass.
Yours sincerely
Dewitt Clinton
D. Brush.

PART OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY DE WITT CLINTON IN 1817.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

From a drawing by Alfred Houghton Clark.

Memories of a Hundred Years

VOLUME II

THE ORATORS

MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS

CHAPTER I

THE ORATORS

MODERN AMERICAN ORATORY

THE cant phrase of conventional conversation says that the age of oratory is over. I do not believe this. The conditions are changed. The methods are changed. But it is as true as it ever was that if a man wants to lead men, he had better be able to tell men what he wants. And it will be well for him and them if he can tell them this, so that they shall believe him and remember afterward what he has said to them.

William McElroy, who is himself no mean judge, told me that George William Curtis once said to him that the most remarkable passage in modern oratory, the passage, that is, that is best worth remembering, is the passage well known and often cited in Waldo Emerson's oration at Dartmouth in 1838. Carlyle speaks of that address as lying on a counter in an Oxford book-

shop and arresting Gladstone's attention before Gladstone was thirty years old.

"You will hear every day the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. 'What is this Truth you seek, what is this Beauty?' men will ask, with derision. If nevertheless God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say, 'As others do, so will I: I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go, until a more convenient season;' — then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art and poetry and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect."

Mr. McElroy quoted Curtis's remark to Roscoe Conkling, who differed from him. He said that the finest passage he remembered from any man of his time is Charles Sprague's reference to the American Indian in a Fourth of July oration. One would be glad to have a dozen such opinions from a dozen such leaders. The passage which Mr. Conkling referred to is this: —

"Roll back the tide of time. How painfully to us applies the promise, 'I will give to thee, the heathen for an inheritance.' Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and the helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and the daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred: the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowl-

edged in everything around. He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling, in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne, in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze, in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds, in the timid warbler that never left its native grove, in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds, in the worm that crawled at his foot, and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of light to whose mysterious source he bent in humble though blind adoration."

EXAMPLE OF EDMUND BURKE

Emerson himself had an enthusiastic admiration for Webster, until he thought he had betrayed the North. To the day of his death he had an admiration for Edward Everett, whom he had known first when he was a professor of Greek literature at Harvard College. I shall speak of Emerson in another place, but this is perhaps the best place to say that he had an opinion quite indefensible as to the knack of absolutely extempore speech, — a knack which, according to me, any one can master. But Emerson did not think so.

When the century came in, the echoes of Edmund Burke's voice were still resounding in England and America. In Mr. Everett's preface to Webster's works, and in a passage of his own autobiography, he refers to the impression which Burke's eloquence made on the minds of all educated young Americans. You can trace it, I think, even in Webster's earliest addresses. It will not do to speak lightly of Burke, but Webster was a greater man than Burke, and one likes to see that he outgrew such tricks of oratory. There are phrases of his which Burke could never have written.

Here is one of Mr. Everett's confessions: "When I was at College the English authors most read and admired, at least by me, and I believe generally by my contemporaries, were Johnson, Gibbon, and Burke. I yielded myself with boyish enthusiasm to their irresistible fascination. But the stately antithesis, the unvarying magnificence, and the boundless wealth of diction of these great masters, amply sustained in them by their learning, their power of thought, and weight of authority, are too apt, on the part of youthful imitators, to degenerate into ambitious wordiness." It is pleasant to see that Charles Sprague, to whom

Conkling alluded, had recognized the power of Webster's speech six years before the Hayne addresses. Here is what he said on the 4th of July, 1825: "The struggling nations point to our example, and in their own tongues repeat the cheering language of our sympathy. Already, when a master spirit towers among them, they call him *their* Washington. Along the foot of the Andes they breathe in gratitude the name of Clay; by the ivy-buried ruins of the Parthenon they bless the eloquence of Webster!" Mr. Everett more than once speaks almost as if he himself had been misled by Burke in his own earlier days; and in revising his earlier addresses for the standard edition of his "Orations" he sometimes tones down the exuberance of what he would have called boyish rhetoric.

I may say in passing that dear Dr. James Walker was once talking to me of the advantages of repeating in the pulpit an old sermon: "You may alter the arrangement, you may change the illustrations, you can improve the argument perhaps, and. above all, you can leave out all the *fine passages*."

But I hesitate a little about printing this amusing bit of criticism. In Everett's case I

am quite sure that he did not always improve the text by such severity of older years.

Mrs. Browning, in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," in later editions tones down what was once written, —

> "And the resonant steam eagles
> Follow far on the directing of her floating dove-like hand"

to

> "And the palpitating engines snort in steam across her acres."

One remembers all about the theory of realism and the rest, but, after all, "steam eagles" was better.

Tennyson, in the same way, tones down "Locksley Hall." But youth is youth. And the average reader of poetry is less than thirty years of age. Can we not let young men speak to young men as young men like to speak to young men and to young women?

EDWARD EVERETT

After Mr. Everett's defeat in 1839 in the Massachusetts election for Governor, an occasion still remembered in our local politics, in which he lost his election literally by one vote, he went

to Europe for a long stay. In the next autumn there followed a great revulsion in the National history. For once the West and the North

EDWARD EVERETT.
From a daguerreotype.

united against the South, and William Henry Harrison was chosen President. He made Mr. Webster his Secretary of State, and Mr. Webster offered to Mr. Everett the post of our Minister

to London. Mr. Everett went to London in 1841 and remained there until the autumn of 1845, rendering essential services to the Nation, and proved himself better acquainted with our international relations than any other man living. This might well be, as he was one of the few men who used familiarly the languages of the Continent of Europe, and as he had never lost sight of the interests which were intrusted to him, when he was in Congress, as a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations. I may say here that his attachment to Mr. Webster, which was very close, was never broken.

I happened, as a youngster, to be standing by so that I saw a pretty incident which is a good illustration of what happens in a democracy, where "our governors are from ourselves." I was with Mr. Everett when he was Governor and was visiting the Worcester jail. The sheriff, an accomplished gentleman, said to the Governor that they had a prisoner waiting trial whom no one could understand. The man was a Levantine, as it proved; but their Italian interpreters could make nothing of his language. Mr. Everett tried him in Italian with as little success. But instantly we could see the glow of satisfaction on both their faces when he changed to modern

Greek and the poor prisoner could tell his story.

Mr. Everett was very fond of me from my childhood, and very good to me. I think he talked with me with a certain intimacy which he seldom enjoyed with others. For the misfortune of his life was that he was a very shy man. Since his death people have said to me that they always noticed in the street that he was walking alone.

He said to me one day in the spring of 1846 that it was already long enough, since his return from Europe, for him to satisfy himself that the stately oration of twenty years before was for America a thing of the past. He advised me as a young man to accustom myself to speak to large or small audiences without a manuscript before me, to accept the more colloquial habit, which I think he would have called the "habit of the stump."[1] After this time he prepared some of his own most elaborate written addresses; but I doubt if he ever carried the manuscript into the assembly where he was to speak. In an interview in his own beautiful library, when

[1] About the same time, Orville Dewey told me how to do it. I think it was he who told me always to speak in public "whenever any one was fool enough to ask" me.

we were both fifteen years older, he said to me that in preparing an address he then never put on paper any bit of narrative. If you know what you are describing, you can tell it with most spirit if you are not in the least fettered. I might add that, with a memory like his, you might be sure to make no mistake as to the facts. But for a matter of persuasion, of logic, or argument in any form, he thought that this should be prepared in advance, with all the caution which is implied in the use of pen, ink, and paper. Thus, in his own address on George Washington, he did not write down the narrative of Braddock's defeat until he wrote it down for the printed edition. It was a new story to every audience. But the philippic against Marlborough, and the conclusion of the address, were, to the last letter, considered in advance. And though he never took the paper upon the stage, these were the same to every audience.

As I went away from this talk, he said: "Come round when you can, and I will tell you how I get up an address, for I think I have some methods which other men do not know." I cried out, laughing, that I thought so too, and that every one else thought so. He was not dis-

pleased, and said that when I could come round he would tell me what his secrets were. Alas! these must have been the last words I heard him speak. The next time I saw his face it was silent in death. His death was very sudden, following immediately on an appeal in Faneuil Hall for the destitute people of Savannah.

There are two or three foolish anecdotes afloat, which I hear more often than I like to, about his preparing stage effects in advance. All these fables are based on the supposition that he had no presence of mind before an audience, and that he could do nothing in situations which he had not anticipated. The truth is, on the other hand, that he was never so much himself as when he was before an audience, and that he rather liked any suggestion of the moment which broke up the stiffness of what you might call *ex cathedra* or academic discourse. His friend John Henry Clifford, afterward Governor of Massachusetts, was one of his staff when he was Governor. He once told me this story: —

In the year 1837 Mr. Everett had accepted an invitation to speak at Williams College. This College had never been visited before by a Governor; but at this time the Western railway

had been opened, and it was with a certain enthusiasm that the Commencement exercises of that year were undertaken, because the western county of Berkshire was really for the first time united to the capital of the State. The College was proud, the people were proud, that the Governor was to be there; but Mr. Everett, quite unconscious of this sort of feeling, had prepared and taken with him an oration, such as he might have delivered at Phi Beta at Cambridge, on the "Influence of German Thought on the Contemporary Literature of England and America." I once thought I detected the oration in another place. He arrived with his staff on the evening of the 15th of August, and was entertained at a great social party by the President. He found, undoubtedly to his satisfaction, that "half the county had come in," and that the occasion was one not so much of literary importance as of Massachusetts pride.

Accordingly, next day, when the time for his oration came, he delivered an address on the "Relations of the Frontier Towns of New England to the History of the World," as exhibited in the French War, in which Ephraim Williams was a commander of Massachusetts troops, — the same Ephraim Williams who had founded the

new college. The address was received with the absolute enthusiasm which waited on his eloquence everywhere. As the assembly passed out from the church, Clifford met in the porch one of the fine old Berkshire sachems, a gentleman of position and cultivation, as enthusiastic as the rest. Clifford said to him, "And how do you like our Governor?" "Like him? I am only thinking what a fool I am. I talked to him for an hour at the President's party, and, by Jove, I was telling him things that he knew better than I do." The simple truth was that through that hour the Governor had been pumping his Berkshire man for local detail which the next morning had been reflected on the Berkshire audience. The address itself had all the charm of a man who seemed to the manor born, while he brought to it all the eloquence of classical education and of European travel.

More than once I have had to report Mr. Everett verbatim in some careful address, and you must trust me when I say that the address itself, with its fresh and personal contact with the audience, was always superior to the manuscript which in the severity of his habit he had prepared before.

He was hopelessly sensitive to what the press

printed, not knowing what I, who was bred in a newspaper office, know, first, that of whatever is put in the newspaper, half the people who see it do not read it; second, that half of those do not understand it; third, that of the half who understand it, half do not believe it; fourth, that of the half who believe it, fully half forget it; fifth, that the half who remember it are probably of no great account anyway. This may be accepted by way of a parenthesis and forgotten with the rest.

The year I was thirteen years old Mr. Everett was to deliver an address which I think one of his best. It was at Lexington, Mass., on the sixtieth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. He had tact enough, and so much kindness that he came over one day and asked me to hunt up for him this quotation: —

"Where should the soldier rest but where he fell?"

It is an excellent line, but written, I now think, by himself. I was honored by his asking me to help him in the address, and went down to the Athenæum and ran my eye through probably three or four hundred odes and poems which seemed to be possible sources of the line. I did not find it, and as I have not found it in

sixty-six years more, I do not believe it is to be found, except on the last page of the Lexington address where he used it on this occasion, and in other places where I have quoted it. Having had this share in the preparation of the address, I begged eagerly at school and at home that I might be permitted to go to Lexington and hear it. But no! The rules of the school did not permit the absence for a few hours of a boy who was "preparing for college," and so I lost my chance.[1] At the same moment, probably, I contracted a disgust for the mechanism of the public schools which I have ventured to express on all proper occasions between that time and this.

I had, however, had a chance, on the 6th of September, 1834, to crowd into Faneuil Hall with the boys who had no tickets, in time to hear the close of his eulogy on Lafayette. Mr. Everett was an enthusiast about Lafayette; and let me say here that all the men who knew La-

[1] But only three years before, as a friend reminds me, when Mr. Webster came on to "address his fellow citizens in Faneuil Hall in regard to Jackson's Nullification Proclamation and to persuade them to support him in the course he took, the Latin School boys were dismissed and sent down to the Hall to hear him." It is just possible that the Master wanted to go himself on this occasion.

fayette best were enthusiastic about him. It is only people who did not know him, like Carlyle, who speak of him with contempt.

When I am asked, as Mr. Conkling was, what are the passages of oratory which I remember as most impressive, I am apt to recur to the close of that eulogy. Near the close of his address Mr. Everett freed himself entirely from every conventionality of the platform, as he turned his back upon his hearers to Stuart's Washington and to the bust of Lafayette which were behind him, and cried, "Break the long silence of that votive canvas! Speak! speak! marble lips, and teach us the love of liberty protected by law!"

Nothing is more absurd than the habit current in our day of referring to Everett's eloquence as if it were academic or as the address of a superior to inferiors. In truth, he brought his audience into sympathy with himself almost as soon as he began, and carried them with him as if they were all in the same boat.

I heard an undergraduate say once, of a preacher of whom he was fond, "By Jove, he reads the Bible, not only as if he thought it the most important book of books, but as if he thought we thought so." In this rough epigram

I am disposed to think is contained the definition of what constitutes real eloquence, — the sympathy, at least for the time, of the speaker and the hearer. As so many men have said, the audience teaches the speaker, not what he is to say, perhaps, but how he is to say it.

But on all that matter the diligent reader had better refer to Mr. Everett's own preface to Webster's orations.

Writing in 1856, eleven years after his return from London, Mr. Everett says of the American community of the first quarter of the century, that the great events and the anniversaries of the last half century " were well adapted to excite the minds of youthful writers and speakers and to give a complexion to their thoughts and style. They produced, if I mistake not, in the community at large, a feeling of comprehensive patriotism, which I fear has, in a considerable degree, passed away. While it lasted, it prompted a strain of sentiment which does not now, as it seems to me, find a cordial response from the people in any part of the country. Awakened from the pleasing visions of former years by the fierce recriminations and dark forebodings of the present day, I experience the feel-

ing of the ancient dreamer when cured of his harmless delusions: —

> "'—me occidistis, amici,
> Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas,
> Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error.'" [1].

This seems to me, writing in 1902, to be a very pathetic sign of the time. He wrote it in the midst of the recriminations which preceded the war. You can hardly make a Massachusetts man believe to-day that our Massachusetts Legislature refused to display the United States flag on the State House of Massachusetts. And I fancy that to-day any Mississippi man would be scandalized if I reprinted Logan's fine remark, when speaking of that State in 1863, "They do not know the American flag when they see it, they do not know anything good, they do not know anything at all." Certainly, in 1902, nobody says such things, and I do not think there are many people who believe them.

[1] "'—ah, friends,' he cried,
'You meant to save me. Better far have died!'
For when they snatched away his joy, they took
The gracious error which had blessed his life."

DANIEL WEBSTER

The poet Lowell had left college for a few months when he went into Boston, on the 9th of November, 1838, "to look out for a place in business." I think I never pass the rather grotesque Parthenon front of our old Court House in Boston without thinking of that walk of Lowell's, as he came through Cambridge Street into Court Street. Observe that at ten o'clock on that 9th of November he meant to go into mercantile life. "I was induced, *en passant*, to step into the United States District Court, where there was a case pending in which Webster was one of the counsel retained. I had not been there an hour before I determined to continue in my profession (of the law) and study as well as I could!" This was what happened to Lowell when he was nineteen years old. I may as well say here that he studied law seriously and to such purpose that when it came to be his turn to be a diplomatist in Spain and in England he knew perfectly well what he was about, and had no superior in his business.

I tell that story because it shows the sort of impression which Mr. Webster made on all intelligent people. I have quoted above what

DANIEL WEBSTER.
From a daguerreotype.

Charles Sprague, who was an excellent critic, said of him fourteen years before. But Webster himself says, "Eloquence does not consist in speech; it is derived from the man, the subject, and from the occasion."

The theory of the Hall of Statuary in Washington is that each State shall furnish a statue of the two most distinguished men in its history. I think most men who care for history would say that the two most distinguished Massachusetts men, since 1620, have been Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Webster; Benjamin Franklin is mentioned in any history of modern times, Daniel Webster in any history of America.

But it so happened that Massachusetts drove Benjamin Franklin away when he was seventeen years old. He served the State afterward at a very important crisis as her agent in England; but he lived in Philadelphia, in London, and in Paris.

So we could not have Franklin's statue in the Statuary Hall, because he did not live in Boston. That was his misfortune and ours. On the other hand, Daniel Webster was born in New Hampshire. He came to Boston to study law with Christopher Gore in the year 1804, almost precisely as Benjamin Franklin went to Phila-

delphia to study life when he was a little younger. In 1816 Mr. Webster came to Boston to live, and Massachusetts was his home from that time until he died in 1852. But his statue cannot be in the Statuary Hall for Massachusetts, because he was not born there.

For the same reason which keeps him out, Benjamin Franklin is kept out from the Pennsylvania statues. Of the two statues of Pennsylvania, the first is of Robert Fulton, who would be left out by the rule by which Massachusetts left out Franklin. Of the other most of my present readers never heard. I should like the guess of those who are not informed as to the two which Massachusetts has there. New Hampshire gave a home to Daniel Webster in the Hall. Fortunately, the Nation has had no such restrictions as bound Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. In the decision as to the Hall of Fame in New York last year, Washington and Lincoln stand first. In the second rank are Franklin and Webster, "tied" in an even vote. When the busts of these two statesmen are erected, it will be literally true that the stones which the builders rejected stand very near the head of the corner. And in the Capitol, where Franklin is left out from the statuary halls, he does stand

with John Hancock by the staircase in the Senate corridor.

All this by way of preface to my own personal recollection of Mr. Webster, who removed to Boston from Portsmouth six years after my father arrived there. I think they had known each other at Exeter. I think my father had once or twice taken Ezekiel Webster's place in his school at Kingston Street in Boston when Ezekiel was not well. What I know is, that from the time Mr. Webster came to Boston the two families were very intimate with each other. Mr. Webster had been a member of Congress from New Hampshire, and his war speeches, which are important and very interesting, were made when he represented New Hampshire. In 1814 his house in Portsmouth was burned down, and I think it was always a grief to him that the library which he had already collected, which was of interest and value, was destroyed. According to his biographers, who knew, I suppose, it was this misfortune which determined him on leaving New Hampshire. He went to Albany to consider the advantages which that city offered for his residence and practice of the law. One cannot read all this without asking what would have happened IF —

Here was the first statesman of his time; here was the first orator of his time; here was the most remarkable American of the nineteenth century. If he had lived in Albany for the rest of his life, what would the history of New York and of the United States have been? Would the politics of New York have been what John Quincy Adams called them in 1829 — one of the devil's own unaccountables? Would the influence of that State, from Burr's time to Marcy's, have been turned steadily in the scale of the Southern oligarchy? These are interesting questions for people who like to ask questions which are useless. They are thrown out now for the benefit of old gentlemen of eighty who are living in their comfortable homes on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, whose mails have been broken up by freshets, so that they have heard nothing from the modern world for the last few weeks. We will not consider them any longer.

My father had had a similar question before him when he went to Troy in the autumn of 1805. He had decided to come to Boston, and had arrived here in the spring of 1806. Mr. Webster had decided to come to Boston, and he arrived here in 1816. His name appears in the Boston Directory of that day as residing in Som-

erset Street, from which he removed to Mount Vernon Street.

In the same year my father was married. I speak of this here because from the very beginning, so far as I can see, Mr. and Mrs. Webster were most intimate friends at our house. Almost every summer it was the habit of my father to go somewhere with him shooting. Boston men did that more then than they do now; I suppose there were more birds then. So it happened that in August, 1826, my father and mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Webster, and Judge Story and Judge Fay, went down to Sandwich and stayed for a week, more or less, at Fessenden's Tavern (the word hotel for an inn was hardly known in New England for many years afterward). I was a boy four years old, and Edward Webster, my nearest friend, having passed his birthday, was rated as five. We boys were forever together, and at that time it was that I first fired a gun. This was very likely Mr. Webster's gun. The gentlemen came home from shooting one afternoon, and there was a barrel which had not been emptied. I was permitted to rest it over a rail and fire it at a shingle. I did this with awful terror, but was greatly pleased when I had succeeded and was not killed.

I tell this in detail simply to speak of Mr. Webster's abundant kindness to children always. One of my earliest recollections is of sitting at a large table at his house in Summer Street, when we were all playing "commerce" together. I said: "I have not got a counter left. I wonder if there is any friend who will lend me some?" Mr. Webster was sitting next me; with characteristic tenderness and lavishness, he said, "Edward, so long as I live you shall never say you have not a friend," and pushed over as many of the red and white counters as I needed.

My intimacy with Edward Webster continued all through our school and college life; indeed, till he threw away his life in the Mexican War. Mr. Webster's intimacy with my father continued till his death, and naturally, therefore, I saw him much more than most boys or young men could have seen a man of his age.

There is a good anecdote, which is not one of my remembrances, but which is perfectly well authenticated, that when he was delivering one of his great addresses, Mrs. Webster was in the gallery of the church, where she had taken Edward, my little friend, I suppose in order that he might remember hearing his father on a critical occasion. In the course of the address, Mr.

Webster, in his most vigorous way, cried out, "Will any man dare say" — so that the child was himself impressed with the folly of any person contradicting his father, and in a clear voice he replied from the gallery, "No, Pa!"

On my first visit at Washington, I called at Mr. Webster's at once. This must have been in 1843. He was Secretary of State. I have never forgotten the ease and simplicity with which, at dinner, he kept the conversation on such things as would interest a young man, and in particular would interest a person who had just before been engaged in teaching. He went back to speak of his old days as a schoolmaster, when, once or twice, my father had taken his place. I had spoken of my interest in botany, and he began talking about Linnæus's letters, with which he was quite familiar, and from which he cited curious things. I, alas! had never seen Linnæus's letters. Then, because I had been a master in the Latin School, he brought the conversation round to Thirlwall's "History of Greece," which he had read with interest. Alas! I had never read Thirlwall's "History of Greece." I do not think that there was the least wish to overpower a youngster in this; it was merely the ease with

which he adapted himself to the man whom he was meeting.

I was afterward the very intimate friend of George Jacob Abbot, who was Mr. Webster's confidential secretary when he was Secretary of State under Fillmore. Mr. Abbot used to say that Mr. Webster would rise early in the morning, light his own fire, and work for three hours by himself, really finishing in that time all the business of the day. He knew only too well that "Mr. Unexpected" would take the rest of the day. Accordingly, just when they were all getting to their morning work in the Department, where the hours required attendance at nine o'clock, Mr. Webster would come in as if he were the most unoccupied man in the world. He would stand in front of the fire and say, "Mr. Abbot, what do you think of Pope's rendering of such and such a line in the 'Iliad'? Do you think the Greek word bears this and that? Send a boy for the volume, and let us look at it together." There was perhaps a pretence that he had not been at work at his desk for three hours, just as these gentlemen were beginning to clear off the dockets which they had left over from yesterday.

Strange to say, I do not remember the first

time I ever heard Mr. Webster speak. The first time I ever heard him speak in court was in a case in the Supreme Court at Washington, where he was counsel for the Girard heirs in an effort which they made to overthrow the Girard will. It did not seem to me that his heart was much in the matter. It is in that speech that he made a eulogy on the profession of a minister, which was much cited at that time. Girard had provided in the will that no person who had been ordained to the ministry of religion should ever be permitted inside the walls of his building. In fact, the arrangement has worked no harm, and probably has done some good, in the way in which Girard meant it should.

At that time in Washington I used to go and hear Mr. Webster whenever I could. I remember, in another case in the Supreme Court, a prophetic expression of scorn with which he tore to pieces the claim that something was done "under the rights of police" in a certain city. He said, what proved true enough, that some of us might live to see the time when the imperial Nation should assert its rights over all claims of local police. But the present reader in 1902 must remember that in 1844 the word "police" was new, in the sense in which we use it, as, indeed,

the thing itself was new. The word was familiar enough as describing local regulations. But men were only beginning to understand how far and how often such local regulations might claim to take precedence of national law. Thus, in the year 1844, South Carolina, under a "police regulation," was keeping all free black men in her jails, from the time they arrived in her seaports until the time when their vessels sailed again.

I saw Mr. Webster's power most distinctly on the occasion of what we still call in Boston *the* Faneuil Hall Speech, although he must have spoken in Faneuil Hall hundreds of times. *The* Faneuil Hall Speech, among the men of that time, meant an address of his delivered in September, 1841. I was not then on the staff of the *Daily Advertiser* properly, but it was known that we should need the speech in shorthand, and there were not many shorthand writers, so I was drawn in to do my share of our shorthand report of it. I think this is the report printed in his works. I had, of course, a favorable seat on the platform at Faneuil Hall. The occasion was one of intense interest. The whole North was committed to the Whig party. That party had succeeded in the choice of Harrison. Harrison had

died, and John Tyler, as weak a specimen, if you except Franklin Pierce, as ever was pushed into a place so important, had survived as President. Most of the Cabinet, including all who were supposed to be Mr. Henry Clay's particular friends, withdrew, but Mr. Webster retained his place, for reasons known to himself. The whole body of the Whig party was uneasy about this, and would have been glad to have him resign. He wanted to have some opportunity of meeting his friends, and the appointment for this meeting had been made in consequence. Men gathered from every part of the North to hear this address. I have often seen Faneuil Hall crowded, but I never saw it crowded as it was then. There was not a seat in the hall; men were standing as close as they could be packed; they had to have their hats on because there was no place for the stiff silk hats if they had taken them off, and I remember saying, as we looked down, that a bird could run about on the tops of the hats. There was a universal expectation that he would outline his future course, and probably give instruction for the movement of the Northern part of the party. I look back to it, therefore, as a particular exertion of personal power. He used, in opening, the phrase

which is constantly quoted, "When I look down upon this sea of upturned faces." He did not speak five minutes before he came to what was the real nucleus of the address.

"If any man comes here with any expectation that I shall make any revelation of the policy of the Administration, or of any future action, he will go hence as wise as he came here." This in his most solemn low tones, which people often try to imitate without any success. Then, pausing for a moment as if to enjoy the surprise of the assembly, he went on: "This day's sun will set, leaving me as free to act as duty calls, as when — " and by that time the whole assembly was cheering with the utmost enthusiasm. That sentence was never finished, and this whole assembly of three or four thousand men, some of whom had come a thousand miles to hear him, were rapturously applauding him because he said he would not do the very thing they had expected him to do and wanted him to do.

It is popularly said, and I suppose it is true, that at about that time Mr. Webster tried to make the great manufacturing interests of the North understand that a breach was inevitable between the North and the South, and that any dalliance with any Southern party was no longer

to be hoped for. It is said, and I believe, that Mr. Webster would have been glad then to take the lead at once of the enthusiasm of the North, and to unite the strong feeling latent in the North in some such wave of indignation as united it in 1861. It is said, and I believe, that the leaders of the manufacturing interest failed him, and that it was with a heartsick feeling that he returned to Washington, and that he never had any hearty personal enthusiasm when he played into the hands of our Southern enemies in supporting the compromise measures. This is certain, that the night before he made the speech of March 7, 1850, such men as Stephen Phillips, and other Massachusetts men who were committed to the antislavery feeling of the North, supposed that that speech was to be made in opposition to the compromises which, in fact, Mr. Webster sustained.

I do not know that I should have gone into these little personal reminiscences but for this, that they give me an opportunity to say one thing which ought to be said. Between the years 1826 and 1852, when he died, I must have seen him thousands of times. I must have read thousands of letters from him. I have been I know not how often at his house. My father,

as I say, was his intimate friend. Now, it was to me a matter of the utmost personal surprise when I found, gradually growing up in this country, the impression that Mr. Webster was often, not to say generally, overcome with liquor, in the latter years of his life. I should say that a third part of the anecdotes of him which you find afloat now have reference to occasions when it was supposed that, under the influence of whiskey, he did not know what he was doing. I like to say, therefore, that in the course of twenty-six years, running from the time I was four years old to the time when I was thirty, I never had a dream or thought that he cared anything about wine or liquor — certainly I never supposed that he used it to excess. What is more, I know that my own father, who lived to the year 1864, heard such stories as these with perfect disgust and indignation. This is a good place to print my opinion that this class of stories has been nourished, partly carelessly and partly from worse motives ; and that they are not to be taken as real indications of the habit or life of the man.

THE HISTORIANS

CHAPTER II

THE HISTORIANS

IT was by rather a curious chance, as I believe, that a little coterie of historians was brought up in Boston, in the first half of the century. Dr. Palfrey, the oldest of the company, called my attention to the circumstances which seem to have led the earlier studies of these men.

He himself was born in Boston, in 1795. He was the successor of Edward Everett as the minister of Brattle Square Church, the fourth in age of the Boston Congregational churches. He afterward became Professor of Sacred Literature at Cambridge, and a member of Congress. He devoted his later years to his history of New England.

He said to me that, from two or three causes, it happened that the Public Libraries of Boston and of the College were especially strong in the line of history. He said that on this account alone Prescott, Motley, and he himself were drawn, almost without knowing it, into histori-

cal research. You might almost say that there was nothing else they could read, except the Latin and Greek classics. Bancroft was born in Worcester, studied at Cambridge and Göttingen, and after some years at the Round Hill School, Northampton, removed to Boston. Jared Sparks, who took to historical research as a duck takes to water, lived in Boston or Cambridge after he left the active ministry of the Unitarian Church.

And what built up these historical libraries, so strong in "Americana" even to this day?

In 1787 Jeremy Belknap, who had published his "History of New Hampshire" as early as 1784, came back to Boston, where he was born. With several Boston scholars, whose names are not wholly forgotten there, he established the Massachusetts Historical Society. The society made the first considerable public library, which was of course a historical library. It is now one of the most prosperous Historical Societies in the world, and its elegant library is one of the finest buildings in Boston. I am apt to say that the Dowse room is the most elegant room in Boston. It is, unless the Latin School parlor shares that distinction.

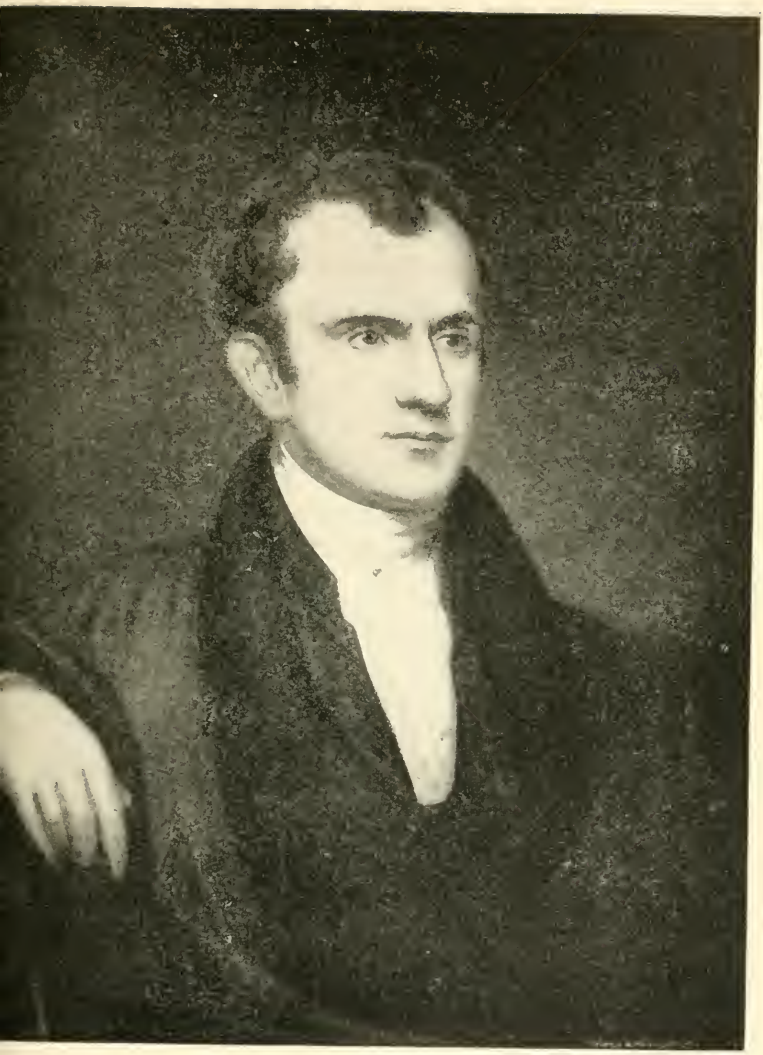
JOHN GORHAM PALFREY

Dr. Palfrey, then Mr. Palfrey, christened me on the 19th of May, 1822. I know the date, for I have before me the bill of the "hackman" who took my father, my mother, and the nurse who bore poor me — six weeks old — to the church. Alas! I was counted as nothing in the "hackman's" inventory. [Mem. to outlanders; hackman is New Englandese for coachman, if the coach be hired.] From that time until he died Dr. Palfrey was a kind and thoughtful friend of mine, and, to a generation which does not know him so well, I like to bear my little tribute to his great worth. He was proud of his Massachusetts descent from John Palfrey, one of four pioneers to pioneers, who were in the "Bay" even before Endicott. This is all Greek to all but the people of the Bay. But they, if they be of true metal, understand.

His father was among the early settlers of New Orleans, after the purchase of Louisiana, and thrived there. The son lived a life quite different as minister of Brattle Street and professor at Cambridge. When the father died, it proved that his plantations had many slaves

upon them. If the property were equally divided among his children, forty or fifty of these slaves would "belong" to the Cambridge professor. The Louisiana members of the family knew that he would not like to own slaves, and proposed such a division of the property that the Louisiana heirs might keep the slaves, and our Dr. Palfrey receive something else. No! He would take his share, and in 1838 he went on to New Orleans, received his living chattels, and brought them on to lands of freedom. He placed them, as he best could, with people in the West who would take care of them; but he had a few left with him when he arrived in Boston.

This was a practical, I might say wholesale, bit of abolition, at a time when "Antislavery," so-called, was not popular in the North, least of all among the people who surrounded Dr. Palfrey. He had himself borne his testimony against the methods of Garrison and the other leaders. But people believe in deeds more than in words, and, whether he was an "Abolitionist" or not in paper definitions, he became a leader in the counsels of the Free Soil people and the Republicans. He was one of the editors of the *Commonwealth*. His history of New England is called



JOHN G. PALFREY.
From a painting.

dull, perhaps, but it embodies years of hard work, and no genuine New Englander is well equipped unless he has it at hand.

JARED SPARKS

Jared Sparks, a Vermont boy, was a Cambridge graduate of the year 1815 at Harvard College.

This was at the time when what is called in New England the "Unitarian Controversy" was beginning. Sparks had chosen the ministry for his profession, and was ordained at Baltimore in May, 1819. He at once showed his careful training in a series of volumes made up from the writings of the best English writers for centuries past. He was Chaplain of the National House of Representatives in 1821. His health was not sufficient for the duties of his calling, as he estimated them, and he resigned the Baltimore pulpit in 1823. He spent many years in Europe and in each of the thirteen States in collecting materials for the history of the United States and the Life of Washington.

He afterward edited the *American Almanac* and the *North American Review*. In 1838 he accepted the chair of History in Harvard College.

He became President of the college afterward, from 1849 to 1853. As early as the administra-

tion of John Quincy Adams, he was appointed editor of the "Diplomatic Correspondence" of the country, that first series which is now invaluable to students.[1] My father was a printer, and printed one or two volumes of the book; and I suppose it was this which brought Mr. Sparks to the house often. Whatever was the cause, his presence was always a delight to us children. While he was in the room, books and slates and pencils and paper were pushed away, that we might hear him talk. It seems to me now that I have never seen a man's face which, while strong and efficient, had the same tokens of tenderness. Powers's bust gives some idea of this, and seems to me one of the best portrait busts I ever saw.

He was already collecting materials for his Life of Washington. This meant that he was going from State to State, and from one capital in western Europe to another, to examine, and, if he could, to collect, original documents as to the days of Washington. He picked up anecdotes in this way which brought us, in the thirties of the lately defunct century, into quite close touch with the Revolutionary days.

Lafayette told Sparks this story, at La Grange,

[1] That edition was out of print long since. Dr. Wharton edited the new edition.

Lafayette's home, about the year 1828. Once when he had returned to France in our Revolution, two young princes came to see him, who wanted to join him here, really for the frolic of the adventure. Lafayette thought he ought to warn them that all was not sunshine here, and reminded them that they would have to rough it sometimes. "Certainly, certainly," said one of the princes. "But how little a man needs! With an omelette and a dish of soup, he has enough." The young nobleman thus named, as Lafayette observed, the two articles of diet which at that time could not be found in America between Maine and Georgia.

Bust of Jared Sparks.

When I was in college, Mr. Sparks was appointed Professor of History. I think he was the first Professor of History in any American college, and no happier appointment could have been made here, for a new system. The Sparks profes-

sorship was named for a certain Mr. Fisher, and I am afraid that its first service to the cause of history consists in its preservation of that gentleman's memory. Ours was the first class which heard Sparks's lectures. Most entertaining they were, he had seen so many of the surviving actors of the generation before his own. At this moment, any one who wants to read American history of those times will do well to go to Cambridge and to get, in some proper way, permission to read the Sparks manuscripts. A key will be given to him, as erst to Bluebeard's wife. Then he will be directed to an elegant mahogany sarcophagus, modelled, I think, after the tomb of Scipio. Let him bravely open this tomb and read. After four or five weeks of such joy, he will know more of some of the heroes of the Revolution than any one man of their times did.

Dr. Sparks employed a good many undergraduates in copying for him. I was not one of them, but I knew them all. It was to one of them that he gave the golden rule for young authors: "Read your proof before you send your manuscript to the printer." By this he meant, Let your manuscript be so perfect that no one can mistake what you want to say, and that you shall be satisfied when you see yourself in type.

Let young authors know that this rule involves the great art of making yourself agreeable to editors.

GEORGE BANCROFT

GEORGE BANCROFT.
After a photograph by Fredricks.

My relations with Mr. Bancroft were intimate in many of the later years of his life, and even from my boyhood he was very kind to me. In the summer of 1834 I was sitting in the parlor, reading aloud to my mother, when my father came into the room smiling and said, "Here's Mr. Bancroft. The first volume of his history is finished, and it is to be put to press." Mr. Bancroft had called to advise with my father as to the printing of the first volume of his history.

He was a tall, black-haired young man, quick and active in his movements, and smiled with the same gracious smile which afterward for more than fifty years I knew so well. The preface of the first edition is dated on the 16th of June, 1834; in it he says: "I have formed the design of writing a history of the United States, from the discovery of the American continent to the present time." And near the end he says: "The work which I have undertaken will necessarily extend to four or perhaps five volumes."

In fact, the work extended to twelve volumes, and then came down only to the inauguration of George Washington as President.

Five years later, in 1839, I came to see him and know him as I have said, intimately. He had in the meanwhile removed his residence to Boston, where he had been appointed by President Van Buren Collector of the Customs. This is one of the truly serviceable ways which Mr. Van Buren's party discovered for showing their appreciation of men. Mr. Bancroft had loyally and courageously thrown himself into the Democratic balance while almost all of his old companions, the scholars and men of letters in New England, were opposed with the most deadly

hatred to Jackson and what they called "his crew." It proved, however, that Mr. Bancroft was not a bad man of business, and afterward, as Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Polk, he showed capacity for administration, — for original administration.

I had enlisted in the service of my native town of Boston as under-teacher in her Latin School; and, in a very bright class of boys who were interesting to me, found the two stepsons of Bancroft, William Davis Bliss, who afterward distinguished himself at the Bar in California, and Alexander Bliss, who was an active soldier in the Civil War, and is remembered with pleasure in Washington, which he made his after home. If I dared, I would print here Latin verses which the brothers Bliss wrote under my eye when they were in their teens.

Mr. Bancroft had an earnest and, I need not say, intelligent interest in the education of these fine boys, and from this interest it happened that he used to let me walk with him when he took his constitutional after his work was done. In those days people who had but little leisure, but who had some, used to "walk around the Common." This was an almost standard "constitutional." I remember one night, as we

walked through the Charles Street Mall, the moon rose just when the sun was setting; and Bancroft repeated in German Schiller's fine lines where he describes such a moonrise.

It is now the fashion of the younger race of historical students to make fun of Mr. Bancroft, as if he did not rise to their heights or sink to their depths, and as if he did not handle with care the original authorities. For this ridicule or contempt there is really no foundation but that he does not like to be dull, as some men do; and undoubtedly he worked a good deal over the style of his writing. He told me once that when he had been digging among old manuscripts or public documents he never permitted himself to write until he had read a chapter or two of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." Now, you may be sure that Dr. Sparks never took any such trouble as that, nor Richard Hildreth. No! nor dear Dr. Palfrey. Prescott did, and Motley, and Irving, and who will may observe the difference. For one, I am much obliged to anybody who tries to make it easy for me to read. According to me, you might as well write with white ink on white paper as write anything in a language so dull that nobody wants to read it.

This is true, that Bancroft was an American from the end of the whitest hair on his head down to the end of the toe of his winter arctics. He believed that "the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy." [1] He believed in the government of the people for the people by the people. It was very hard, therefore, in any special case to persuade him that the people intentionally did wrong. But he could give way to the evidence. And no grandson of a Revolutionary officer could cajole him or frighten him into saying that the grandfather did right on some occasion when Bancroft thought he did wrong.

Also, Mr. Bancroft believed in God, and that the Power who makes for righteousness takes an interest in human affairs. For instance, he really believed that there is a course in history, and that events are not in a state of constant happening; that there is a divine element of human life in history, of which a wise man, though he be only a small arc in the curve himself, can know something and can tell something. I believe that the fine exquisites of the modern school have no such faith. I believe that they think that events are not events,

[1] Lyman Abbott's prescription.

that everything happens, and you might as well read history from the bottom of the page to the top as from the top to the bottom. Mr. Bancroft had no such theory of human life.

Here is a little scrap from a private note which is perfectly characteristic of the man: —

"Truth is the first object. If you detected any errors of omission or commission, I hope you will send me the list of them.

"And let me ask if you met with any words which offended you as obsolete. One of my Eastern critics, mixing up praise of the book for 'great vivacity and interest,' adds: 'I only regret that Little & Brown did not send out the glossary of obsolete words, which one requires almost as much as in Chaucer. These blemishes would sink an ordinary work. They are mere youthful affectations, and will, I have no doubt, disappear in the next edition.' Tell me candidly if this criticism has a *soupçon* of justice to it. I am not aware of what gave rise to it; but if a justifying cause for it exist, I want to know it."

I had called his attention to his mistake in his original account of Bunker Hill, in which he cited a despatch of Burgoyne's. I had even told

him that if he had given at the bottom of the page a reference to the despatch, he would have saved himself the mistake. I was at that time hardly half his age, and I would not tell the story now, but to say that to the happy accident by which I corrected a few trifling errors like this I owed the flow of a stream of friendship which I constantly enjoyed for all the rest of his life.

Mr. Bancroft from the first to the last was most generous in giving the use of his invaluable records to any one who wanted them. In Europe he had collected manuscripts which were simply priceless. One is glad to say that now they are the property of the Lenox Library, and anybody who is at work on any historical subject may go into that matchless library of his and work an hour, or a day, or a week, as he likes.

I never heard Mr. Bancroft speak with regret of his inability to bring up his history to the period in which he was writing. As I have said, the preface to the first volume, in the first edition, expresses his hope that in five volumes he should bring up the history "to the present time." The present time was 1833. In fact, the twelve volumes of the history come to the

adoption of the Federal Constitution. We who were younger used to laugh about his slow progress, though I do not remember that I ever dared call his attention to it. But, in fact, the great critical volume, the volume on the outbreak of the American Revolution, while it covers but eighteen months of history, was four years later in date than the volume which preceded it; and among ourselves we used to say that this fortune was like that of the frog who hopped up two feet every day in the well which was his prison and fell down three feet every night.

But, in truth, it is quite as well that Mr. Bancroft's attention should have been concentrated on the years to which he gave his life as a historian. Alas, we know so little of what passes in our own time! And Mr. Adams, with the resources open to him, has been able to write for us a much better history of the reigns of Jefferson and Madison than Mr. Bancroft could have done twenty years before, with the resources open to him. Here I speak with some personal feeling. In the spring of the year 1880 I received from the editors of Bryant and Gay's History a somewhat urgent appeal, begging me to write at once for them their chapters covering the period from 1801 to 1812, because there had

been a mistake in the arrangements for that history. It is one of the admirable composite histories invented in our later times, in which the different chapters are confided to different hands. In the very short time assigned to me I did the best I could; and, as poor Pilate said, "what is written is written." But as soon as I had the good fortune to read Mr. Adams's volumes, I had the regret, I will not say the mortification, to see that about half of what I had written was all wrong. I had taken the outside view, that which men chose to print in newspapers and public documents. Now, in the cabinets which had been thrown open to Mr. Adams in England, in France, and in Washington, he had the daily photograph, the snap-shots, which reveal the inner motives of the men who acted.

Mr. Bancroft was quite sure that it was he who made James Knox Polk President of the United States; and to the last he thought that he did the country great service by doing so. Indeed, it was a little curious to me to see that a man of his wide sweep — a man who was accustomed to generalize very freely — could persuade himself that Mr. Polk was an important person in any way; or, indeed, that his

election was anything but a misfortune to the country. All the same, Mr. Bancroft did think so, and he would tell the story of the crisis in the nominating Convention, in which he introduced Mr. Polk — a "dark horse" — and rallied to this new banner the support of both factions, which had been in contention in the Democratic Convention. What followed, naturally enough, was a close and cordial intimacy between him and Mr. Polk, in whose Cabinet Mr. Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy. And I feel sure that he told me that, at Mrs. Polk's request, he had prepared, or was preparing, a life of Mr. Polk. This, I think, has never been published. He showed me Mr. Polk's very full diary, written out neatly and elegantly, which will one day come to light, with some very curious views, I fancy, on the politics of the time.

There is an anecdote of the day, worth quoting, that when Henry Clay, who was the opposition candidate, received the news of Mr. Polk's nomination, he said, with an oath, "Beat again! A new man!" In truth the election was very close. The defection of the Liberty party in New York to Mr. Birney lost the State of New York to Mr. Clay, and Mr. Polk was chosen.

I like to remember my visits at Newport to

Mr. Bancroft in his beautiful summer home. We may say what we choose about fashion, but fashion is apt to choose well in its choice of its resorts. At Newport you have what for northern climates is to be called the kingdom of heaven upon earth, so far as physical conditions go — that is to say, you have your south wind off the sea. And at Newport one does not wonder that the hardly pressed Algonquin aborigines of New England conceived of heaven as a region in the southwest.

One of the pleasantest nooks of the eastern side of Newport was Mr. Bancroft's summer home, and here he had his roses. He was no mere dabster or amateur about roses, to go out in the morning and snip off some beautiful blossoms, of whose birth and growth he knew nothing. He was really a fellow-worker with God in bringing those roses to their perfection. Now, a perfect rose is the most exquisite visible symbol which we have of what happens when man the child works with God the Father, and when together they bring about what they are working for. It is therefore, always a pleasure to recollect that Bancroft and Francis Parkman, in the midst of their hard work that we might know something, had heart

and time and insight and inspiration and determination and courage enough to help the world forward in the creation of perfect roses.

RICHARD HILDRETH

The country owes a great deal to the diligence with which Richard Hildreth collected the materials for his history of the United States, published between the years 1849 and 1856. But the book has never been what is called a popular book. It is one instance more of the failure of a brilliant story-teller when he comes down to hard-pan, as the ungodly say, and has to address himself to the business of narrative where he is, so to speak, chained by his facts.

As early as 1836 Mr. Hildreth wrote a very brilliant novel, "Archy Moore, or the White Slave." In Mr. Howells's "Reminiscences" he has told us the impression that that book made on him even in his boyhood. If anybody chose to look up my college themes, he would find my review of the book written at the time it was printed.

But Mr. Hildreth, like so many other men who hold a light pen, was chained to the galley oar of journalism through the greater part of his literary life.

He lived in Boston, and I should have known him personally, but that he was the editor of the *Atlas*, which was the rival daily to the *Advertiser*, which was in our family.

When the novelist Smollett was set to the job of writing the history of England, he made one of the stupidest books which it has been the duty of people afterward to read. Walter Scott did not fare much better when he wrote the "Life of Napoleon." Mr. Hildreth's book is much more readable than either of these, but it carries with it the fault that it is written while many of the men are alive whose work is to be explained, and the secrets are not unlocked which they have taken care to guard. At this moment we know a great deal more of the history of the Revolution, one hundred

RICHARD HILDRETH.

and twenty-five years ago, than Washington or Franklin or John Adams knew. They knew some things that we do not know and nobody ever will know; but we know many more which were hidden from them. Men in political life are specially disposed to "cover their tracks" as the slang phrase has it. They keep a great deal concealed. "Argus-eyed press" tries to make us believe that it sees everything; but it does not see everything. Indeed it sees curiously little. And a history made from newspapers alone is a very poor history.

For this reason Mr. Hildreth's History, like many other books of good authority which could be named, presents itself to the reader as a digest of public documents, and we do not get the local color, or what the artists like to call the broken lights of the foreground.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

I must not say that my own relations with Mr. Prescott were intimate, but they were cordial. Mr. Prescott, like Mr. Bancroft, had no jealousies, and always did a favor to another student if he could.

Of one of such favors I enjoyed the results, in a droll way, long after his death.

I was a youngster in my last year in college, when the President, Josiah Quincy, sent for me. He said, very pleasantly, that he thought I should like after I left college to earn my own living; or, as he put it, to be independent of my father in matters of money. I said that that was certainly my wish. Then he said that Mr. Prescott had told him he might offer me the position of his reader or amanuensis, a proposal which I received with joy. As the reader probably knows, Prescott was nearly blind. In some college foolery in commons some one struck his eye with a heavy crust of bread and wounded it so that, for the purposes of reading, both of his eyes were eventually

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.
From a stipple engraving.

useless. One likes to say in parenthesis that Prescott would never tell the name of the fool by whose carelessness he lost his sight.

Now, Prescott had finished his "Ferdinand and Isabella" with only such aid in reading and writing as he had from an assistant who did not know the Spanish language. This man did not even take the pains to acquire the very simple rules for its pronunciation, and he read the Spanish words to Mr. Prescott as if they were English. When, in the winter of 1838–1839, Prescott was well at work on his Cortes, he determined to have a reader who could understand and pronounce Spanish, and had permitted Mr. Quincy to ask me to fill the place. As I have said, I was delighted, and I said so. So I went to see Mr. Prescott, who was kindness itself and engaged me. I had to confess that I did not read Spanish, but I told him I would get it up at once, and in fact I went to dear old Francis Sales, the Spanish teacher at Cambridge, and entered with him as a special student.

But, alas and alas! that happy week was not over before I received a courteous note from Mr. Prescott to say that he found that a friend of his had definitely offered the place of reader to another person, and that this young gentleman

had accepted it. There was nothing for me but to bear my disappointment and to give up my hopes of seeing the Cortes in my own handwriting. Prescott was most kind and thoughtful in the whole business.

PRESCOTT'S HOME AT PEPPERELL, MASS.
From an engraving by J. Kirk.

Now see what followed. Forty-three years after, I was in Madrid. I had gone there to make some studies and collect some books for the history of the Pacific, which, with a prophetic instinct, I have always wanted to write. Different friends gave me letters of introduction, and among others the gentlemen of the Spanish Embassy here were very kind to me.

They gave me four such letters, and when I was in Madrid and when I was in Seville it seemed as though every door flew open for me and every facility was offered me.

It was not until I was at home again that I came to know the secret of these most diligent civilities. I still had one of my Embassy letters which I had never presented. I read it for the first time, to learn that I was the coadjutor and friend of the great historian Prescott through all his life, that I was his assistant through all his historical work, and, indeed, for these reasons, no American was more worthy of the consideration of the gentlemen in charge of the Spanish archives. It was certainly by no fault of mine that an exaggeration so stupendous had found its way to the Spanish Legation. Somebody had said, what was true, that Prescott was always good to me, and that our friendship began when he engaged me as his reader. And, what with translating this simple story, what with people's listening rather carelessly and remembering rather carelessly, by the time my letters were drafted I had become a sort of "double" of Mr. Prescott himself. I hope that I shall never hear that I disgraced him.

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving is the senior in the group of the American historians. He was one year older than my father. I might have known him earlier and better than I did but for an unfortunate fit of modesty, such as belongs, perhaps, to a man's twentieth year. In the summer of 1840 I had escaped from the daily duty of school-keeping, and four of us highly determined that we would take our vacation in what was then a long journey — I think to each of us the longest of our lives. We were to go to New York by the route through the Sound, we were to go up the North River to Catskill and West Point, and then from Albany we were to go by stage-coach to Springfield, and so by Springfield to Boston. Let the economical reader observe that my father, hav-

WASHINGTON IRVING.
Painted by D. Wilkie at Seville, April 23, 1828.

ing built the railway from Boston to Springfield, could give us free passes home. I remember my brother said of the journey that we spent Sunday in Springfield because we had nothing else to spend there.

This is too long a preface, but it may stand as explaining how I came to be in New York for the first time, and, in a fashion, why I did not see Irving while I was there. My dear uncle Alexander Everett had been good enough to give me a cordial note of introduction to Bryant, who was editing the *Evening Post* in New York, and one to Irving, who was living at Tarrytown. When we came to New York my courage failed me, and I did not dare go to see Bryant. I knew, of course, that I could give him no pleasure; I knew also that I should take something of his time; and I kept the letter, not to present it to him until twenty-five years had gone by.

As to Irving, just the same difficulties presented themselves. The letter to Irving remained unused from 1840 to 1859. In that year I made my first visit to Niagara, and, by way of picking up a dropped stitch, I went round by New York and the Hudson and stopped at Tarrytown, provided with the

letter of introduction, now eighteen years old, and with another one given me by Edward Everett. Irving was cordiality itself in his welcome of me and of a young friend who was my fellow-traveller. He showed us the places of historical interest around his beautiful Sunnyside, and, best of all, he talked with the greatest freedom of his work in history. I pleased him by telling him with how much pleasure I was reading aloud at home the closing volume of his "Life of Washington," and I said that he had the power, which few people have, of giving to diplomacy and matters of state the interest which is supposed to belong to adventure and to battle. This pleased him, and I remember he said that "rub-a-dub and roro-toro" were more apt to catch the ear than more quiet discussions of the Cabinet and of the Senate.

Irving's relation to the literature of the country, and especially to its historical literature, make a very important part of any connected history of the century. His welcome to me in 1859 was an echo from a former generation. He had been living in London for a year or more when Alexander Everett wrote him from Madrid that Navarette's book on the

original Columbus papers had been published, and that it would be a good thing if he would translate it or otherwise prepare it for American readers. Irving was well pleased at the suggestion, and came to Madrid, where Mr. Everett considered him as a Secretary of Legation, and there in that charming Spanish home Irving's career as a historian began.

MOTLEY AND PARKMAN

To return to Boston, certainly it is unusual that a little community, such as ours here, in the years between 1810 and 1850, should have educated a group of historians like Palfrey, Prescott, Motley, Parkman, and Higginson. The remark with which I began this chapter, is to be taken into account; I think that one has a right to say that the romance or picturesqueness of our early history in "the Bay" is to be considered also. In a way, you might say that all five of these men were educated in the same way, they were fitted for Harvard College in the Boston Schools, or the schools of the neighboring villages. Prescott graduated seventeen years before Motley; and Motley, only seventeen years old, graduated thirteen years before Parkman. As one of the little company who are

left of Professor Edward Tyrrel Channing's boys at Cambridge, it is a pleasure to me to say that he taught Motley and Parkman how to write English. This reader does not know that we old stagers think that if you give us one hundred pages of Harvard College nineteenth-century English, we can tell whether it were written by men who graduated before 1850, when Channing withdrew from his professorship, or after.

Miss Sullivan said of our dear Helen Keller, when she was asked why Helen Keller wrote better English than the group of other people who were in correspondence with her, "You forget that Helen never read any bad English." Motley and Parkman, heaven knows, had occasions enough to read bad English and bad French and bad Dutch and bad Algonquin; but some guardian genius or other, may I not say Edward Tyrrel Channing or his spirit? brooded over them, and the good English is there, as it is in what Higginson writes, as it was in what Emerson and Lowell and Holmes wrote.

When Mr. Webster and the short-lived Harrison dynasty came in, there was a chance to appoint such men as Motley to posts abroad; and he became, in 1841, Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. But he remained there only

eight months, and returned to America, not to enter the diplomatic service again until he was appointed to Vienna at the beginning of the Civil War. Charles Sumner told me once, that when Lincoln was making up his first lists of appointments, he affected to be a little annoyed by the pressure which New England, and especially Massachusetts, brought to bear. To tell the truth, we had some men in Massachusetts of whom we need not be ashamed, and one of them, Charles Francis Adams, was appointed to London, and another, John Lothrop Motley, to Vienna, two of the principal foreign appointments given to so small a State. When the last of these principal nominations was made, Lincoln said to Sumner, "Now, Mr. Sumner, I hope you will give me a little time before I hear from Massachusetts again." This was only a few days, however, before the 19th of April, 1861, when Sumner and Lincoln were together at the White House, and it was announced that the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment had fought its way through Baltimore, and was at the moment placed in garrison at the Capitol. Sumner said to Lincoln, with some satisfaction, "Mr. President, you are glad to hear from Massachusetts to-day."

I might attempt to review in a few lines the preposterous intrigues which made Motley throw up his appointment at Vienna, but I do not, partly because it is a pity to remember them, and again, because the whole story has been admirably told by Dr. Holmes. As a diplomatist in England, he was honored and beloved. He was fortunate, in that he had been acquainted somewhat intimately with Bismarck, when he was in Göttingen, in college. Let the reader recollect that as late as 1861 Prince Bismarck was so little known by the average American that his name was not included in Appleton's "Cyclopedia," the *B* volume of which was printed in that year. I have been amused and half provoked to find in some of the machine-made biographies of Motley, that his "History of the Dutch Republic," one of the world's standard histories to-day, was written as if by accident. It is told as if he drank his cup of coffee in the morning, and said, "What would you do to-day?" and somebody asked, "Why not write a history of the Dutch Republic?" and he said, "I think I will." The truth is, that he had been studying it for years; and when Prescott approached that subject, in the series of his histories, Motley explained to him how much

time and effort he had given to it, and placed himself and his material wholly at Prescott's disposal.

Holmes told me with the greatest pleasure once that Motley told him that two lines of Holmes's had been to him an inspiration and a direction. Motley had been living with his wife and his little children in one place and another in the Netherlands, so that he might read these time-stained manuscripts in crabbed Dutch, in preparation for his history. You might say that nobody in the world cared for it. His old friends even wondered why he exiled himself. Dutch! Why should a man like Motley bother himself about Dutch! There and thus came the moments of depression and discouragement. Holmes said that Motley told him that once when he was all worn out in his work, these two lines braced him up and helped him through,

> "Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
> But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip."

Holmes's very careful study of Motley's life, printed first in the Transactions of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is a book which will do no end of good to those young people, of whom there are none too many, to whom the literary career is something serious.

Motley was a through and through American. There are some very interesting reminiscences, some of which are written by Howells, who was our Consul-general in the Adriatic when Motley was at Vienna. I always recollect, with a certain amusement, the half despair and half fun with which he spoke to me just before he sailed for Europe in 1858. I met him and said to him, "Really, you give us very little time here." And he said: "Well, you have nothing in Boston for a man of leisure. I thought I should enjoy a few months of leisure after my work in Holland, but you will have to hang up in the harbor, across the channel between Fort Independence and Castle Winthrop, a banner which shall be inscribed with Boston's motto, 'No admittance except on business.'"

FRANCIS PARKMAN

Francis Parkman entered college just after I left it. The memoranda, only too brief, in Mr. Farnham's charming life, show how early his heart was set on the career which has proved so fortunate to his country and the world. "We see Parkman as a child, from eight to thirteen years of age, living on his grandfather's farm at Medford, where he developed his love of nature

by roaming in the woods of the Middlesex Fells." When a college student he followed on foot the route of Rogers from Lake Memphremagog to the Connecticut.

He was one of the first travellers to see Crawford's mountain house, at Mt. Washington, in 1841, having ridden up, on Tom Crawford's bridle path. He went to Maine to study the Indians near Bangor and to collect traditions of their wars with the Mohawks; and as early as 1842 he was mistaken for an Indian while at supper in a country tavern, in Cambridge, Vermont. It was as early as 1846 that he made his home for the summer with a party of Ogilallah Indians in that experience so invaluable to him afterward which he has described in the "Oregon Trail."

Such are perhaps sufficient illustrations of his determination to know what he is talking about when he writes history. He belongs to the realists of our century. Walter Scott did not choose to put lilies and roses into his poetry, but chose to name the weeds which the country people picked upon the hillsides. Parkman did not choose to describe the Indian march or the Indian village until he had tramped in one or lived in the other. And this will be found to be the

distinction between the school of history of today and that of the Humes, the Smolletts, the Gibbons and Mitfords. If anybody cares, it is this which makes the histories written in the last half century so much more entertaining than those written a hundred years before.

I lived too near to him to maintain any extensive correspondence with him. If I wanted to know anything, I asked him and he told me. I like to remember him as I saw him on the last day I ever spoke with him. He was an enthusiastic lover of flowers and he was sitting on a little walking stool which he carried with him in his garden, because he could not stand easily for any length of time. And we talked not of the Algonquin language, but of the flowers which he had brought into being by his own care. His name survives in the Lilium Parkmanii, a Japanese lily which by cultivation is magnified into such enormous size that an Englishman bought it for one thousand dollars in 1876. He also brought out new varieties of other flowers. The Bussey Institute published a list of the flowers of all sorts in his garden in Bulletin No. 15.

From my own autograph book I copy one note. When I wrote my history of Kansas and

Nebraska, he was one of the handful of white men who had ever seen the valley of the La Platte. I wrote to him to inquire about the wood which could be used by emigrants. This is his reply: —

July 28, 1854.

"It is so long since I was in the country to which you refer, that my recollection of it is a little faded. I crossed the Black Range twice, at different points, within fifty miles south of the North Fork of the Platte, and penetrated it elsewhere within the same limits. The chief growth is cottonwood and poplars; but there are pines and firs of very considerable size, though not in great number. In some of the valleys and gorges there is a thick growth of tall and slender spruces. No walnut is found. Pines of good size are sometimes to be seen on the adjacent open prairies, growing singly or in small groups. I did not penetrate the mountains between Laramie Plains and the head of the Arkansas, but from a little distance they often appear studded thickly with firs and pines. They are, in other places, quite bare. I should think that the country could supply pine timber enough to be of essential service to settlers, though they would have to rely chiefly on the sun-baked

bricks for building. If this region is ever good for anything, it will be for pasturage.

"You speak of the Arapahoe language. I remember trying to distinguish their words, but one might as well try to find articulate sounds in the growling 'of a bear.'"

As it happened, Parkman ascended Mt. Washington for the first time in the same summer in which I made my first ascent there. So it happens that I have at hand a copy of his journal of that summer. Here is a little scrap from it. Is not this good description for a boy in his eighteenth year?

"On each side, thousands of feet below, stretched a wide valley, girt with an amphitheatre of mountains rising peak after peak like the black waves of the sea, the clouds now sinking over their summits, now rising and breaking, disclosing yet more distant ranges, and thus settling thick and heavy so that nothing was visible but the savage rocks and avalanche slides of the neighboring mountains looming dimly through the mist. At length the clouds closed around and we could not even see one another, and we descended Mount Pleasant in darkness."

Parkman died on the 8th of November, 1893. My son Robert had a young student's enthusiasm for Parkman, but I am afraid they never met. Robert wrote this sonnet on his death: —

"With youth's blue sky and charming sunlight blest
And flushed with hope, he set himself to trace
The fading footprints of a banished race,
Unmindful of the storm-clouds in the west.
In silent pain and torments unconfessed,
Determination written on his face,
He struggled on, nor faltered in his pace
Until his work was done and he could rest.

"He was no frightened paleface stumbling through
An unknown forest, wandering round and round.
Like his own Indians, with instinct fine,
He knew his trail, though none saw how he knew;
Reckoned his time and reached his camping ground
Just as the first white stars began to shine."

How pleasant a thing it would be to give here even a little sketch of the work of Mr. Higginson as a historian. In the wide range of his duties, as soldier, preacher, poet, and indeed, liberator of mankind in general, he does not forget that he descends from John Higginson, the first "teacher" of the first Puritan congregation in "the Bay," a pioneer to the pioneers, as I said of John Palfrey. But I could write nothing

about his life which I should not send to him for criticism and correction. He would strike out all of it, because he would call it too cordial in its praise; and he would, in his good nature, write a passage of history which would take the light away from my Memories.

The First Home of the Massachusetts Historical Society.
From an early photograph.

In the group of Massachusetts historians belongs John Fiske also. He has died since the preparation of these papers began. I think that even his friends were surprised when in some public statement, made more than twenty-five years ago, Fiske said that the history of America was his favorite study, and that he hoped he should come back to it before he died. Fortunate for us that he did come back to it! Nothing that I could write here would add to the ad-

miration, and I might almost say reverence, of those who have read his histories, or of those who have been guided and blessed by his simple statements of the most profound realities of the infinite life of man.

Of Mr. Henry Adams's masterly work, which will be prized more and more with every new year, I have already spoken.

ANTISLAVERY

CHAPTER III

ANTISLAVERY

SEVENTY YEARS

ANY fond hope which I may have had, when the kind reader and I began on these papers, that we could condense into twelve articles any series of such reminiscences as we have written, has already been sadly abandoned.

How can we treat this hustling, jostling, bustling half-century which we have seen with our eyes, as we did that half-century of myth and tradition which our forefathers lived in?

There is so much of it, so much of invention, so much of discovery, such miracles in religion, such marvels in politics!

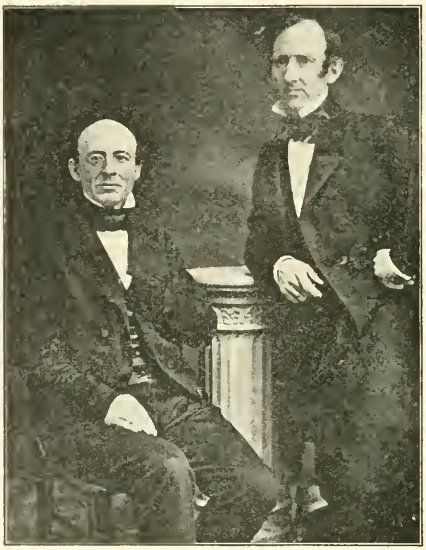
The reign of God is so much closer!

Why, in 1830, George Henry Corliss took out his first patent for the Cut-off. That one man added fifteen per cent to the working power of the human race by that invention. Will a score or two of historians write that out for us?

And then we will be ready to trace out what

has followed on gutta-percha, or Grove's sustaining battery, or the spectroscope, and a thousand other such trifles.

So far as this reader and I are concerned, from this time forward we must make only a selection from the great range of subjects which belong in the study of the miraculous change of the world in the last century.



William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips.

That matter of internal improvement, touched upon only too briefly already in Chapter VII., is an illustration of the change wrought by work in one direction. There are hundreds of others which any one who reads with any system ought to follow out, if he really means to comprehend the difference between his own life and his grandfather's. Thus, in 1801 there was a very

considerable maritime commerce. We built the best ships in the world from as good ship timber as there was in the world. Before this, in the Revolution, in the sea fights of Lord Howe and D'Estaing and Paul Jones and the Spanish captains — the spars in every ship built by either of the four nations were spars from the forests of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, or New York. I have seen men who had seen pine trees in the New Hampshire woods which still bore King George's broad arrow. This was the sign that they were selected for the King's Navy.

The people who built ships with such advantages could man them with the best seamen in the world — the descendants of Danes and Norwegians, men whose ancestors had been trained since the Cabots' time, at least, in the fog-banks and among the icebergs of the fisheries.

And there were, thank God! enough of such men. New England had more such men fighting King George upon the ocean in 1780 and 1781 than King George had on the same ocean fighting America. The ocean commerce, for which such men were bred, consisted in 1801 in the exportation to Europe of furs, hides, potash, tobacco, timber, and other forest

productions; and to the West Indies of almost every article of agricultural produce. In return, these ships brought back almost all the manufactured articles which America needed. Thus the steam-engine which Fulton placed in the *Clermont* was made by Watt and Boulton in England. We were beginning also to sell the "notions" of our seaboard, with only too much of the rum which we made from West India molasses, to the redskins on the Pacific. They gave us in return the otter skins and beaver skins and sables which we carried across to the mandarins of China, from whom we brought teas and silks and chinaware and the other wonders of the East. But long before the century ended, Cotton had asserted itself as king; we were no longer importing our nankeens and calicoes and muslins and other textiles with Chinese or Sanscrit names. We were sending our long-cloths to Canton and our bales of cotton over all the world. The great three-deckers which carried out our cotton to England were fitted for their return with the partitions for families and the berths for bedding which should meet the needs of five million people who had to leave the old hemisphere for the new.

The introduction of home manufacture and the creation of machinery dependent on home manufacture and the railway system make up another of the revolutions of the century. The emigration from east to west, frowned on by Brahmins and Pundits, but insisted on by the determined sagacity of the People, is another of those revolutions.

And at the heart of such physical changes there were advances in intellectual training, in morals, and of course in social order. Take the higher education of women. At the beginning of the century the Moravian School at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, was the only school in America to which young women were sent for any considerable distance for intellectual improvement. And in the public-school system of the country, so far as there was any such system, girls had not even the poor chance which boys had.

But it is idle even to make a catalogue of visible changes in social order which have taken place in the last two generations — I will not say even three. Let me cite only the least instance of all, of advances which ought to be touched upon. Take the history of the chemical match. In the year 1782 William

Franklin, in Paris, wrote to the chemists who had sold him chemical matches for fire that he would like to show some friends the new chemical match. They replied on the first of October: "We have sent for some phosphoric matches, but Monsieur Detopierre had none made. We have one which we send you. . . . To-morrow we shall have more, and if you need to send to us, we will send you a dozen."

It is an interesting thing to look back on a day when there was but one chemical match in Paris. But as late as 1828 I and my brother introduced the chemical match into the ménage of my father's family. Until that time the old-fashioned tinder-box, a machine which I cannot buy in Boston to-day, presided on the mantelpiece in our kitchen. We boys introduced what were called phosphorus matches. We bought them at the apothecaries', giving twenty-five cents for a case. You dipped the match, which was made of chlorate of potash, into a sponge which was charged with sulphuric acid. Think of the new light which has come to every household in America in the seventy-four years that have passed since! And let some young man who has five years before him, give an account in his history of the cen-

tury, of the introduction of the friction match and of the thousands on thousands of years which it has saved to the human family.

The friction match, then, ought to make one chapter in these memoirs. But there are a thousand other advances of more importance.

To name Ideas, instead of things, the great Missionary Movements, so far as America is concerned, began in this century. The Temperance Societies and many other philanthropic institutions belong in our Hundred Years. The whole history of emigration from Europe, after 1640, belongs to them, with but a few exceptional incidents, such as Oglethorpe's enterprise and William Penn's. The opening up of the West is one of the advances of the Kingdom of God.

William Ellery Channing.
From the portrait by Gambardella.

The whole system of manufacture is another; the development of the treasures which the good God left scattered around loose in the shape of metals is another; and I might go on, literally with a thousand more.

All of these changes were dominated by the assertion of the moral laws. Man is nearer to God, and he knows better how near God is to him, than he knew in the year 1801. Man knows that God loves him. The fable of total depravity has gone where it belongs. and man does not pretend even to believe that he is a child of the devil. With this great discovery the whole of life is changed. There are new heavens and there is a new earth.

For the remaining chapters of this series, then, I am to select only three or four steps of the progress which God's children have made in America. I shall select them merely as my own personal life illustrates them. And it is almost of course that the first of these steps, however briefly it is spoken of, should be the advance which the country made in the abolition of slavery. This is a business which began with seriousness in the debates on the Missouri Compromise in 1819. It is a business, also, which is not finished yet. But let us hope that, with

the new Commission of Education, with the triumphs, really miraculous, of Hampton, Calhoun, Tuskegee, Snow Hill, and the rest, we need not give up the game. With such triumphs to reassure us, we may look forward and not back.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY

I bring together a very few notes and a few personal recollections to serve as what I call "broken lights" which to a certain extent illustrate conditions which are often misunderstood.

There seems to have been, when the century began, an indifference, which is now curious, as to the critical and universal importance of a radical solution of all the questions regarding slavery. I have already said that I have found no writer who at that time regarded the matter of slavery as indicating the cleavage line between North and South. Gouverneur Morris, whom I have cited, spoke of the antagonism as that between five oligarchies and eight republics. The distinction is absolutely correct, but he does not refer in form to slavery, out of which the oligarchies were created. In the critical election of 1801 Jefferson was the Southern candidate and

Burr the Northern. But Burr, until he died, never cared a straw for slavery, while Jefferson at that time would have been called an anti-slavery man.

In a measure, this indifference may be referred to the outside fact that there were still a few slaves in most of the Northern States. In Rhode Island, and perhaps one might say in Pennsylvania, there were so many as to incline the people of those States against entering on any radical projects for abolition. In Philadelphia, however, there did exist the strong repugnance of the Quakers to slavery, a repugnance which from an early time had shown itself in public "testimonies" and in the habits of domestic life.

For some reason there certainly was a general indifference to the subject, which, as I have said, seems curious when we think of the catastrophes which have followed. We look back now on slavery and its consequences as involving a terrible war, and conditions of social life which carry with them our most dangerous problems. But for the first twenty years of the century the discussion may be called purely academic, and indeed it hardly assumes that importance. To my own mind the real distinction of the great

CAUTION!!

COLORED PEOPLE

OF BOSTON, ONE & ALL,

You are hereby respectfully CAUTIONED and advised, to avoid conversing with the

Watchmen and Police Officers of Boston,

For since the recent ORDER OF THE MAYOR & ALDERMEN, they are empowered to act as

KIDNAPPERS

AND

Slave Catchers,

And they have already been actually employed in KIDNAPPING, CATCHING, AND KEEPING SLAVES. Therefore, if you value your LIBERTY, and the *Welfare of the Fugitives* among you, *Shun* them in every possible manner, as so many *HOUNDS* on the track of the most unfortunate of your race.

Keep a Sharp Look Out for KIDNAPPERS, and have TOP EYE open.

***APRIL* 24, 1851.**

THEODORE PARKER'S PLACARD.

Placard written by Theodore Parker, and printed and posted by the Vigilance Committee of Boston after the rendition of Thomas Sims to slavery in April, 1851.

antislavery agitators of the beginning is that they forecast the future truly. Even now I do not see that any of them can make any other claim to statesmanship. It seems fair to say that the moral sense of the Christian world becomes more quick with every year; and that the absolute wrong of slavery asserted itself more and more distinctly as this improvement went forward.

You can find traces of the dislike of slavery, not from economical grounds, but simply on moral principle, almost as far back as John Hawkins, who invented the English slave-trade. Hawkins lived long enough to fight against the Spanish Armada. I am the more interested in him because the genealogies say that he is my grandfather's great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather, or something of that sort. What I know is that because he invented the English slave-trade Queen Elizabeth knighted him and gave him for a crest a "kneeling blackamoor."

As early as the "Body of Liberties," compiled in 1641, the General Court declared, "There shall never be any bond slaverie, villenage, or captivitie, unless it be lawful captives, taken in just wars, and such strangers as willingly sell themselves or are sold to us." And all captives

or foreigners, free or not free, are at liberty to come to any public court, and, either by speech or writing, to make any motion.

But within fifty years of Hawkins's death, when the first slaves were brought into Massachusetts Bay, the General Court sent them back again with a stiff protest which declares

"The Gen^rall Co^rte, conceiving themselues bound by y^e first opportunity to bear witnes against y^e haynos & crying sinn of man stealing, as also to pscribe such timely redresse for what is past, & such a law for y^e future as may sufficiently deterr all oth^rs belonging to us to have to do in such vile & most odious courses, iustly abhored of all good and iust men, do order y^t y^e negro interpreter, w^th oth^rs unlawfully taken, be, by y^e first oportunity, (at y^e charge of y^e country for psent) sent to his native country of Ginny, & a letter w^th him of y^e indignation of y^e Corte thereabouts, & iustice hereof, desireing o^r hono^red Gov^rn^r would please to put this order in execution.

"The Cort thought fit to write to M^r Williams, of Pascataq, (und^rstanding y^t y^e neg^rs w^ch Capt Smyth brought were fraudulently & iniuriously taken and brought fro^m Ginny, by Capt Smiths confession, & y^e rest of y^e Company,) y^t he forthw^th send y^e neger w^ch he had of Capt Smyth

hither, y^t^ he may be sent home, w^ch^ y^e^ Co^r^t doth resolve to sen back w^th^out delay; & if yo^u^ have any thing to aleadge why yo^u^ should not returne him, to be disposed of by y^e^ Cort, it wil be expected yo^u^ should forthw^th^ make it appear, either by yo^r^selfe or yo^r^ agent, but not to make any excuse or delay in sending of him."

The charter of the Province by King William III. of the date of 1690 is very strong. It gives to all residents in the province "the liberties of natural-born subjects." But, in face of this, slavery worked its way in. Somewhat as Mr. Chamberlain is sending prisoners of war to the Bermudas just now when I am writing, Governor Stoughton and the other magistrates of Massachusetts had sent King Philip's wife and child to be slaves in the Bermudas in 1676. On the other hand, the same Judge Sewall who hanged the witches was printing his tracts against slavery as early as 1700, and until he died in 1730 he renewed his protest on all occasions.

But, at the same time, here is Daniel De Foe in 1719 creating Robinson Crusoe, one of the most remarkable characters in fiction, perhaps the most remarkable. De Foe is distinctly and definitely a religious man. He not only pre-

tends to be religious, he is religious. He says distinctly that the whole story describes his own inner religious experience. Robinson Crusoe is distinctly a religious man. Now, a religious writer like De Foe, creating a religious hero like Robinson, makes of him a Brazilian slave-trader who is shipwrecked in a slave-ship which he had himself fitted out to bring a cargo of slaves from Africa to Brazil. This hero becomes the most popular hero in English romance for a century, perhaps I might say for two. Yet, in all the literary criticism of the book for a century, I think no one has found one word among the moralists of England which finds the least fault with Robinson on account of his active participation in the slave-trade. It

H. B. Stowe

seems to me that this absolute silence on such a point shows the utter indifference of the public mind of England in the matter.[1]

But fifty years after Sewall's death, the critical and famous trial which gave to the slave Somersett his freedom in England testifies to the fundamental existence of the principle of freedom, concealed perhaps because it was fundamental and therefore underground. Cowper took up the famous decision, and his two lines,

> "Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free,"

(in 1781) are better known than Lord Mansfield's decision on which they were founded. Really Holt's decision is much earlier. Cowper took these words, not from Mansfield, but from Mr. Hargrave's argument. Hargrave said that "the

[1] For the benefit of my friends in that admirable historical circle which is doing such good work in North Carolina I write this line to say that one at least of Daniel De Foe's sons went to North Carolina, settled and died there. Daniel De Foe's own knowledge of life in America is indicated in his capital novel "Colonel Jack," of which the scene is laid on the site of Washington and Georgetown, a novel now read by no one excepting myself and three intimate friends. In this capital novel, I say (imitating Robinson Crusoe's method) there is enough to show that he knew all about planting on our side of the water. This suggests to our North Carolina friends that they ought to look up the De Foe plantation and perhaps find some descendants, personal or spiritual — Devaux perhaps? or Walter Page perhaps?

air of England is deemed too pure for slaves to breathe in."

It was not the first time, nor the last, when the great lawyers appeared as the apostles of liberty. Possibly under other conditions Lord Mansfield's decision might have been pressed in the North American colonies, by way of following up the victory of two years before. Nobody even dreamed of carrying the Mansfield decision to the West Indies, where the islands were not colonies, but, as we say, dependencies. And 1772 was not a very favorable time for asserting the value of a decision made in an English law court, as governing the North American colonies.

We have not the young John Lowell's brief in the case of Cæsar Hendrick against his master, but the Court Record shows that in 1773, John Lowell of Newburyport was counsel for Cæsar Hendrick who claimed under the charter, and perhaps under Holt's decision, his freedom. They won their case. And I hope that some time the County Courts will engrave upon their seals the broken links of a useless chain, with the motto, *Sic semper tyrannis*. This same John Lowell and the men around him, introduced in the Bill of Rights of Massachusetts the passage

which they found in the Bill of Rights in Virginia in 1776, "all men are born free and equal." He is the man whom I call "the emancipator," — the grandfather of the poet of freedom.

There had been in 1769, two years before the famous Somersett decision, a suit brought by a negro in our Massachusetts courts which came to trial in 1770. The negroes contributed money themselves for the expenses of the case. It is the case James *vs.* Lechmere, which terminated favorably for them. The blacks pleaded that the Royal Charter declared that all persons born or residing in the province were as free as the King's subjects in Great Britain.

As soon as the Constitution of the new State and the Bill of Rights were in force, a negro named Quork Walker, with men as distinguished as Caleb Strong and Levi Lincoln (the elder) as his counsel, sued his master for assault "with the handle of a whip," and the replication states that he was a freeman and not a slave. A careful trial gave him his freedom. His counsel did not satisfy themselves with urging the Bill of Rights. Judge Washburn prints much of their brief, with its constant references to the rights of man. It is interesting to see that before Cowper's lines in the "Task" could

have been read here, this brief cites Hargrave's famous epigram, with a change in the language, "The air of America is too pure for a slave to breathe in."

All this time there was a strong antislavery sentiment in Virginia — a sentiment certainly shared by some of the leaders. But I think that no slave there ever claimed his rights in Virginia under this same declaration of their Bill of Rights.

One speaks with great caution, or ought to; but I should say that all slavery discussion in the Convention which made the National Constitution was governed, to the eye at least, by economical considerations — that the moral elements involved were hardly referred to. I think it would be safe to say that a similar indifference to moral principles appears in the languid discussions of the matter already referred to, which you find, with some difficulty, between 1800 and 1819. The occasional "testimonies" of some Quaker meeting are the great exceptions, although on the other side of the water the antislavery movement, as led by Clarkson and his friends, was already well under way.

Careful readers must remember that in such discussions condemnation of the slave trade was

far in advance of the condemnation of slavery. The United States pronounced the slave-trade piracy in 1808, as early as the Constitution permitted such action. The precedent which made a slave-trader a pirate was given by the United States, and was followed by all the maritime nations. This was while the United States at home was using all its National powers to maintain the institution of slavery.

As early as 1772 there appears at Yale College the first question ever debated by the Linonian Society. It was, "Is it right to enslave the Affricans?" I think, by the way, that this record, bad spelling and all, is made by my great-uncle, Nathan Hale, the same who was hanged by Howe.

At the great bi-centennial celebration at New Haven I asked a very bright woman why in New Haven, where Eli Whitney graduated, and where he spent most of his life, and where his descendants live honored to this day, nobody in four days of eloquence and song had one word to say about this graduate of the University, though he had by one invention revolutionized the commerce of the world. She answered on the instant by asking in turn if this same Eli Whitney, by this same invention, had not continued Afri-

can slavery for half a century longer than it would have existed had there been no cotton-gin. The general verdict agrees that this is so. Of course no one ever blamed poor Whitney.

But with the advance, which seemed miraculous, of the cotton crop of the country, slave labor was no longer devoted to plantations of corn, wheat, tobacco, rice, and indigo. Cotton became king, and the institution of slavery seemed profitable. The moral protest of the Quakers, and of such idealists as Washington, Jefferson, and other Southern men like them, was of less and less avail. Almost without men's knowing it, the jealousy between agricultural States and commercial States became a conflict between the slave States and those which were free.

And this will be as good a place as any to say that the advice of the English abolitionists from the time of Clarkson down to the Civil War probably did more hurt than good in the matter of emancipation in America. From the Stamp Act down, the American people, by and large, have not fancied English advice in the matter of their politics. They had to take it sometimes, but even when they "ate crow they did not hanker for it." Thus, they had to accept the

"Common Sense" of Tom Paine, but they never liked Tom Paine, and to this day his name is not acceptable. Paul Jones was their loyal servant, and won for them splendid victories. But Paul Jones never had his deserts at their hands, simply because he was a Scotchman. Gates and Lee were placed in service next to Washington, and of both those Englishmen the record was as bad as it could be. And so one might go on, repeating instance after instance of an alienation springing out of the Revolution, sometimes to be justified and often unjustifiable, which for nearly a century made English advice very unpalatable to the rank and file of America. I will venture to say at this moment that American advice is just as unpalatable in England at this hour. There seems to be a certain Anglo-Saxon habit which makes each nation say, "If you will mind your business, we will mind ours." See 1 Thess. iv. 11.

The Congressional debates of 1819 and 1820 become the first discussions of the modern type as to the principles which lie under slavery. I have already spoken of them. It was my business in 1854 to read, abridge, and publish again these debates, so far as they are preserved, and I like to testify as to the great ability of the dis-

cussion on both sides. But even then the discussion was more on constitutional than on ethical questions. What had Congress a right to do, what had the Northern States a right

EDMUND QUINCY.

to do, in the way of prohibiting slavery in the Territories?

In a very valuable review which Mr. McMaster has prepared for his own history as to the progress of antislavery sentiment and antislavery

discussion, he gives a curious list of the different antislavery newspapers, beginning as early as 1817. There were three or four times as many different journals of such sentiment in the country as there were forty years after, and all the earlier ones were printed in slave States. This was precisely as there were temperance journals in Massachusetts which inveighed against the manufacture of rum, because we made rum here, while there were none in Washington or Savannah, because they did not make rum there.

"Slavery is their business, not ours." This was practically the motto of all political parties, and of the men of commerce or of affairs. A good story of David Henshaw and of a Virginian friend in Norfolk, which must belong as late as the forties, perhaps the fifties, may as well go into print. Mr. Henshaw was Secretary of the Navy in one of the Southern Cabinets. He was one of the leaders of the Democratic party of Massachusetts; one of the men "who kept that party conveniently small," so that all its leaders had Federal offices. Mr. Henshaw was one of the early railway men, a man of foresight enough and courage enough to know what modern civilization would demand. It was long

before the war that he was in Norfolk, Virginia, consulting with some of the leaders there as to the opening up of communication westward

THOMPSON,
THE ABOLITIONIST.

That infamous foreign scoundrel THOMPSON, will hold forth *this afternoon*, at the Liberator Office, No. 48, Washington Street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to *snake Thompson out!* It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of $100 has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar kettle before dark. Friends of the Union, be vigilant!

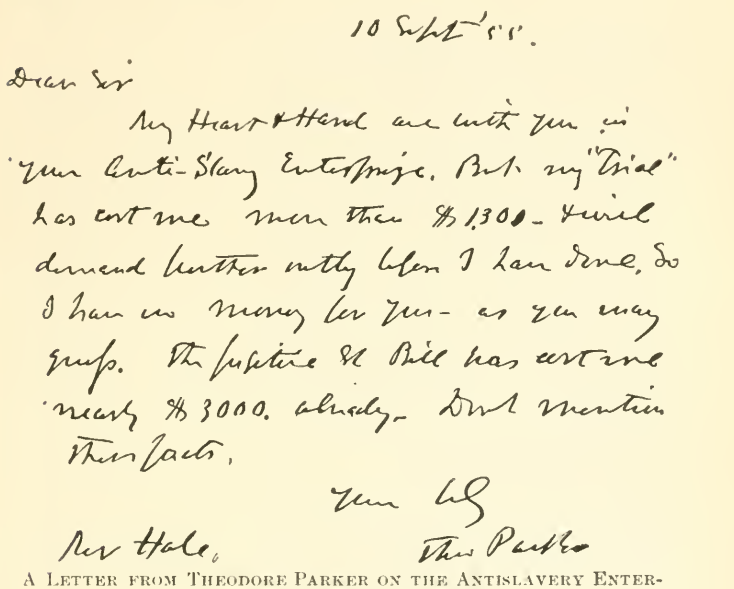
***Boston, Wednesday*, 12 *o'clock*.**

A Pro-slavery Handbill.

This was printed at the office of the Boston *Commercial Gazette*, under the direction of the proprietor, James L. Homer, on the 21st of October, 1835, and was directed against George Thompson, who was then causing great excitement by his eloquent addresses against slavery. The poster was set up and run off on a hand-press by two apprentices of Homer, one of whom was George C. Rand, subsequently a master printer of Boston and the first printer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." These two boys then distributed them among the bar-rooms and barber-shops of the business section of the city, with the result that by two o'clock a raging mob of 5000 people gathered about the antislavery office, and shortly after laid violent hands upon Mr. Garrison, in the absence of Mr. Thompson, who was out of the city.

from their magnificent harbor. As he rode with one of his Virginian friends one day, the Southerner said, "You abolitionists say" this or that.

Henshaw disclaimed the word. The Democrats of that day kept their garments very clear from such stains. The Virginian laughed. "I know you make your distinctions. But we call you all abolitionists." Henshaw would not laugh.



10 Sept 55.

Dear Sir

My Heart & Hand are with you in your Anti-Slavery Enterprise. But my "Trial" has cost me more than $1,300 - and demand letters notify when I can send. So I have no money for you - as you may guess. The publication of Bill has cost me nearly $3000. already - Don't mention these facts.

Yours truly

Rev Hale, Theo Parker

A Letter from Theodore Parker on the Antislavery Enterprise. Dated Sept. 10, 1855.

"You are quite wrong," he said. "We are as fond of our ways as you are of yours. We manufacture cotton and wool and shoes and iron. We send our ships into every ocean. And if, to maintain slave labor, you choose to let your magnificent cataracts go to waste, to let your

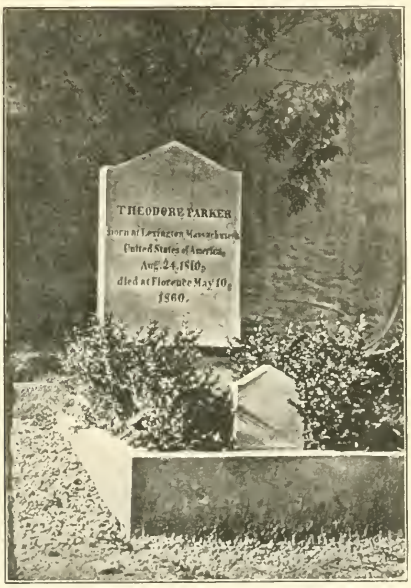
coal lie unburned and your iron unsmelted, to send your timber to us for our purposes, and never to build a ship in these waters, some of us, I assure you, are very much obliged to you."

This was enough, and the Virginian said in reply, "Well! Mr. Henshaw, pray do not think that we are all damned fools."

Newport News and its magnificent ship-building make the comment to-day on that anecdote.

To refer once more to personal recollections, I had always been trained at home to absolute courtesy, not to say tenderness, to all such negroes as we saw in Boston. I should have been taken to task very severely had I failed at all in such courtesies. Yet I remember perfectly the indignation with which, when I was ten or eleven years old, I saw on a placard in the window of the Old Corner Bookstore in Boston the announcement of Mrs. Child's book called "An Appeal for that Class of Americans Called Africans." I and the boy with me were indignant that a negro should be called an American at all. This was the first antislavery book with "stiff covers," as the Authors' Club would say, which was published in America. Years before this, acting I suppose under the stimulus of some sermon on charity, I stopped a black boy under

the Paddock elms in Boston, as I was going to school, and, to his great surprise, gave him a cent. In later times I have given a great many cents to other black people, merely on the principle of penance, because I have no other way of expressing my regret for the conduct of my ancestors toward theirs. But this largess to the black boy was not based on any such feeling. It grew simply from the tone taken in English story-books, in which at that time, black boys and chimney-sweeps were badly mixed together, and the impression was given to a child of seven that black boys were of necessity poor. I recollect hearing bigger boys say that, except on "Nigger Election," black boys were not permitted to come farther than a



THEODORE PARKER'S GRAVE.

certain point on the Common. But this limitation, if it ever existed, was a mere tradition in my time, belonging with the myths about battles between North-Enders and South-Enders.

I should say that 1833, the date of Mrs. Child's book, marks the beginning of the period in which the discussion of the question of slavery was taken at all seriously at the North. As lately as when I left college, in 1839, my classmate, the late William Francis Channing, was, I think, the only man in our class who would have permitted himself to be called an abolitionist. I should not, I am sure. I do not think Samuel Longfellow would. The *Liberator* had been founded on the first of January, 1831. But it certainly did not attract much attention for several years.

A GENERATION OF MEN

In the fifth chapter of Volume I. I have already given a severely condensed account of the debate on the Missouri Compromise. That was at the end of the generation after the compromises of the Constitution. And, as I have said already, each generation has to settle these things anew. In that chapter I spoke of the disgraceful omission by Mr. George Ticknor

Curtis in his life of Daniel Webster of any reference to Mr. Webster's presiding at the Boston meeting which was called in the State House and protested against the introduction of slavery in Missouri. The address to the people, drawn by him — now very rare — will be reprinted in full in Little & Brown's new edition of his works.

It was three years later that Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote thus of Mr. Webster, on the 12th of November, 1822: "By dint of much electioneering, the good cause has succeeded, and we are sending our giant down among you false Sothrons. We are proudly anticipating the triumph of the Northern interest to be gained or to be achieved by Mr. Webster. . . . I think Mr. Webster had about two-thirds of the whole number of votes." Observe that Emerson had graduated in 1821. It is perhaps worth while to note a few of what I like to call the broken lights of the time, which show how strong was the feeling already existing.

There was a great fire in Savannah. Its government implored relief. Among other cities, New York remitted eleven thousand dollars. In sending the money the New York people asked that it might be distributed among the poorer

citizens of Savannah, and added the condition, "without distinction of color." These unfortunate words sealed its fate; the hot blood of Savannah boiled, and, by a vote of the Council, the insult was met by sending back the money with a short, impertinent letter.

A Philadelphia insurance company, when asked at what rate it would insure some Southern property, answered that its directors had concluded that they would not take any more risks south of the Mason and Dixon line. I am afraid that in this generation I must tell our younger readers that Mason and Dixon's line is the line which separates Maryland, a Southern State, and Pennsylvania, a Northern State.

In the June number of the *North American Review* of 1820 was a paper by Judge Lemuel Shaw, afterward Chief Justice of Massachusetts, in defence of the "Restriction." Judge Story printed a charge on the slave-trade in the midst of the discussion. Indeed the antislavery feeling of the North asserted itself in a hundred ways.

I cannot help wishing that somebody would at this late date reprint what is left of the discussions in the Senate and the House on the fundamental question. To tell the whole truth, I had

meant in this chapter to print a good many mementos of it. But space is space, and a few lines must be all.

Take these epigrams as illustrations of what was said on each side. John Randolph cried, in the House, "God has given us Missouri, and the devil cannot take it from us."

Lowrie, of Pennsylvania, in the House said, "If the alternative be the dissolution of this Union or the extension of slavery over the whole western country, I choose the former."

Harrison Gray Otis's speech is worth reading to-day. "The gentleman talks of sparks ignited. I can tell him that when the pine forests of Maine are lighted they burn with quite as fierce a flame as the spire-grass of Missouri."

The great debate, the "Misery Debate," as it was called in joke sometimes, ended in what men still call "Mr. Clay's first Compromise." Very little of his great speech is preserved. This passage is one of those which remain: "I appeal to Pennsylvania, the unambitious Pennsylvania, the keystone of the Federal arch, whether she will concur in a measure calculated to disturb the peace of this Union."

The formation of the Colonization Society in 1817 is a curious rather than an important sign

of the times. In the near future the colony of Liberia may yet prove important in the progress of the development of Africa. But at the time when the Society was formed even its enthusiastic friends did not pretend that it would remove the question of slavery from American politics. After Mr. McMaster's careful and full discussions of its early operations, I should not venture to throw in any side-lights. It is enough here to say that the officers of the Society gave, for its reason for being, the degradation of the free people of color. They printed statistics which, as I believe, were awfully untrue[1] as to the amount of crime, disease, and other wretchedness among them. They declared that such degradation resulted from their anomalous position, that they were neither fish nor fowl, because they were neither slaves nor white men, and that it was but fair to them to place them in a new country where they could show what their race was fit for. Their earliest reports disclaim any effort to increase the number of emancipated slaves.

Even before this time James Madison had altered the provision of his will by which he had

[1] From a curious and important error, which appears in all the early censuses.

determined that his slaves should be freed after Mrs. Madison's death.

What is certain is that, from the time of the Missouri Compromise forward, the antislavery feeling of Virginia, or of the leaders of Virginia, declined, and that the discussion of the subject in the Northern States took on more and more the character of a moral question. In proportion as cotton became king and the cotton crop of the Gulf States increased from year to year, the change came over Virginia which made her a slave-breeding State. The price of slaves became higher and higher as this new market opened for them, and the wish for emancipation, which had appeared everywhere in the Virginian history, was checked by the new economic conditions. Now observe that Garrison had started the *Liberator* in Baltimore, January 1, 1831.

I like to copy from Mr. Buell's admirable Life of Paul Jones the letter which that hero, now almost forgotten, wrote to his Virginia agents about his plantation in 1786: —

"Beyond all these considerations, gentlemen, there is another, and to my way of thinking, far weightier reason dissuading me from the meditation of resuming the life of a Virginia Farmer. To do that, with prospect of success

under existing conditions, would require me to make myself the beneficiary of slave 'labor,' to be again a holder of property in human flesh and blood. I occupied that attitude once,—but it was at a time when my sensibilities on that score had not been sharpened as they have been since.

"Lord Dunsmore [Governor of Virginia] relieved me, sadly and violently, but no less effectually, of the main part of my offending as an owner of human slaves. You are aware that, early in 1776, I set free my only two remaining boys, Cato and Scipio, at Providence, R.I. At this writing I must say that I have struggled so long and desperately for the cause of human growth and the rights of man at large, that I can no longer bring myself to a distinction based on color or misfortune as between men, whom, as the Good Book says, 'God hath created in His own image.'"

There is not any more interesting index of this change than may be observed in the memoirs of John Quincy Adams. He had reason enough to dislike Southern politics and to distrust Southern politicians. But I think it is not until after the Missouri Compromise that his papers, his letters, or his speeches indicate his special aversion to slavery. Indeed, in

that magnificent career of his in Congress, after he was President, he appears in defence of the right of petition as claimed by antislavery men before he takes very eager ground in the support of their positions.

The truth is that as the country gradually became a Nation and ceased to be a Confederacy, it became more and more clear that it could not be a nation of freedom and a nation of slavery at the same time. This is completely stated in Abraham Lincoln's epigram of the time. You cannot have eight republics allied with five oligarchies, to repeat Gouverneur Morris's epigram. But your Nation must be one thing or another. Eight houses may be divided against five houses, but one house divided against itself cannot stand. I remember that as early as 1836, when I was in college and was discussing this matter with my dear friend Donaldson, from Maryland, I said to him that the whole system would come to an end under commercial laws; that as the railways opened up from South to North, the slaves would run away if they wanted to. And neither of us, I think, conceived the possibility of any National legislation strong enough to carry them back again.

It was, of course, easy enough to say that under the Constitution slavery was a local institution, and that every State might manage as it chose. This was so as long as Washington spoke of Virginia as "my country," or Pinckney said the same thing of Carolina. But you could not hold to this while you guaranteed to every citizen of every State the same rights as you gave to every citizen of your own State. And, for instance, the statute of South Carolina of the year 1823, which prohibits the arrival in her ports of free blacks from other States, under penalty of imprisonment, is just as much an act of nullification as any of the legislation of after years.

Mr. Garrison and the other original abolitionists used to the utmost the privilege, which they undoubtedly had, of attacking slavery as an evil in itself, without proposing any method of meeting the difficulties of the process, and without attempting to make them less. Slavery is wrong. It was enough to say that. "Strike a man?" Dr. Channing would put that question, and he had freed his conscience. Emancipate the man, and the future might take care of itself. But many years did not go by before the sensitive consciences of some abolitionists compelled them to

withdraw from acting under a Constitution which they wanted to destroy. How could you vote, as a citizen, in an organization which you called a covenant with hell? From this conscientiousness came the inevitable division between the old organization and the new — a division which the outsiders ridiculed by classing the two factions as "New Ogs" and "Old Ogs" when their annual meetings came round. Within these organizations, however, the members treated each other with a cordial catholicity, and, though they could not contribute to each other's treasuries, or join directly in each other's system of propaganda, they recognized fidelity to the essential privilege. And so soon as the Liberty party formed itself, all who could vote, in conscience, were generally to be found in its ranks. As early as 1844 the independent vote of the Liberty party was withdrawn from Mr. Clay, and this lost the vote of New York — then, as always, the Empire State — to Mr. Clay. He was pledged to oppose the annexation of Texas. The election of Mr. Polk, his competitor, was thus secured. New York, as always up to that date, voted with the South, and the supremacy of the South for the next sixteen years was secured.

So the "settlement" by the Missouri question

lasted for its generation of men. I have already said that the figures are curiously accurate. The Constitution was completed in 1787. Thirty-three years after, the Missouri Compromise was passed. Thirty-three years more, and Mr. Dixon, of Kentucky, introduced the amendment to the Nebraska Bill which repealed the Compromise section of March 6, 1820. This would violate the Compromise.

Mr. Edward Everett — who had a very nice sense of the obligation of the Missouri Compromise — said to me more than once, as the war went on, that the violation of it was the work of nine men. I wish I had asked him who he thought the nine men were. I wish some cool-headed Southern man, at this hour, would name these real leaders in the secession policy. This was undoubtedly true — that the mere fact that a man owned slaves made him a member, whether he would or no, of an oligarchy of slaveholders — a small corporation, as one might call it. Such a syndicate, as our modern term would have it, moves with a certain promptness. And this particular syndicate until 1853 had the easy direction of the Democratic party. Had this syndicate been willing to hold on to what it had in the annexation of Texas, the Missouri Compro-

mise and the system to which it belonged would, according to me, have lasted much longer than they did. But in the destruction of that barrier the pent-up forces of Northern indignation were set free, which had been gathering from the beginning.

PERSONAL

CHAPTER IV

PERSONAL

TEXAS, KANSAS, AND NEBRASKA

WITH the last half of the century my own personal recollections begin to play their part in these memoirs. I believe I have said here somewhere that I was cradled in the sheets of a newspaper. This is certain, that from the year 1834, when I was a boy of twelve, I had the pleasure of seeing in print in the *Advertiser* some scrap or other which my father had permitted me to translate or to write for the newspaper. That was his way of bringing up his children — to make them share in the life of the elders of the family, not to say of the time. If when I was thirteen years old he had told me to sail the Channel Fleet, I should have taken it for granted that I could do so, because he bade me; and I should have assumed the duty as cheerfully as Lord John Russell would have done. Under this principle, when I was sixteen, I was reporter in the Massachusetts Legislature, with

the duty, not of writing out speeches at length, but of abridging them and giving their tenor. I suppose that from that hour to this no month of my life has passed in which I have not written more or less for the journals of the day. In the high tide of 1854 and 1855 I was contributing the leading articles for ten papers, in New England and New York, on subjects which had to do with Kansas emigration.

All this means that I have had more than the average share of personal intercourse with public men.

I have already spoken of the election of 1828 in which John Quincy Adams was defeated by General Jackson. I was then six years old. I afterward met Mr. Adams, who was always very kind to me, when he was easily the first member of the House of Representatives, in the year 1845. From the moment he was proposed as a member of Congress in his own district, which was as early as 1830, it was settled that that district would never have any member excepting him while he lived. This was the old Plymouth Colony District, including also some towns, of which Quincy was one, from the "Bay." Even while the distinction remained in Massachusetts which separated "Cotton Whigs" from

"Conscience Whigs," and gave to the "Cotton Whigs" a majority in the State, the "Conscience Whigs" and their natural allies the Abolitionists always sent the "Old Man Eloquent," as we called him, to his place. That phrase is Milton's when he speaks of Isocrates. Mr. Adams was sixty-four years old when, after he had been President once, he entered Congress for the second time. That was magnificent.

As the North began to understand that the so-called successes of the Democratic party meant simply that the Northern States were the bobs in the tail of the Southern kite, Mr. Adams became more and more popular among the malcontents of the North. He enjoyed this popularity, which showed itself in some very tender ways. There was a fine expression of a steamboat captain on the Ohio, who wished to God that "we could take the engine out of the old Adams and put it in a new hull." Mr. Adams never spoke in Congress, even when the Democratic leaders there meant to censure him publicly, but that every one crowded around him to hear him. And on one or two critical occasions he assumed, without hesitation, the position which the Dean of the House, or its natural leader, deserved.

This gave the more interest to the readiness

with which at home he took the duties of any citizen of Norfolk County. I remember him in 1847, in the simplest detail of our democratic life in New England, when he presided as Moderator of the Congregational Council which ordained William Rounseville Alger. He was a lay delegate for the church in Quincy with Dr. Lunt in what is called the Council, in Congregational matters, of perhaps five and twenty neighboring parishes. He was chosen Moderator of the assembly, and, in the fine Congregational ritual, it was his business to announce to the assembly that the "Council has agreed to proceed with the ordination" of the gentleman who had been chosen by the parish as its minister.

When his son published twelve volumes of his father's memoirs, he printed one of the most interesting contributions to our American history. Son and grandsons have built an elegant fireproof building to contain the annals of the family. You enter by the lordly fireplace, you turn to the right, and there is the diary of the first Adams when he left college in 1755. You walk on and you walk on, turning the corners as they come, and at the fireplace end, after your walk, a hundred paces more or less, you have seen the manuscript history of America in the diaries and

correspondence of two Presidents and of that Minister to England who spoke the decisive word which saved England and America from a third war. Some day, when the secrets of to-day can be uncovered, some one will print in twenty volumes more the rest of John Quincy Adams's diary, which the prudence of his son Charles Francis Adams suppressed when those twelve were published.

As I have said, perhaps I have spoken with all the Presidents, after the first Harrison, excepting Buchanan, Taylor, and Cleveland. I am not sure about Garfield, though I had, at one time, some correspondence with him.

In the winter of 1843 and 1844 I spent a good deal of time with my father in the State of Pennsylvania. He was engaged in some important financial arrangements in connection with the internal improvements of that State, and at that time I had a good deal to do with wire ropes and inclined planes and other machinery of transportation which is long since forgotten, not to say with Tax Laws and valuations.

On some occasion, I forget what, when he was recalled to Boston, I took my holiday by going to Washington. A branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway had recently been opened. As I

stood on Pennsylvania Avenue looking east and looking west, I had that curious feeling of disappointment, which I have experienced since, in my first view of other cities and places, because I was a little too well prepared for what I saw. The Capitol looked exactly as it did in the pictures. I knew that the avenue was wide and beggarly and crude; and I said to myself in a sort of heartsick way: "Is this what one gains by travel? A man might as well stay at home."

But all this did not last. The matchless hospitality of Washington asserted itself then, when Washington was a little Virginia town dumped in a mud-hole, as it does now, when Washington is one of the finest cities in the world. I do not remember the detail, but I do remember that under the protection and auspices of Judge Story, who had been a friend to me all through my college life, I was pleasantly housed in the lodging-house where the Northern members of the Supreme Court lived. I had put myself in communication with Edward Webster, son of Daniel Webster, who was in some sort a godbrother of mine, if there is any such relationship, for we were within a year's age of each other, and he had been named, as I had been named, for Edward Everett. He had gone to Dart-

mouth College, because it was his father's college, and I had gone to Cambridge about the same time, but we often met and were close friends. Edward carried me at once to his father's modest house, and I was welcomed there with the same hospitality as if I had still been a boy of six years playing in the stable of the old Webster house in Summer Street. Then and there I made my first acquaintance with the city of Washington. I went to the little Unitarian church at Washington on the only Sunday which I spent there. This church was almost a historical edifice, having been built in the early days of the Unitarian controversy, as we call it, by an accomplished circle of English gentlemen who lived in Washington then. They represented historically Priestley's view of the Unitarian revival and the view of the Englishmen who surrounded him, as nothing which I had read or seen in Boston did.

So it chanced that as I went into the church on Sunday morning George James Abbot met me and took me into his seat. He was afterward one of my most intimate and personal friends, and it is with special pleasure that I write these words about one of the men who was ready to help the world forward in any way, and who was a distinguished agent in helping it forward,

though his name scarcely ever appears in the newspapers. Abbot had been four years before me in college, and he knew me by sight; for in fact, he entered at the Cambridge Divinity School, meaning to follow the profession of his father, who had recently died. Abbot knew that I had been preparing myself for a minister's life, and asked me at once if in the autumn of that year I would not come and preach in Washington. He was one of the Standing Committee of the Unitarian church. This incident, or accident, as you may choose to call it, opened up an acquaintance with the city of Washington which has lasted from that day to this day. I lived in Washington as their minister from October 1, 1844, to the 3d of March, 1845. They asked me to remain and be their permanent minister, but I declined. I was very much tempted by the proposal, but I did not accept it. I knew perfectly well that there was to be a gulf of fire between the North and the South before things went much further; and I really distrusted my own capacity at the age of twenty-three to build a bridge which should take us over. But as I write, I suppose that in fifty-six years since then, I have gone to Washington fifty-six times, to preach to this congregation.

THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS

That winter of 1844–1845 was one which we then thought a crisis winter, and I have thought so from that time to this. John Tyler was President. To say nothing worse of him, he was the weakest man, excepting Franklin Pierce, who was ever President, and he was the most ignorant man of the duties of the Presidency, with perhaps another exception. The Whigs had put him on their ticket with Governor William Henry Harrison, by way of showing that they were not a Northern party, as they were. They had had triumphant success. They had swept from its throne the old coalition between the slaveholding States and the slums of New York City, and they enjoyed their triumph — for one month. Harrison then died, and the great, successful Whig party had on its hands John Tyler. He was what the politicians call a "sorehead," who outwent in his devotion to the slaveholding interest anything which the defeated Mr. Van Buren would have done, "the Northern man with Southern principles."

To come down to the year 1844. Mr. Tyler had made a Cabinet which men used to call "a Corporal's Guard," because it was supposed to

have no party behind it. But when the project for the annexation of Texas came up, the most of the old Democratic party rallied to his support.

The whole slaveholding interest was, as I have already said, from first to last, a solid corporation which moved instinctively as one body. The nation of Texas had issued bonds which were owned by a handful of enterprising and very skilful operators, and by the time Congress met in December, 1844, the plans for the annexation of Texas were well forward and had the complete approval of President Tyler and his Cabinet. In a review of the history of the intrigue, addressed to his constituents in 1842, Mr. Adams said that in a debate in 1837 on the subject he "disclosed the whole system of duplicity and perfidy toward Mexico which had marked the Jackson Administration from its commencement to its close. It silenced the clamors for the annexation of Texas to this Union for three years till the catastrophe of the Van Buren Administration. The people of the free States were lulled into the belief that the whole project was abandoned and that they should hear no more of slave-trade cravings for the annexation of Texas. Had Harrison lived they would have heard no more of them to this day, but no sooner was John Tyler installed in

the President's house than nullification and Texas and war with Mexico rose again upon the surface, with eye steadily fixed upon the polar star of Southern slave-dealing supremacy in the Government of the Union."

For myself I have always to this time counted it a piece of great good fortune of my own that I spent this winter of 1844–1845 in Washington. I arrived there early in October. I remained there until the 3d of March, 1845, the day before Mr. Polk's inauguration. I remember that I was too angry to be willing to stay to see his inauguration on the 4th. But Mr. Alexander Hill Everett took me to call upon Mr. Polk, I think at the National Hotel, so that I heard them in frank conversation with each other. In the same way I had seen Mr. Calhoun and heard them talk. Mr. Calhoun was, at this period, Mr. Tyler's Secretary of State.

If I give anywhere any account of the personal impression Mr. Tyler made on me, it must be on another page. On this page I wish I could make the reader see what the struggle of that winter was as it appeared to unsophisticated Northern eyes.

Physically, Texas is a paradise, and always has been, since its written history began. I

have never been in southern Mexico, but I think I know something of Mexico; and I have seen every one of our States between New Brunswick and the Rio Grande. I am quite sure that Texas, as large a region as France, has by far the finest natural advantages of any region between Labrador and the Isthmus of Panama. It seems therefore a little queer that while Mexico got itself well settled by Europeans, even in Cortes's times, and while there were Frenchmen in Canada and Englishmen in Virginia as early as Jamestown, there were no Spanish settlements of wider range than military posts in the whole of Texas. This is the more queer because you find passages which show that intelligent people knew how fine a country it was. Thus, old Judge Sewall, two hundred years ago, has one of his fine weird visions in which he suggests that the New Jerusalem will be established there.

I suppose the truth to be that the Spanish Governors of Mexico were afraid of English and American aggression on the north, and meant to keep a desert between the Mississippi and their silver mines. Under that policy they murdered Philip Nolan in 1801; kept all his companions prisoners until they died, except Blackburn,

whom they hanged; and they arrested Captain Pike and his party when they had strayed into the valley of the Rio Grande in 1807. The idea of a dividing zone which should be virtually a desert between rival nations was a familiar notion to the old-fashioned statesman. Somehow or other it happened in Burr's time, and for twenty years after, that what people would call a Texas fever got hold of the adventurous pioneer population of the Southwest; and early in the twenties there appear the names of such men as Stephen Austin, Samuel Houston, and, later down, of David Crockett, who had determined to break in on this hedged-up paradise. As the Mexican States broke off from Spain and became republics, it became more and more easy to obtain grants of land of one sort and another. The old Spanish Government had almost always refused such grants, but the revolutionists were much more easy.

In 1833 the settlers on such grants gained confidence enough in their own number and in hope of enlarging those numbers to make a constitution for themselves, and in 1836, after various vicissitudes, to declare their independence. This was followed, almost of course, by an invasion of Mexican troops; and it is to be

observed, from the experience of the next five and twenty years, that the Mexican soldier is an admirable soldier. They crushed at first the fighting force of Texas. That horrible massacre of the Alamo took place, black among the blackest incidents even of Spanish folly and cruelty, and was followed by the inevitable retaliation of the battle of San Jacinto. In this fight the Mexican army was annihilated in half an hour by the Texans, and, fortunately for them, General Santa Anna, its commander, the President of Mexico, was taken prisoner. The Texan army which had triumphed was made up of men whose comrades had been brutally murdered after the capture of Alamo. It was said at the time that when the poor Mexican soldiers, who had been surprised in their afternoon siesta, found themselves the prisoners of the Texans they would sob out "Me no Alamo," meaning that they were not concerned in the brutal massacre. This was in the year 1836. From that moment the independence of Texas seemed possible. The United States Government had attempted to purchase the province under every Administration after Monroe's. Indeed, the affectation had been kept up that the Province of Texas, between the Sabine and the

Rio del Norte, belonged to the Province of Louisiana, and that our line should have been drawn at the Del Norte, and not at the Sabine.

Now that Texas was established as an independent State, with the flag of the "Lone Star," a steady purpose showed itself on the part of its rulers to annex themselves to the United States. The Southern leaders, including the President, John Tyler, saw of course the immense advantage that so magnificent a province would give to them. The slave-holding interest could not but lend itself to the annexation of this province to the United States, without reserve. Besides this, alas! there were the men who owned the bonds of the "Lone Star" State, which had been hardly worth the paper they were written on. But if Texas became a part of the United States these bonds would be enlarged immensely in value. It was said at the time, and I believe, that waverers who had to be conciliated to the Southern cause accepted these bonds as part payment for their votes.

The annexation of Texas then became the crucial test which should show how far the Northern States and the Western States did or did not care for slavery in the abstract. A man might say, with a perfectly good conscience, that

South Carolina could regulate her own laws with regard to slavery, while he could not say, with a good conscience, that slavery should exist in Texas, or that the United States should annex a slave-holding region. On this issue Mr. Polk had been chosen President, as representing the South and the Southern interests. Mr. Clay had been rejected because the anti-slavery men of New York did not believe that he was sound as to the extension of slavery. The whole session of Congress of the winter of 1844–1845 was practically given to the solution of this question. Democratic States like New Hampshire turned right round on the question of freedom in Texas.

In that session Mr. Adams and with him the whole North triumphed, when in December the House received petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, which it had steadily refused to do before. But as the month of March opened, it proved that in the Texas business the South was victorious. Up to the first day of March, we Northern men had supposed that the Senate would reject what was called the "joint resolution," which had passed the House, which provided for the annexation. The form of the joint resolution had been taken

because it was known that no treaty for annexation could go through the Senate. We supposed that we had a majority of one in the Senate. On all this history the wise reader will study Mr. Shepard's Life of Van Buren.

On the morning of the 2d of March I called on Mr. Rufus Choate at the Senate Chamber, and called him out from his seat.

"I am going to Boston, Mr. Choate. What shall I tell my father?"

"Tell him we are beaten, Mr. Hale — we are beaten, *magno prælio victi sumus*. We have been beaten in a great battle."

The truth, was, as I suppose, that President Tyler had told Senator Merrick — a weak Senator from Maryland — that if he would vote for annexation, his son should be made Judge in the District Court of Columbia. Such was, at least, the scandal of the time. The son was made Judge of that Court, receiving a position which he held until his death, and the father who had been chosen as a Whig, voted for annexation.

For myself, I went back to Boston most eager to carry out what I thought to be the true policy of the Northern States. I have never changed my opinion. The whole North was angry with what seemed a trick which had been played upon

it. This same North was sending westward thousands of emigrants every year; and here was this magnificent province lying empty. How certain it is that if the wave of free emigration could have been turned into Texas then, evils untold of would have been prevented. On the other hand, I am afraid it is as certain that human slavery would not have been abolished in the older States for another generation.

But my own duty seemed to me clear enough. I gave my first days after I returned to Boston to writing an eager appeal for the immediate settlement of Texas from the Northern States. "How to Conquer Texas before Texas Conquers Us," this was the title of my pamphlet. I printed it at my own cost, and I am yet to meet with the first person, outside the circle of my immediate friends, who ever read those sixteen pages. No, I must except the proof-reader of that edition and the proof-reader of the eighth volume of my standard edition, in which I reprinted it fifty-six years afterward.

I was ready to go myself in any capacity. I had fancied, in the innocence of twenty-three years of age, that we could arrest attention to such a plan — that the men with money would contribute money and that the men of courage would ally themselves together; and even, as certain

men went from Leyden to Massachusetts Bay in 1620, a body of us would go to Texas in 1845. But no, mine was a voice crying in the wilderness. No man went or proposed to go.

All the same, I like to say now that the solution proposed was well founded on the social conditions of the middle of the century.

THE NEBRASKA BILL

When, nine years afterward, in the beginning of the year 1854, with a sublime audacity, won by success, the Southern leaders determined to overthrow the Missouri Compromise, the same opportunity for the direction of free emigration presented itself to another man in Massachusetts as the solution to be attempted then.

The "Nebraska Bill," still so called in conversation at the North, though it was for many years the law of the land, was introduced in the Senate. It violated the promises of the Missouri Compromise by throwing open the territory west of Arkansas and Missouri and Iowa to the institution of slavery. The North was on fire at once at a violation so disgraceful of a compact which had been loyally respected for thirty-four years. And Eli Thayer, a school-

master of Worcester, Massachusetts, called on the Legislature to organize the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company. He was a member of the Legislature for the city of Worcester. It was not a plan of an old antislavery war-horse. It was a plan which proposed to meet the South on its own terms, familiarly known as "squatter sovereignty." It authorized a capital of five million dollars in establishing settlements at the West. The charter was rushed through both Houses of the Legislature at once, and was signed by Governor Washburn on the 26th day of April, 1854. This was a month before the Nebraska Bill was signed by Franklin Pierce, then President. On the 4th of May the petitioners accepted the charter. Massachusetts picked up the gauntlet, it has been said, before it was thrown down.

In point of fact, the friends of the movement acted under a quiet, private organization through the whole of the year 1854, and a more valuable working charter was obtained for the New England Emigrant Aid Company in the next winter. That company still exists. Before May, 1855, thirty thousand dollars were subscribed and spent. Eventually, the company raised and spent one hundred and thirty-six thousand dol-

lars. The first company of emigrants went under the direction of its executive in August of 1854. Dr. Charles Robinson, who afterward became Governor of Kansas, was the leader.

When this New England Emigrant Aid Company organized, the largest subscriber was John Carter Brown, a millionnaire merchant of Providence. He was chosen the first President of the new organization.

Mr. Eli Thayer was a near neighbor of mine in Worcester, and as soon as I knew of his prompt and wise movement I went over to see him, showed him my Texas pamphlet, and told him I was ready to take hold anywhere. He was very glad to have a man Friday so near at hand. There was enough for all of us to do. We called meetings in all available places, and went to speak or sent speakers wherever we were called for. Colonies formed themselves in all the larger towns of New England, and before the end of 1855 we had sent out four or five thousand settlers into Kansas. It is fair to say that every man in this company went for the purpose of making Kansas a free State and to give a like privilege to all other States. No man went with the primary purpose of enriching himself or his family. What followed was

that Kansas has always been a State of idealists. When the Civil War, so called, came for the whole Nation, Kansas, which had tasted war for six years already, furnished a larger proportion of soldiers to the Union army than any other State did.

The books of the Emigrant Aid Companies show that the Central Company spent in the year 1854 $23,623.73. Before the spring of the next year the expenditure had been $96,-956.01. In 1862 the company sold all its property in Kansas. It had then raised and expended $136,000. It retained its claim on the General Government for destroying by military force the hotel at Lawrence. For this investment no subscriber ever received any return except in the success of the enterprise in its great object, the freedom of that western empire.

Local societies were formed in various sections — working in their own fashion. Mr. Thayer arranged for a meeting in the city of New York among other places. It was not large, but it was enthusiastic. Among other people present was the late William Maxwell Evarts, afterward Secretary of State, then a lawyer of good prospects in the city, but not so well known

as afterward. Mr. Evarts made a speech in which he said that he supposed he was worth four thousand dollars, and he subscribed one thousand of it to the new enterprise.

Most fortunately for the country the Southern oligarchy and their coadjutors in Missouri took the alarm more seriously than they needed to have done. Mr. Thayer had boldly named five million dollars as the capital for his new company. While we were doing our best to bring together the twenty thousand dollars which we spent in 1854, every paper in Missouri and farther South was announcing that we had five millions at our command. This announcement answered our purpose almost as well as if it had been true. And I think that no single cause stimulated the Western emigration into Kansas more than the announcement and belief that rich New England capitalists were investing five million dollars there.

The plan of Mr. Thayer was very simple, and it is really a pity that it has not been carried out, even in some of its details, to the present day. I am fond of saying, and I believe, that it was the beginning of "personally conducted" parties, such as the Cooks take over the world to-day. We would announce at our office that,

say, on the 3d of August we should send a company to Kansas. We corresponded with the railway companies to know which would give us the cheapest terms. We peddled through tickets to the people who came to us at the wholesale price. Then we appointed a competent person to take charge of the party. In this way men who went forward with the first parties could send their women or even their little children in subsequent parties, without coming back to take them over the route. It was one of the jokes of the time that when one of Frank Pierce's pro-slavery Governors was sent out he and his secretaries bought their tickets of one of our agents, so that we "personally conducted" them. If this were true, and I think it was, we had no right to complain.

We never gave a penny to a settler unless he was engaged to do work for us. And the people who said that we took out paupers did not know how many substantial men and women were eager to go into Kansas.

We offered a prize for the best marching song for emigrants. Miss Larcom won the prize, and there is a pretty story about a body of her young friends who found out that she had won it before she knew it herself, and sang it under

her window in the morning. Whittier wrote for us a capital marching song or "song of degrees": —

> "We cross the prairie, as of old
> Our fathers crossed the sea,
> To make the West, as they the East,
> The homestead of the free."

When one of these companies came to the new territory, our business with the individuals of whom it was composed was at an end. But, naturally, people who had started out together liked to keep together, and such people would take up their lands together under the Homestead Act.

Wherever agents could, they established a steam engine for cutting lumber. In Lawrence we assisted Dr. George N. Brown, who established a printing-press at which the *Herald of Freedom* was printed. Eventually, we established presses in some other towns. I remember that the handbills which we circulated for calling meetings, at some of which I spoke, were headed "Sawmills and Liberty." The theory which we were impressing was that towns were the bulwarks of freedom; that if people would help the settlers by establishing their sawmills, they would form so many central points where freedom

would gather; and all this proved precisely true.

The movement became so extensive that in the United States Senate a careful report was made vilifying it in the worst style of the arrogance of the Southern leaders of that day. In an immense collection of letters at that time, I find two or three from Charles Sumner which are worth printing: —

"WASHINGTON, 1st March, '56.

"MY DEAR HALE: I wish I could have the advantage of direct conversation with you for a brief hour on Kansas.

"It is clear that this Congress will do nothing for the benefit of Kansas. In the House we are weak; in the Senate powerless. This Know-Nothing shadow has demoralized Northern Representatives. In the Senate, the small squad of Republicans constitute the only reliable friends. Nothing can be expected from Cass or Douglas. The latter in executive session on Sherman's case expressed great indignation with him for condescending to make a treaty with rebels at Lawrence.

"To what point, then, should we address ourselves? The first question will be on Reeder's

case. This belongs exclusively to the House, but the facts evolved there will throw light on the whole subject.

"Then comes the application for admission into

Charles Sumner

From an engraving by Augustus Robin.

the Union. Here is a difficulty arising (1) from the small population at the time the Constitution was adopted, and (2) from the slender sup-

port it received at the polls, owing doubtless to the invasion then proceeding.

"How shall these matters be dealt with? Pray let me have your counsels.

"Of course the pretended Legislature and its acts must be exposed as invalid. But what next? Clearly, there must be a Government there; and the promptest way of getting it is by the recognition of the new Constitution. But this will be exposed as lacking what will be called entirety.

"I know your interest in the question, and therefore make no apology for this hasty note.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"CHARLES SUMNER."

"SENATE CHAMBER, 13th March, '56.

"MY DEAR HALE: . . . You will read Douglas's elaborate assault on the Emigrant Aid Company. Allow me suggest to you to have the Company present a memorial to the Senate directly, responsive to this assault, point by point, and vindicating its simple rights. On this head I need not give you any hints.

"The memorial should be as short as is consistent with a complete statement of the case;

but it should be a document that will make the position of the Company understood by the country.

"The whole atrocity in Kansas is now vindicated as a National counter-movement to the Emigrant Aid Company, and your Company is gibbeted before the country as a criminal.

"I venture to suggest that this be attended to at once. But I leave it all to your discretion.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"CHARLES SUMNER."

"P.S. — To me this assault is quite natural, for I have long known that the Slave Power sticks at nothing!"

"SENATE CHAMBER, Monday.

"DEAR HALE: If you send a memorial, let it be addressed to the Senate and House, and sent on in duplicate, one copy for the Senate, and the other for the House.

"I write you because I know you.

"Ever yours,

"CHARLES SUMNER."

The last of these letters was written three days before Brooks struck Sumner on the head in the Senate Chamber and silenced his voice for the years which followed. On Wednesday of

the same week, the day before the Brooks assault, a force from Missouri, under the direction of the United States Marshal, burned our hotel and Governor Robinson's house, destroyed Dr. Brown's printing-press, and plundered several storehouses. Our settlers, as law-abiding citizens, would not oppose the United States authority.

To me personally it is an interesting memorial of the time that the next week we held a public meeting in Faneuil Hall in Boston, to pass judgment on the two atrocities which happened so close to each other, that of the 23d of May and that of the 24th. On that occasion, on the platform of Faneuil Hall, I introduced my father, who had been then for forty years the editor of the *Daily Advertiser*, the leading Whig paper, to Henry Wilson, the United States Senator, who had taken the place of Edward Everett in the United States Senate. Here were two men, now wholly at one in the handling of the slavery question, who had never spoken to each other until on that platform they met together. The incident was a good illustration of the way in which the Nebraska Bill had closed up the ranks in the Northern opposition to slavery. For the *Advertiser* and my father represented the friends of Mr. Webster, and had loyally sup-

ported him, on the ground of their readiness to give and take what had been promised in the Missouri Compromise. Now they were set free.

I had meant and wished to print here some of the curious details of the Kansas Settlement for which the materials are at my hand. I am now the President of the Emigrant Aid Company. But space is space and a page is a page, so that I must reserve them for some other place and time. The first election in the Territory showed that armed men from Missouri meant to take its organization into their hands. The settlers had to arm themselves; and at their request our officers made the purchase of Sharp's rifles, which won a place in history. At one time Henry Ward Beecher was nicknamed Sharp's Rifle Beecher, because he had contributed to the Rifle Fund. Here is a letter which marks the date in history: —

"Sharp's Rifle Manufacturing Co.,
"Hartford, May 7, 1855.

"*Thomas H. Webb, Esq., Secretary of New England Emigrant Aid Company.*

"Dear Sir: Annexed find invoice of one hundred carbines, ammunition, etc., ordered Mr. Deitzler, this morning. For balance of account, I have ordered on Messrs. Lee, Higginson & Co.,

thirty days from this date, $2,155.65, as directed by you. . . .

"Your obedient servant,

"J. C. PALMER,

"*President.*"

I have severely compressed the history, for twelve years, of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, in Kansas. I can wish now that that history might be written out more at length. But I cannot do it here.

I ought, I believe, to call attention here to the absurd desire of some people in Kansas and out of it to keep out from history the names of some of the earlier leaders; true men who did things for which they ought to be honored. In myself, I think that the erratic enterprise of John Brown, a man for whom I have very high respect, was of great injury to the infant state. But in the wish to make him a hero, it has seemed desirable to crowd out of sight men who were in Kansas long before him. For a single instance, Governor Charles Robinson, the first Governor of Kansas chosen by the people, had been in the valley of the Kansas River as early as the summer of 1854, as an agent of the Emigrant Aid Company. Long before that time, he had crossed Kansas, with an overland party, to California.

For the critical years following August, 1854, when it was necessary to show that the settlers from the North and Northwest were acting under United States law, Robinson showed the most extraordinary courage and wisdom. Step by step, under his lead, the real colonists won victory after victory over poor Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan; and they showed to all men that they were on the side of law and order. It is absurd, not to say wicked, to try to leave such a man out of history. The first agents of the Emigrant Aid Company were Charles Robinson, Samuel C. Pomeroy, and Charles Branscomb. I do not know, and nobody else knows, where Kansas would be to-day without them, and without Eli Thayer, who sent them. Robinson was a settler in Kansas more than a year before John Brown.

THE WAR

CHAPTER V

THE WAR

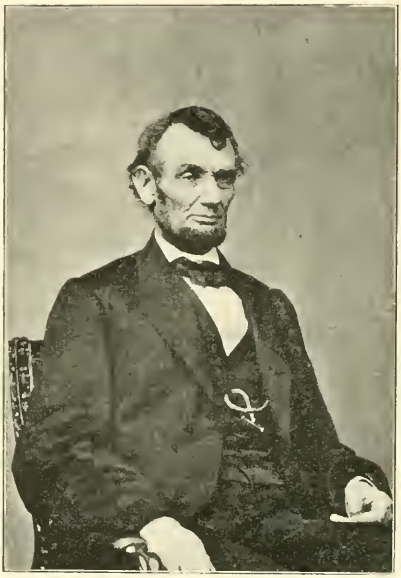
ONE TO MAKE READY

THERE has been a great temptation to prepare for this part of these memoirs a severely condensed history of the Civil War. For eighteen months I had such a plan in mind, and it was with regret that I abandoned it. But I have abandoned it. I should like to write such a history. I think if I had ten years of life before me, with nothing else to do, I would do it. But I will not do it here.

No! The reader ought to understand, by this time, that he is looking at the century through my key-hole. We are taking snap-shots together, and of our snap-shot pictures I throw away nineteen before I let the reader see one.

I think there will be a certain interest in bringing together five or six separate glimpses of the war, which will show how a working minister in a Northern parish could be mixed up in it. I have had in mind, for nearly forty years, the

bringing together of a set of papers in church history and printing them in a book which should be called "A Church in the War." But we cannot print that book here at the end of a volume. Here are, however, a few personal memoranda, most of which date from the time, which will serve in their way as so many foreground lights for its history.



A. Lincoln

Whoever writes the history of the nineteenth century ought to remember that after all the irritation and even savage rage of section against section the war took the North by surprise. For myself, I regarded the Southern declarations as part of a game of brag, even up to the first shot on Sumter. I remember that a week or two before

that happened, as I came out of church on what must have been the first Sunday in April, Wendell Phillips was passing the gateway of the little courtyard. I joined him and walked with him, and he told me that the Carolinians were throwing up batteries from which to fire on Fort Sumter. I knew the ground and water, or thought I did, and I pooh-poohed, and said, "Batteries? What are they making them of — the waves of the sea?" and intimated that all this was the exuberance of a pretence which would cool down into nothing. Phillips said, "I hope so." But within a fortnight's time his hopes and my expectations were disappointed. Yet I was myself at that same time drilling as an active member of Salignac's Rifle Corps. My connection with this drill club began one evening at a meeting of a college club which had existed twenty years. Edward Cabot, the distinguished architect, who was one of the members, told us that he and some other young gentlemen had formed a drill club for the training for war. In my own memory this marks the moment when anybody thought that war was impending. For me, as I say, I thought the bluster of the Southern States was the bragging of people used to playing cards, and I did not believe that things

would come to that crisis. But all the same I wanted "to encourage the rest," as Voltaire said. I was minister of a large parish, and I wanted the young men of that parish to do their duty. I told Cabot that he might count me as a member. I think it was the next day I went down to join, and from that time until the war was well advanced I went down to drill daily. Salignac had been an officer in the French service and was quite master of all that we needed to learn from him. Amos Adams Lawrence, the same with whom I had worked in the colonization of Kansas, and who gave his name to the city of Lawrence there, was very much interested in the club. He obtained for us the use of a large hall owned by Mr. Gray, the hall which Mr. Shuman now occupies at the corner of Summer Street and Washington Street. There we drilled all winter.

I was, therefore, well up in regimental tactics and well enough up in the drilling of soldiers, when on the fatal Sunday morning of April, 1861, it was announced that Sumter had been fired on. Every young man who was worth his salt then wanted to fall into the ranks, and at Salignac's we had our hands full in drilling new recruits. I suppose I was a sergeant. Here is

a reminiscence of one of those April days: How often have I preached in Chicago and General Bayley has met me on the pulpit stairs and said, "Can you see both screws of the musket, Dr. Hale?" He was a youngster in my own Sunday-school who had fallen in with the rest. Passing behind the rank, in my duty as instructor, I had said to him, "Throw up your gun a little; I want to see both those screws." From such a beginning Bayley came out a Major-General in 1865.

The hall in Summer Street was not large enough for us to parade or drill in a straight line. It was bent as the letter E is bent, without the cross mark in the middle. I was one of the taller men, my friend Dr. Williams being taller than I. So we were at the extreme right of the battalion line, and when we presented arms we were opposite the extreme left of the line, which was made up of the men who were not so tall. So it was that, week in and week out, I presented arms at any dress parade to a fair-haired Saxon boy, a hundred feet away, whose name I did not know. And it was not until I assisted at his funeral that I learned that this charming, manly face which I had seen so often was that of young Will Putnam, Lowell's

nephew, who had been killed at Ball's Bluff. In fact, nineteen-twentieths of Salignac's Drill Corps took commissions in the Massachusetts regiments and went to war. To this day I cannot pass through the central memorial hall of Sanders at Cambridge without tears, there are so many of my college companions and of my other young friends whose names are engraved on the tablets there.

After the announcement that Sumter was fired on, it would be fair to say that nobody in Boston thought of anything but the war for four years. Everything turned on that pivot. In that first week, if a man asked another man if he could sell him a horse, the answer was, "You are going to the front? The horse is yours." The Street Railway Company placed all their horses at the disposal of the Governor. The Massachusetts Fifth was sent to Fort Monroe directly under the advice of John Murray Forbes. Some one asked what were the arrangements for provisioning the steamer which took them from Providence, and Forbes said, "I have provisioned her myself."

My brother Charles, who was at that time Speaker of the House of Representatives, sent me a note one morning which showed me that

he was too sick to be anywhere but in bed. I went over with a carriage to his bachelor quarters to bring him to my own house. The poor fellow said that he had in his hands some arrangements for vaccine which were to be sent to such and such regiments at the South. I told him that I would see to the vaccine, and went to the State House for that purpose. There was Henry Lee, well known to all Harvard men as the chief marshal, for many years, of their processions. He was an officer in Salignac's Drill Corps, and at that moment was acting as a volunteer military aid to Governor Andrew. While I waited for a letter I needed, Lee asked me if I could not go down to Fall River that afternoon and drill the Fall River companies. I was most eager to go, but I had in hand these vaccine arrangements, and many other duties of the same sort, and I made the "great refusal." Which story I tell because I think if I had gone down to Fall River and had my experience of a drill-master's life, I should probably have stayed with the army until the war was over. Who knows but these might be the memoirs of a major-general, as Bayley's would be?

But I laid down the rule for myself that I

would not go in person to the war until I found nothing to do every day at home.

When all was over, on the 22d day of December, 1865, Governor Andrew had ordered a parade of representatives of each of the sixty-six Massachusetts regiments, who were to march to the State House and leave their smoked and ragged colors there. I noticed in the morning paper that they would pass our church. I sent a note to the chairman of the right committee, and the women opened the church; they lighted their fire, and when, that morning, one or two thousand men marched through Union Park, hot coffee stood in full pails on the steps, with enough for every man of the command, and they broke ranks and drank. In our little museum at church we show receipts of the State of Massachusetts for the flannel underclothes we sent them in April, 1861.

Of other personal reminiscences, the papers which make up this chapter are all that I may now use. The first is a letter from a gentleman, in an important official position in Washington, describing his impressions as to the army, as he saw it in August, after the defeat at Manassas, or, as we say, Bull Run. Even after thirty years it seems worth while to show out of

what inexperience Grant's and Meade's armies began.

"Washington, August 6, 1861.

"My Dear Sir: I have received your note with inclosure, of 2d inst., and am sorry we are not to be more closely associated. However, there is much to do everywhere now, and what is most important is no longer in Washington. Yet one needs to be at Washington to see into what a terrible rut of inefficiency and humbug and twaddle our poor Nation has got. There seems no end to buncombe; we are saturated with it high and low.

"Now what is the fact about this noble, etc., gallant, patriotic army? It was, in large part, a miserable rabble of sentimental actors and 'foreign mercenaries.' It had no real discipline, only a play of it, or so much of it as was pretty. Its officers were knaves and fools. They had never read history, they knew not the simplest elementary conditions of war, and they never really expected to fight, certainly not to *conduct* fighting. The consequences of the Bull's Run[1] affair prove this if they prove anything. The exceptions count by thousands, it is true, but the

[1] This was this gentleman's spelling. Bull Run is said to be correct.

central fact is that the army was good for nothing. I really believe that three regiments of regulars well commanded could take the capital to-day, if there were no regulars in it. And how does the country behave? The cruel, savage, senseless poltroons who took to the ambulances and ran over the wounded and left them to die of thirst, taking their water for themselves — the surgeons themselves who went mad with fright — have you hung any of them in Boston? They haven't been named yet; nobody has tried to get their names. But the vermin of various varieties send their names to a New York newspaper to testify that they deserted in spite of the earnest request of their officers on the eve of the first engagement, after having played soldier at the public expense three months, because 'their time was out' and they 'wanted to see their families'! God save their children from living. And the people of New York let these fellows 'return to their business.' Does the history of the world exhibit traces of the existence of anything meaner than that? And the men who did behave well — can you name them? Who cares for them? They are lost in our habit of buncombe.

"We must strain every nerve to put things on

an entirely different footing or we are lost. The very idea of order, precision, punctuality, complete honesty, and exact responsibility is generally lost among us. A man does the meanest things and does not know it; the most gallant things, and unless the spread-eagle takes them up nobody else knows it.

"The women terribly want something to do. Couldn't they be got to form committees to hunt deserters and cowards, knavish contractors and speculating legislators, officers who give no care to their men except for parade and who throw away their coats in battle lest they should be known for officers, soldiers who can't be got to brush their coats or wash their faces or take care of a sick comrade or look twice at an enemy?

"Until in some way or other something allied to discipline can be forced upon these creatures sent here for soldiers, all sanitary preaching is about useless. There ought to be a few hundred men hung here to-morrow. Then we might ask commanding officers to give orders for the health of their men. But orders go for nothing now. They are almost of as little value as promises.

"Now I've told you the whole story. The Sanitary Commission can do nothing but poke

sticks in at the edges. The whole kettle needs to be upset, and you are nearer the long end of the lever in Boston than you would be here.

"As to the matter of Mr. Bishop's concern, I have thought much about it, and talked a good deal and done a little. The small Treasury notes are chiefly for the convenience of soldiers wishing to send to their families. I don't think Mr. Bishop's plan would accomplish much for its cost. The best that I can think of would be some sort of soldiers' savings bank, with agents preceding and following close upon the paymasters. This is a matter for solid men and financiers to think upon. But Dr. Howe has returned now, and you have the Brick Lane branch in full swing. I wish that you would have it talked about, and see if any scheme of the kind will bear beating out to details." [1]

[1] After a friend of mine, an old soldier who knows what he talks about, had read the letter printed above, he wrote to me thus: "It would be a mistake to give permanent prominence to this letter. He ought to have waited three years before he wrote such a letter." I did not attach the writer's name to the letter for reasons which my old friend will approve. My friend continues in these words: —

"It principally shows that there was one official in Washington who was in as bad a panic — or worse — as the army at Manassas.

"Such documents are now chiefly valuable to show the state

Ulysses S. Grant.

AS THE WAR WENT ON

It will give a hint of the variety of the work of a church at home when I say that we had our share, through the Sanitary Commission, in help to the hospitals of the army, the relief of its sick, the care of prisoners and refugees, and the education of freedmen. The first teachers who went to Port Royal to teach blacks were my assistant, the Rev. Charles E. Rich, now of California, and one of our Sunday-school teachers, Mr. George N. Boynton. Colonel Everett Peabody commanded the regiment most in advance at Shiloh. He was sure that Grant's army would be attacked, and gave in his report of that certainty. His men, ready for battle, met the first attack, in the gray of the morning, and he and most of them were killed in the onset. It is one of our proud recollections that the flannel shirts which were dyed again that day were made in our vestry.

Three days afterward the young men who

of mind of the writer. John S. Wise is right — The Battle of Bull Run was a Union success up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The panic was most amazing, and humanly unaccountable. But those men were not cowards and poltroons. They afterward fought like heroes on many a bloody field. Pardon me for saying that I think the name of the writer ought to have been attached to this letter."

first appeared at the landing in charge of the hospital steamer after the horrors of the battle of Shiloh were two young physicians from our church, with supplies which we had forwarded — Dr. John Green, now of St. Louis, and Dr. Abram Wilder of Kansas.

The editor of the first newspaper published in a rebel prison was one of our boys, who had volunteered the first day and had been taken prisoner at Bull Run. He is a neighbor of mine, Mr. George E. Bates. The news of the horrors of the second Bull Run came on Sunday morning. Ladies did not go home from the church, but stayed in the vestries to tear bandages, to pack boxes and see them forwarded by the right expresses. I have given notice from the pulpit that hospital attendants were needed by the Sanitary Commission, and men have started the same evening on service which lasted for years. I once had from Richmond a private intimation of methods by which Union officers could be supplied with home stores. We needed a hundred and ten private letters written to as many Northern homes; I told this to the ladies of my class, and the long letters were written and posted before night. I think — but I am not certain — that the only ether and chloroform

which came to the hospital in Richmond where Union officers were treated in the spring of 1864 were boxed and sent from our church.

For all this time the system was going forward by which we forwarded the stores to hospitals, and even regiments, which exigencies outside the regulations suddenly required. And when you go beyond what was physically done within the walls of the South Congregational Church, there is no end to such stories. Men and women gave money like water. The words "public spirit," the "public breath," got an interpretation and meaning they have never lost. God grant they never may!

I have an old box of sermons labelled "War Sermons." I will not make the reader study them. I could not if I would. But the texts are suggestive: "Compel them to come in." "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." "Stand fast in the liberty wherein Christ has made us free." "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." "The unity of the spirit." "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." (This on a sermon which is indorsed, "Take the

loan.") "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields. They are white already to harvest." On a sermon indorsed "Buchanan's Fast," "Put not your trust in princes." As early as March 28, 1859, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." In a sermon marked "Reaction," "The same is he that heareth the word and anon with joy receiveth it, yet hath not root in himself but dureth for a while." "His mercy endureth forever." On the President's Fast, April 30, 1863, "Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." "That they all may be one." "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." "Forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forward to those that are before." "And the children of Israel went up and wept before the Lord until even and asked counsel of the Lord, saying, Shall I go up to battle against the children of Benjamin, my brother? And the Lord said, Go up against him." "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory." This on the Thanksgiving Day after the return of peace.

I was at the annual commencement of the Andover Theological Seminary in August, 1861,

just after our defeat at the first Bull Run. The chaplain of the day prayed that McDowell might be forgiven "for having unnecessarily initiated a battle on the Lord's day." My kinsman, Professor Stowe, who was there, told this story of Longfellow, his classmate in college, whom he had met a few days before: Longfellow had stopped him in the street and asked him how things were going on at Andover; and said, "If New Testament will not do, you must give them Old."

Sometimes as an officer of the Sanitary Commission, sometimes to preach to my old parish at Washington, I went on to that city. I dare not say how often as the four years went by.

Here is a curious memorandum of a conversation which I had with Charles Sumner about Lincoln's Compensated Emancipation message:—

"April 26, 1862, Washington.

Nothing shows the power of the President more at the present moment than the way in which every person you meet thinks and gives you to think that he and the President are hand in glove, and, indeed, quite agree.

I went through with this very pleasantly with Dr. Bellows on Tuesday. To-night I took

tea with Judge Thomas, who spoke quite freely of his intimacy with the President, and afterward meeting George Livermore and going with him to call on Mr. Sumner. He entertained us, and very agreeably, with the history of the President's message for compensated emancipation, for which he took a good deal of credit to himself, and which he told me in much these words: —

"That began a good while ago — as long ago as the extra session. But to speak of this session only, the night I got here, Saturday night — Congress meets on Monday — as soon as I had brushed off the dust of travel, I went down to see the President. I talked with him alone two hours about the principal subjects of the message. I talked to him about the Trent affair, about the conduct of the army and General McClellan, and about slavery. About them all we agreed, or agreed very nearly. For about the Trent affair we agreed entirely — that nothing should be said about it. About the army we agreed entirely, and General McClellan, and about slavery we agreed too, though some people would not believe this — the *Daily Advertiser* would not believe it, Mr. Hale. But we did agree so precisely as

this — that the President said after we had spoken of the subject in every detail — these were his very words, 'Well, Mr. Sumner, the only difference between you and me on this subject is a difference of a month or six weeks in time.' 'Mr. President,' said I, 'if that is the only difference between us, I will not say another word to you about it till the longest time you name has passed by.' Nor should I have done so, but about a fortnight after, when I was with him, he introduced the subject himself, asked my opinion on some details of his plan, and told me where it labored in his mind. At that time he had the hope that some one of the border States, Delaware, perhaps, if nothing better could be got, might be brought to make a proposition which could be made use of as the initiative to hitch the whole thing to. He was in correspondence with some persons at a distance with this view, but he did not consult a person in Washington, excepting Mr. Chase and Mr. Blair and myself. Seward knew nothing about it. So it lagged along till the Trent matter came to its crisis. I was with him then, again and again. Lord Lyons sent in Lord Russell's letter. I went over with the President that whole subject.

There were four ways of meeting it. We went over each of the four. We agreed entirely as to the course to be adopted. But I said to him then as I left him, 'Now, Mr. President, if you had done your duty earlier in the slavery matter, you would not have this trouble on you. Now you have no friends, or the country has none, because it has no policy upon slavery. The country has no friends in Europe, excepting isolated persons. England is not our friend. France is not. But if you had announced your policy about slavery, this thing could and would have come and gone and would have given you no anxiety.' The Trent message was settled at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th of December, and that day, or perhaps the next day, I drove him up to it again. I said to him, I remember, 'I want you to make Congress a New Year's present of your plan.' But he had some reason still for a delay. He was in correspondence with Kentucky; there was a Mr. Speed in Kentucky to whom he was writing; he read me one of his letters once; and he thought he should hear from there how people would be affected by such a plan. Every time I saw him, however, I spoke to him about it, and I saw him every two or three days. At

one time I thought he would send in the message on New Year's Day — and I said something about what a glorious thing it would be. But he stopped me in a moment. 'Don't say a word about that,' said he. 'I know very well that the name which is connected with this matter will never be forgotten.' Well, there was one delay and another, but I always spoke to him, till one day, early in January, he said sadly that he had been up all night with his sick child. And I was very much touched, and I resolved that I would say nothing else to the President about this or any other business, if I could help it, till that child were well, or were dead. And I did not. It was a long, complicated illness. It lasted four weeks. And the President attended to no business that could be avoided. He saw no one, he signed no commissions. There were mountains of commissions from the State and Navy and War departments waiting for his signature. Seward presided at the Cabinet meetings. At last, after it was over — I had never said a word to the President again about it — one morning here, before I had breakfasted, before I was up indeed, both his secretaries came over to say that he wanted to see me as soon as I could see him. I dressed

at once and went over; and he said, 'I want to read you my message. I want to know how you like it. I am going to send it in to-day.' So he read it to me, from his own manuscript. And I asked him to let me read it myself, so that I could take it in more carefully. Well, when I began there were some things in it, you know, that I wanted to change — now that word abolishment, that I did not want, but, you know, I said, 'There is to every man an idiosyncrasy, and this is so clearly an aboriginal, autochthonous style of its own that I will not suggest an alteration.'"

"Lucky you didn't," said E. E. H.; "you would have made a pretty botch of it." Mr. Sumner laughed and said, "Yes, I am afraid so. There was, as it was printed, an unfinished sentence. That was a mistake in copying; it was not in his manuscript. Of course, if I had observed a word left out, or any such thing, I would have told him. Well, there was one sentence where I told him that he must let me recast it. I took my pencil, and I said, 'Let me write it thus. I don't want people saying you think this and so.' I was going to turn the sentence round, you know, enough to emasculate it. But he said, 'I'll drop the whole sentence,' and

took his pen and drew it through. I was delighted and so was Chase, who came afterwards to thank me for making him leave it out. I asked him how the Cabinet took it. He had called them together the night before to hear it. I do not know when there has been a Cabinet meeting in the evening. The Cabinet generally meets Tuesday and Friday at 12 and sits until 2. But the President had sent for them all to come to a Cabinet meeting in the evening. 'Oh,' he said, 'they all liked it.' 'Did Seward like it?' said I. 'Oh, yes, he liked it.' 'And old Bates, did he like it?' 'Oh, he liked it most of all.' 'And Smith?' 'Smith, he liked it thoroughly.' I did not ask him about the others, because of them, of course, I knew. Well, I sat with it in my hands, reading it over and not bearing to give it up, but he said, 'There, now, you've read it enough, run away. I must send it in to-day.' He had called his secretary already, and he was waiting. I gave him the first page, and he copied it while I was reading the rest. I rode down to the Senate, and then I went to General Lander's funeral. I was one of the pall-bearers. I met the President there, but I said nothing about this, of course. I rode back to the Senate and found them in executive session.

I went to the desk to see if the message had been sent in, and there it was. I went to one Senator and another, to ask them if they knew what the President had sent in. Oh, some more nominations, they supposed. But I sent them to the desk to see, and so one Senator and another read it there.

"But I had told the President that I should say nothing about it. It should be his act. I might, of course, have made a speech. I might have made some preparation for a speech of welcome to it. But I would not do this. And I said nothing, but to vote as every one else did. Yet I had been the only Senator consulted from the beginning to the end."

I copy the whole of this memorandum of one of Mr. Sumner's conversations, because it shows, in a way which is now as pathetic as it is amusing, what his quite unconscious habit was of patronizing the people with whom he had to do. I have been told that he was the most unpopular man who was ever in the United States Senate. I am afraid this is true. If it is true, it is simply because, without in the least meaning to do so, he would speak with this air of superiority, which was really droll. I do not think myself that he was an arrogant man.

He did sometimes think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but that is a fault which most members of most Senates share with him. There was a certain frankness of manner, almost rustic or pagan, if one may say so, which ruffled people and made them cross when he did not even suspect that he was "riling" them. It is interesting to see how good-naturedly Lincoln took this, and how well he understood Mr. Sumner, through and through.

A YEAR LATER

Here is a letter of my own, of a year later, which shows how varied were the interests in Washington life in the year 1863: —

"The guests were Admiral Davis, General Force, just now from Vicksburg; Colonel Abbot, in command of the defences opposite the city; Mr. Collins, from Asia, who spoke of a despatch he had just had from Irkutsk, and is engaged now in building the telegraph up to Behring's Straits;[1] Dr. Adams, of the Medical Bureau, a sort of aid of Surgeon-General Hammon's, fresh from a tour

[1] This telegraph was built some ten years before its time and was never of any use, but that the Indians regarded it as a God-sent magazine of wire. Indeed, I believe they use it as such to this day. Wire is a great treasure in a savage land.

of inspection at the West, and a Colonel Cunningham. The ladies were only the three pretty Miss Abbots, and Mary certainly did the honors charmingly. I see I have not named Mr. Channing,[1] who was very bright and came out very pleasantly. I do not know when I have been at a brighter party. What is striking, as soon as you are among the military or naval men, is their sweet, simple loyalty, their indifference to politics, and their confidence of success. General Force said that he rode down to Natchez to see a city which had *not* been injured by the war. There he found children playing in the streets, ladies in the verandas, and the city as beautiful as ever. 'And the men?' we asked. 'The men,' he said, had been 'strong enough and of influence enough to keep themselves from being hanged; they had sworn they would not go into the rebel army, had their property seized because they would not, but had protected their families against guerillas, and so had roughed through. And old Dr. Duncan,' said he, 'told me he counted himself worth a million and three hundred thousand dollars when the war began, that he would gladly take fifteen thousand dollars in greenbacks for all that was left, "but the sight

[1] Rev. William H. Channing.

of the old flag," said he, "was worth it all." ' Is not that really touching — to know there is some such feeling somewhere? Admiral Davis told a curious story, illustrating the English confidence in our ruin. After Bull Run, their Hydrographic Office did not send the annual relay of charts which it is their custom to send to the different departments of our Government. And for more than that year, through the next year, they discontinued them, but as soon as we opened the Mississippi last year, they thought the chance of the charts being taken care of amounted to more, and began to send them again. Mr. Channing gave a very interesting account of the exciting debate in the House on the proposed expulsion of Lane and Harris to-day. I had heard a part of this discussion, but had no sense of the feeling it had really excited upon the floor. All this sort of anecdote makes you feel that you really are in the midst of things."

MY FIRST AND LAST BATTLE

A year later still I saw an army for the first time. It seemed to me that I had seen every detail of preparation at Readville, where our own regiments were soldiered. I had followed along all the business where raw volunteers were taken

into camp and regiments got in order for the front. At Fort Independence, in the harbor, there was apt to be a regiment, or more, going through the same process. On Sundays one or another of us went down there to see the boys and preach to them. We knew all about shirts and underclothing and hospital stores, and, alas! we began to know about pensions and State relief. We had more than enough to do with widows and children of men who had been killed, and with women who were virtually widowed, though their husbands were alive at the front. We had sent everything to the hospital stores — testaments, playing-cards, fans, mosquito helmets, and havelocks. But, all the same, I wanted to see an army, and in April, 1864, I went to Washington determined to do so if I could. I stayed in Washington from the 8th of March until the 11th. On the Sunday the memorandum in my note-book is: "Preached at the capital, new brief, 'Compel them to come in.'" It was on this visit that I called on the President.

They all told me that no civilian would be permitted in the camp of Grant's army. But I found that I could go down to Fort Monroe and see General Butler's army.

I had met General Butler that winter at a

dinner given him in Boston, where I sat by him, and we had an interesting conversation for the evening. He had invited me cordially to come and see him at Fort Monroe. On this occasion I had Sanitary business of importance enough to justify my going down the bay to the fort. And I went to Norfolk on the 12th of April. There I was the guest of General Wild — one of our Massachusetts generals — who was at that moment very much interested in the mustering and employment of colored troops.

On the 14th of April I crossed to Fort Monroe, where I was immediately welcomed by General Butler. And he fairly compelled me by his exuberant courtesy to make my home at his house. I spent four or five days very pleasantly there. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 17th, he ordered a review of colored troops on the broad beach to the east and north of the fortress. There were more than five thousand men under arms, mostly negroes, proud of their new position. Over at Hampton, opposite, they sing to this hour the hymn which General Armstrong liked so much: —

> "We look like men,
> We look like men,
> We look like men of war,
> All armed and dressed in uniform,
> And ready for the war."

And Butler told me that in the movements of the Peninsula these men could be placed where you would think no troops could stand. They were paying off the debts of generations.

On Monday he sent me round to Yorktown and Gloucester, where my friend General Joseph Hawley was in command. I saw a little then of the life of soldiers in the field. When on Tuesday I bade General Butler good-by, I said to him: "The next time you see me I shall be a recruit, and I shall present arms to you at this gateway, as you are riding in." He said, eagerly, "Why, if you will come, Mr. Hale, we will take you to-day. We will put you in the forefront of the battle, as David put Uriah. I suppose there would have been nothing wrong in that if Uriah had asked David to place him there." With this farewell I came home, little thinking that I should so soon have his invitation — shall I say, to take Uriah's place?

But, as I knew, the joint movement by the Army of the James River, on the south, with Grant's army on the north, was impending. And I had been at home but little more than three weeks when I received a telegram from Colonel Shaffer, Butler's Chief of Staff, dated at Bermuda Hundred, a point which Butler had

seized successfully at the junction of the Appomattox and the James rivers. The despatch read, "Come on at once; we are more successful than our best hopes." Who could resist such an invitation? Not I; and I left my plough in the furrow. I arranged somehow for my pulpit, and went at once to Washington. I called on my old friend Edward Townsend, who was Adjutant-general, I think, of the army. He had been a boy in the Latin School with me, and was a few years my senior. I showed him my invitation, told him I thought I could be of use in Sanitary matters, and he gave me a despatch for General Butler. It proved to be a talisman such as Aladdin used to carry. From that moment I was a bearer of despatches and could take great airs on myself. I went down the river at once to Fort Monroe and reported there, to find that all my friends of the staff, with one exception, were in the army at the front, and that a steamer was going up in the morning on which I could go.

We were rather more than halfway up the river when we were arrested for a little by the sound of firing on the shore. It proved that this was one of the days when Fitzhugh Lee had attempted to cut off General Butler's river

communications. He had attacked the field works which we had on the south side of the river. As it happened, some of these works were held by negroes recruited in Virginia, and this was one of the earlier trials of those troops. After a little delay on this account, we pressed on; and just about nightfall arrived at the crowded water-front of Bermuda Hundred. The whole army of twenty-five thousand men had arrived there suddenly a fortnight before, as if it had fallen from the skies. In that time wharves and landing-places had been improvised with marvellous rapidity; and although there was endless confusion, still things seemed to go forward with the kind of energy which marks the work of a well-disciplined army.

For me, I was as ignorant as a freshman is on entering college of what I was to do. I knew that General Butler and his staff were six or seven miles away. I knew that night was falling, and I did not know how I was to go to him. Fortunately for me, as I thought, there was on the boat a member of his staff with whom I had some acquaintance, and I relied upon him to help me through. When we landed, however, he was out of the way, and I could not find him. I suspected that he did not care

to embarrass himself with a civilian and was intentionally keeping out of sight. I think so still.

I therefore did what I always do in life — struck as high as I could. I said to the sentinel that I was a bearer of despatches, and asked him the way to the headquarters of the commander of that post. This gentleman was Colonel Fuller of Massachusetts. He said at once that his own orderly should go with me to General Butler; that the Colonel would lend me his own horse, and would send my valise on the ambulance the next morning. So the horse was saddled, and about the time when it became quite dark the soldier and I started on our way.

He knew no more of the road than I did, and a very bad road it was. I made my first acquaintance with the sacred soil of Virginia then and there. We lost ourselves sometimes, and then we found ourselves, the greater part of the road being the worst possible country road, all cut to pieces by the heavy army work, through woods, not of large trees, which were close enough on both sides to darken the passage. It was nine o'clock or later when we saw the welcome sight of the headquarters camp-fires.

We rode up and I jumped from my horse

to shake hands with General Butler, Colonel Shaffer, and the other gentlemen. They asked instantly how we had passed the batteries. I told the story, and General Butler, who was always effusively polite, and who to his other gracious ways added exquisite facility in flattery, said to me: "We are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Hale; I have been very anxious for two or three hours. I was afraid my despatches were cut off." I had already handed to him the utterly unimportant letter from the War Department which had been my talisman thus far.

Then and there I first heard soldiers talk of what had been done and what had not been done in that day. I knew beforehand that, in the push toward Richmond, we had been flung back on Fort Darling. I did not know, till I came there, exactly how the command was impressed by this delay. But in the headquarters circle I found nothing but confidence, and I very soon saw that I was to understand that we should have taken Richmond but for the heavy fog of the day of battle and some other infelicities. I think now this is probably true.

The fires were kept burning, and we sat and chatted there hour after hour. When we had been there perhaps two hours, up came my dila-

tory military friend of the General's staff, and with sufficient profanity exorcised the roads over which we had ridden. He had never been there before. General Butler heard him through, and then said, "But here is Mr. Hale, who has been here two hours." The soldier turned on me, a little crestfallen — all the other members of the staff sufficiently amused — and he asked me with another oath how I found the way. I said, "We followed the telegraph wire;" and from that day I was rather a favorite with the staff for this civilian snub on a gentleman who was not a favorite.

Meanwhile, somebody had been ordered to pitch a tent for me, and about eleven o'clock, I suppose, I went to bed in my new quarters. I had slept an hour, however, as it proved, when I was awakened by the firing of cannon. I had never heard such firing: as it proved afterward, they were the heaviest guns which I have ever heard in my life. Of course I wanted to jump up, but I said to myself: "It will seem very green if I walk out on the first sound of firing. I suppose this is what I came to the front for. If they want me they will call me, and I shall hear firing enough before I have done." So I turned over and tried to

go to sleep — did go to sleep — and was awakened again by louder and louder firing. All this lasted, I suppose, perhaps an hour, perhaps two. Then all was still, and I went to sleep for the night.

You are awakened in camp, if you are at a major-general's, by the bugles of his cavalry escort, and the next morning I heard their reveille also for the first time. I washed myself, I was already dressed of course, and in a little time an orderly told me that breakfast was ready. I met at breakfast Captain Laurie, a fine old officer of the navy whom I had known slightly in Boston. He said to me, "And how did you like our firing last night, Mr. Hale?" I said that to me, as a civilian, it seemed very loud; but I supposed that that was what I had come to war for, and I did not get up from my bed. Laurie answered as if he would rebuke me for my ignorance, "I have been in the service for thirty-nine years and I have never heard such firing before." I found then, for the first time, that the whole staff had been up and on horseback, had been at the front to try to find out what this firing was, and had returned almost as much perplexed as they went.

It was thus that it happened to me that I spent my first and last battle in bed.

I was acting on the principles of doing the duty which came next my hand and obeying all orders which were given to me by constituted authorities. I had not run away; I was pleased with that. And if I had not personally received the surrender of three or four battle-flags, that was my misfortune.

I had occasion afterward to hear, not to say report, much of the testimony, and to read all the rest of it, which related to this remarkable battle. If you will read the history of the time, as told in the Richmond newspapers and those of New York City, and will put them together, you will learn that on that night a reconnoissance was sent out from our lines into the tangled shrubbery which separated our newly built works from those of the rebels. You will learn that the rebel guns mowed down these columns as corn is mowed down before a tempest. Or, if you read a Northern newspaper, you will learn that a certain column of the rebel troops, who were named, were worse than decimated by similar artillery from our works.

Every word of this was entirely false. In fact, there was a very heavy cannonading from the newly erected works on both sides. As I have said, it lasted an hour or two. Much of it on

our side was from heavy guns which had been landed from the navy to strengthen the battery which we had near the river. But as the result of it all, there was never any evidence that a rabbit was scratched. Certainly no drop of human blood was shed in that encounter of giants.

How it happened so late in the evening I do not know. But what happened was this: A party of ladies had been entertained on board one of our ships of war. As they left an officer, with the gallantry of his profession, asked one of the ladies if she would like to see how a gun was fired, and to do pleasure to her he fired one of the guns in the darkness. At that moment everything was on the *qui vive* ashore, and our land-battery men, eager for something to do, finding that one shot was fired, thought that another had better be fired, and continued firing. This started the successive artillerists for nearly a mile, as our works ran up into the country toward the Appomattox River, and, not to be belated or accused of sleepiness, successive batteries began firing in turn. Of course this roused the equally ready artillerists on the rebel side, and they fired — I suppose at the flashes which they saw a mile or two away. And this was the

famous cannonade which made the whole of my first battle.

The naval officers were dreadfully mortified, our gentlemen at headquarters were indignant beyond account, and the thing almost came to courts-martial and courts of inquiry. But it was wisely thought better to leave the record of it to be made at the end of thirty years by the only person who was at all concerned, who spent the hours of the battle in his bed under canvas.

Such was my first and last battle. Since Shaffer's triumphant despatch to me things had not taken so cheerful a turn. As soon as General Butler had established his position at Bermuda Hundred he had felt his enemy on the side of Richmond, which is hardly fifteen miles away. He had a good army of men under good leaders and in great spirits, and he made a bold forward movement. I think, as I said, a good many of them felt to the day of their death that they would have been in Richmond the night of that movement but for a heavy fog which disconcerted all plans. Men and companies, not to say regiments, were lost in the fog. They all called it "fighting in a fog." The gentleman who commanded our right wing told me that he made his aides carry little sticks with them which they

drove down in this place and that place, that they might be able to mark in the darkness the direction of their routes. And although there was no defeat, at the end of the day nothing had happened.

For me, as soon as I arrived I was most cordially welcomed by the staff. I was immediately registered as a member of the staff, and I spent the better part of a fortnight under canvas. After one day I saw that a civilian was entirely out of place in camp; that I was in everybody's way. Of course I was very anxious to make myself useful. I was sitting with General Butler himself in his tent — a tent, by the way, which had a curious history — when he asked me to strike a bell on the table. An orderly came in and the General said, "Go tell Lieutenant Davenport that I want him." I said: "You are going to call Davenport to write shorthand. He is at work with the court-martial. Do not send for him. Use me." Butler, as I said, was always profuse in his courtesies, and he affected at once that it would be a great service to him if I would write; that he did not want to detach Davenport from the court-martial; and so it happened that all the time I was with him I acted as his personal secretary from eight

in the morning until one every day. Somebody else then took my place, and I in the afternoon wrote out the letters and other notes which we had made in the morning. Thus for that week and more I was behind the scenes, seeing the administration of a great army in all its largest affairs and in its smallest detail. This was the good I then got out of learning to write shorthand in the Brattle Street Meeting-house when I was ten years old.

My campaign ended just when General William F. Smith was ordered off with his army corps to strengthen Grant's army on its advance from the North. Butler was sick that afternoon — sick from rage and disappointment that half his command was taken away from him. He said to me, "General Smith is coming to dine with me, but I must go to bed, and you must entertain him." So Smith and I sat together at a rather gruesome dinner. I said to him. "You are all disappointed that your corps is ordered to the North." Smith said, "Humanly speaking, Mr. Hale, I was as sure of being in Petersburg to-morrow morning at eight o'clock as you are that you are sitting on that chair."

The truth was, we had planned this attack

on Petersburg, and the Department at Washington, which had but little confidence in us, had ordered Smith off just in time to defeat us. Instead of taking Petersburg, his corps were thrown into the carnage of Cold Harbor.

That afternoon, Sunday, General Butler sat with me on the side of a hill, as we saw Smith's division pass from his command. He told me a good deal of his early life. Among other incidents, he told me of a curious chance by which he was compelled to give up his plans for serving under the Emperor of China, plans in which he would have taken the place which Chinese Gordon took afterward. For those plans the marquee had been made in which I had dined that day.

Alas! we were not in Petersburg for well-nigh a year. But in the next April the end came. I have had the account of the sixty miles' march up the Appomattox Valley, which brought the war to an end, from the lips of Robert Lincoln, who was on Grant's staff, and of General Ord himself, who directed that wing of the army. Ord told me the story as, in Texas, we sat by the marble table on which the articles of surrender were written. General Ord had bought it as a historical memorial from the Virginian

owner at the Appomattox Court-house. I have heard Bouvé of Washburn's force give his dramatic account of the gallant movement of the headquarters cavalry, under our Colonel Washburn, of Lancaster, the last martyr of the war in Massachusetts, which met the enemy at High Bridge, and really determined Lee to surrender. That battle at High Bridge ended the war, and in my judgment, is the most dramatic event in the war. As yet we have no "Ballad of High Bridge," but let us hope that the boy is living who will write one.

For what men wanted to write in those days, we had, besides the newspapers, the *North American Review*, edited by Lowell, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Christian Examiner* — of which I was myself one of the working editors, — under the admirable lead of Dr. Frederic Henry Hedge. We boys used to call him "The Chief," as indeed he was. For young editors, who do not understand the great necessity of promptness in a magazine, I will tell two stories of things which wounded me at the time and which point a lesson for those who conduct journals. Mr. William Cullen Bryant, for whom I worked at one time, laid down the rule thus. "If you do not use an article on the day for

which it is written, do not use it at all." This is too strong, but even in the exaggeration there is a great truth hidden, as the philosophers would say.

I was, so to speak, on the staff of the *Atlantic*. This means that I was very intimate with Phillips and, indeed, with Sampson who published it. I was in and out at their publication office till they died, I had been for twenty years on the closest personal terms with Lowell, and when the firm of Fields and Osgood took the magazine, I was very intimate with the dear Fields. So it happened that when in January, 1860, I came home from England I wrote for them an article on the "Working-men's College" which had, just then, been founded by Frederic Denison Maurice, and I told in the article a story of my meeting Thomas Hughes there, for the first time.

The point of the story rested in this. That as he was watching a drill of an awkward squad in the little garden behind the college building in Ormond Street, London, the drill sergeant came up and asked for two more men to fill out the files; and Hughes turned to two of us — both Americans — and asked if we would not fall in. "You only need to know your facings!" Alas

and alas! neither of us did know our facings, and we had to confess it.

Yet at that moment I was registered somewhere as a private in the army of Massachusetts, and somewhere there was a musket and cartridge box for me.

This story I told, not to my own advantage, in my article on the "Working-men's College," and sent the article to the editor of the *Atlantic* who accepted it. I forgot it, and I suppose he did. Imagine my disgust, when the number for April, 1861, came out — that fatal April, — when I was drilling and being drilled, when I wore a uniform jacket, and could drill men who were to be major-generals — this venerable article appeared revealing to a cynical world the fact that I did not know my facings!

Even harder fortune waited on another article of mine, the story of "A Man Without a Country." In the very heart of the war, Vallandigham, an Ohio politician, said on some public occasion, that he did not want to belong to a country which did what Lincoln and the Government were doing. Military law prevailed in Ohio in those days, and General Burnside, who was in command there, arrested Vallandigham, as a traitor, I suppose, and sent him into the Confed-

erate lines with his compliments to the general; we did not want such people, he said; perhaps they did.

With a certain pluck which characterizes Ohio, perhaps, the Democratic party nominated this man for Governor of that State to be candidate in the election of October, 1863. I told Fields of the *Atlantic* at once, that I had in my inkstand the story of "A Man Without a Country," that this would be a good time for it; and that if he could print it in his September number, he should have it in time for the Ohio election. Fields agreed, and I wrote the story, which had required a great deal of study for its details. I had had it in mind long before. I was spending the summer in Worcester, and the library of the Antiquarian Society gave me what no other library in America could have given me so well, — the material for local color as to Aaron Burr and to my Philip Nolan.

Accordingly, the article was in type before September. But alas! not printed, not even in October or November. And Mr. Vallandigham was hopelessly defeated in the October election with no credit to poor me.

I had a standing agreement with Fields that I would write for the *Atlantic* articles to keep

up people's courage. This was when people felt very blue, in the middle of the war. There are one or two of these articles without my name, I believe. Those which bear my name are: "Solid Operations in Virginia." "A Man Without a Country," "Northern Invasions," "How to use Victory," "How Mr. Frye would have Preached it."

As every one is dead now, I suppose I may say that this last story covers in a parable the relations of General Butler with General Banks.

As I have referred to Mr. Vallandigham above, I will tell the tragic story of his death. He returned to Ohio, and was highly esteemed there as a lawyer, and as such had a large practice.

He had to defend a person accused of murder. He formed a theory that the dead man had killed himself. He tried in his argument to convince the jury that it was so: so he carried a pistol into court. He showed how he supposed the man carried his. He handled the pistol freely. He put it to his own breast, — and then, carried away by his own imagination, he said, "He fired the pistol, gentlemen!" fired his own, and fell dead.

LITERATURE

CHAPTER VI

LITERATURE

NO, we will not deceive ourselves.

The physical power at almost every man's hand in the United States is now a thousand times greater than it was in 1801.

Thus there were then only five steam engines in the country. All together they did not use as much power as is used in one large locomotive to-day.

Two "power-houses in Niagara" utilize fifty thousand "horse-power" where within ten miles in 1801 there was not so much as one horse, serving man or God.

An ocean steamship, in her six days' voyage from New York to Liverpool, develops more power than Cheops had at his command when he built the great Pyramid.

But these are only physical victories.

They are second to the victories or steps of advance which the country has won in its knowl-

edge of the Eternities—in men's progress in Faith and Hope and Love.

My father was a printer. And there were much larger offices in the United States. But it was a printing-office. He printed, by the water-power of the Back Bay in Boston, editions of the Bible, from stereotype plates. He printed for the owners of such plates many other standard books. He also printed the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, the *Semi-Weekly Advertiser* and the *Weekly Messenger*. The circulation of these papers was as nothing to the circulation of newspapers in our time. But the *Advertiser* appeared six times and the semi-weekly twice a week. The size of these papers would now be called diminutive, but there were a great many of them. When he died in 1863, I had the curiosity to calculate the number of pages, and even of words, which he had printed, and I satisfied myself that he had printed more words in that half century than would have been found in all the libraries in the world the day the century came in.

Or compare colleges and schools. Massachusetts has stood as well as any State in arrangements for education. In 1800 she had two colleges, and in both there were hardly two hun-

dred students. In the same State there are now thirteen colleges, of which the largest has 5124 students and teachers, and the smallest, I suppose, four hundred. The average attendance of collegiate students is probably one hundred times as large as it was then.

Stoughton Hall, Harvard College.
Built after Old Stoughton was burned down in 1775.

In more than twenty towns in Massachusetts there are now well-equipped buildings for high schools, each more costly and on a larger scale than any building which Harvard College had when I graduated in 1839.

In 1775 there were thirty-seven newspapers in the United States; one was published twice a week, the others were all weeklies. It would be an overestimate if we guessed that the weekly circulation of them all was forty thousand copies. One New York paper now prints more than five hundred thousand copies every day of the three hundred and sixty-five, and every copy contains more of what is called "matter," by a certain satire, than any one of the 1775 journals printed in a year. Twenty-two thousand newspapers are now regularly published in the United States.

The increase in population in the same time is fourteen fold. The census of 1800 showed a population of five million three hundred thousand, that of 1900 showed seventy-five million.

These fragmentary statements are enough to show that the enlargement of the life, whether of individual men or women or of the country, has advanced in directions which are utterly outside of the mechanism of statistics. Now one does not pretend that reading, writing, and arithmetic are the signs of spiritual life or moral victory. But they are excellent tools for a child of God to handle, and we who are trying to study the century, so as to find out whether the

kingdom of God or the chaos of the devil has made headway, may pay some such attention to the tools which men and women have had in hand as the century went by.

Without counting words or pages, it is enough if you will try to read the publications of 1800. Compare the exhibition which they give of the real life of men and women against what we know of the lives of men and women now, we shall begin to see how it is that the living men and women of to-day can control the senseless giants of physical power which in a hundred years God and his children have called into being.

Among a hundred illustrations, the change in literature is one of the most interesting. Its importance must not be overrated, but it is not to be slightly spoken of.

It is, for instance, easy to see that whenever an American wanted to enlarge his life in study, he went, of course, to England. It was precisely as Martial went from Spain to Rome.

Washington Irving, as soon as he had felt his own power, went in 1804 to the south of Europe. At Rome he made the friendship of Washington Allston, and in eighteen months he had travelled

through the Continent of Europe. He came back to America and tried to live here, but after eight years, in which he joined in the Salmagundi and published "Knickerbocker," he went to Europe again. He then lived there seventeen years. Simply this means that he could not live here. For a man like him, the intellectual, spiritual, æsthetic, and literary life of England and the rest of Europe offered advantages, not to say temptations, which America could not offer. That is one instance, which could be multiplied indefinitely, which shows the intellectual desolateness of our own country for the first quarter of a century.

Joel Barlow, as a matter of course, had published his poem in London. As late as 1821 Alexander Hill Everett published his "Europe" in London and reprinted it in his own country. The remark of Sidney Smith's, so often cited, "Who reads an American book?" has been bitterly resented here. But it implied what was substantially true, and it is a convenient enough guide-post to show where the roadway of that time led men. One has only to look at the early American book catalogues and advertisements, say at the droll list which the great house of Harper published in its first five years, to see

that in truth there was no important American literature.

I have given the second chapter of Volume II. to the historians, or to a few of them whom I

Five Presidents of Harvard College.

Quincy, Everett, Sparks, Walker, Felton.

knew. It is wholly fair to say that there is now a school of American History.

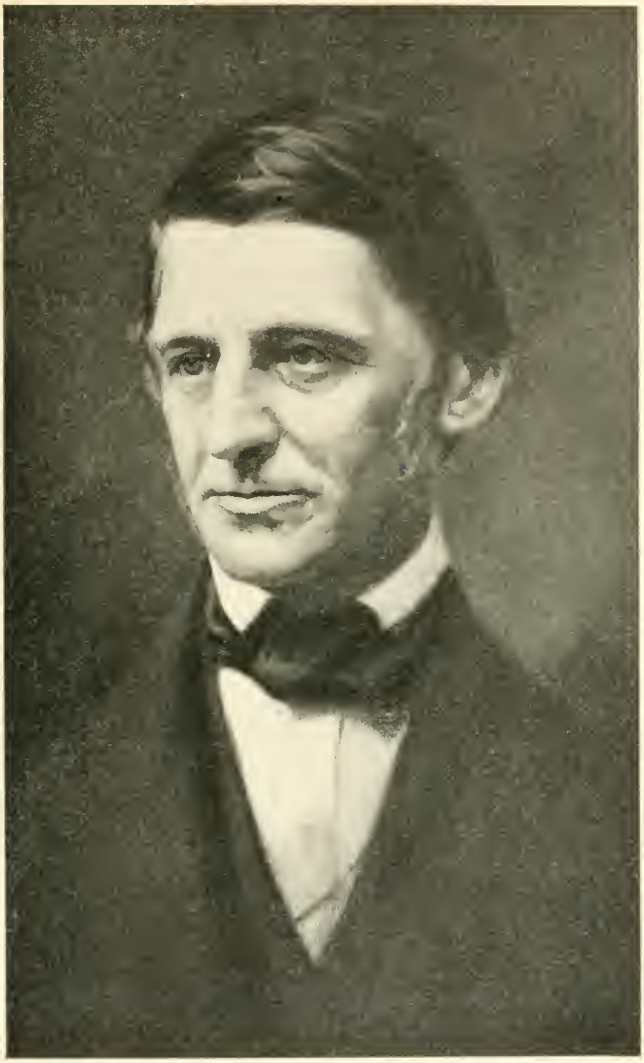
Of the poets I can give only a few words to one little company of American poets, who, as it happened, were near personal friends and lived close to each other and ought to be spoken of together.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson returned from his first visit to Europe in 1833. It was soon made known that he would be a lecturer rather than a preacher, and, under the admirable arrangements of the old lyceum systems, he was engaged to deliver some lectures in Boston in the course of what was called the Useful Knowledge Society. I heard those lectures, of which the one which I remember was that on Mahomet, the substance of which is included in "Representative Men," and it must have been at that time that I first saw Emerson to know him by name.

I first spoke to him at the college exhibition of his cousin George Samuel Emerson, a young man who died too early for the rest of us. Young Emerson had, for a few weeks before he entered college, read some of his preparatory Greek with me, and I had become very fond of him. At the junior exhibition, so called, in Cambridge, of 1844, he had the first oration in his class. College "exhibitions" are now unknown in Cambridge, but then they made a pretty part in the life of the time.

What happened was this: Three times a year there was an exhibition — one in May, one in



Ralph Waldo Emerson.

July, and one in October, I think. The first twenty-four of each class first knew that they were as high in rank as this by the announcement of the exhibition parts. The first man in the class had the first English oration.

On such occasions the boys, or men, as they called themselves, who had "parts," if they lived in Boston or had any circle of friends to invite, had a little party in their own room. Such parties are now called "spreads," but that word was then unknown. Eight juniors and eight sophomores would speak at one exhibition; then, as the junior class advanced, eight seniors and eight juniors would speak at the next, and again eight seniors and eight juniors would speak at the third.

Young George Emerson, as first scholar in his class, had the oration on this occasion. The chapel contained two or three hundred of his friends and the friends of his classmates. After the whole was over, and as the assembly broke up, I crossed the chapel that I might speak to Ralph Waldo Emerson, who stood alone, as it happened, under the gallery. I introduced myself to him, and I said I wanted to congratulate him on the success of his cousin. He said: "Yes, I did not know I had so fine a young

cousin. And now, if something will fall out amiss, — if he should be unpopular with his class, or if his father should fail, or if some other misfortune can befall him, — all will be well." I was indignant with what I called the cynicism of his speech. I thought it the affectation of the new philosopher who felt that he must say something out of the way of common congratulation. But I learned afterward, what he had learned then, that "good is a good master, but bad is a better." And I do not doubt now that the remark, which seemed cynical, was most affectionate.

In the same college he had been "President's Freshman." This meant that he had a room assigned to him, without paying for it, and perhaps some other privileges, in return for which the President sent him on his errands. Emerson's father and the President, Dr. Kirkland, had been neighbors and friends. I may say in passing that the room is now occupied by the bursar of the college, and when we "get around to it," as our fine Yankee phrase is, we are going to put up a bronze to say that Emerson lived here the first year of his college life; we are going to put up another at Hollis 5, to say that he lived there when he was a sophomore, and yet

another at Hollis 15, to say that he lived there afterward.

Mr. Cabot's charming biography gives several illustrations of Emerson's eagerness to relieve his mother, even in the slightest matters of expense; and it is pathetic to see how large was his gratitude for any opportunity to render her any pecuniary assistance. It was not many years before I came into closer personal intimacy with him than this story implies. Beginning with the year 1848, which was the year of the Irish famine, I saw and knew him personally in ways which did me no end of good. I have tried to make other people feel that he was a real man, who went and came with the rest of us and lived as the rest of us live. His simple accessibility to all sorts and conditions of men belongs to his philosophy of life as born and nurtured in the principles which make such easy accessibility possible. Lowell calls him the New England Plato, Holmes calls him the Buddha of the West — good phrases both of them. But everybody must remember that Plato or Buddha, in this case, was an out-and-out New Englander. He knew New England better than many of the politicians know her. He knew some essential things about her business and daily life which

the scientific writers on politics do not know to-day; and he was never misled by mediæval or European analogies. In the midst of the Irish famine I told him that a poor Irish family threw out of the window the corn meal which we had sent to them. And he stated the central principle of the whole business when he said, "You should have sent them hot cakes."

He would stand on the sidewalk of the Concord post-office before the mail came in that he might talk politics with the nurserymen or farmers. He worked in his own garden; he set out his own pear trees; he did it very badly, as the rest of us do. But it pleased him that he did not belong to the Brahminical caste; and that he was one of the Concord people, and that he touched elbows with the rest of them.

It would be ridiculous to call him a man of business. Yet one remembers that he sent to Carlyle the first money which Carlyle ever received for his books. He told me himself that the first money he received from any of his own books was that which Phillips and Sampson paid him in the year 1850 for "Representative Men." Mr. Phillips, of that firm, told me that Emerson wrote to him a note to say that a mistake had been made, and that he meant that the proceeds

of the first sale were to be spent for the stereotype plates and the cost of the impression. Mr. Phillips replied to him that that was provided for and that what he had received was the balance which was due him. On this he came into the counting-room of the young firm and asked if he could use the check for any purpose, as he had no printers' bills to pay with it. And Mr. Phillips had to explain to him how to indorse the check, which was made to his order. It was his first experience in that branch of finance.

I am writing these lines on the morning after I return from Hanover, where Dartmouth College has been doing itself honor by celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Webster's graduation there. It has been thought necessary to justify Webster for the "7th of March speech"; and that justification has been wrought out in the admirable address of Mr. McCall. In that connection it is a little pathetic to read the early letter from Emerson in which he speaks with enthusiasm of the choice of Webster to Congress in 1822. I have cited it in an earlier chapter of this series.

It is idle to say here a word about the influence which Emerson's writings have had in this country. I have already reminded the reader of Gladstone's interest in Emerson's early

address. I was told the other day, by a man who seemed to know, that of the authorized editions and of the cheap editions published since the copyright expired on his early books, nearly five million copies of the first series of the Essays have been printed in America. I am told that in Scotland they are found on almost every table of the workingmen. I do not suppose that there are in America more than ten million homes. If the statement made to me is true, there is a copy of Emerson's essays for every two of these homes.

Dean Stanley said to President Eliot the day he left America that he had heard, while he was here, some of our most eminent preachers, generally "evangelical" in denominational position, but that it made no difference what the man's name was, the sermon was always by Ralph Waldo Emerson. This experience of Dean Stanley's states well enough the theological position of all the sects to-day. The immanent presence of God here and now, the kingdom of God, is at hand — this is the essence of all the religion of America at this hour. Of Emerson himself it is interesting to say that while he declined to fulfil what were the formal functions of a clergyman, he always believed in

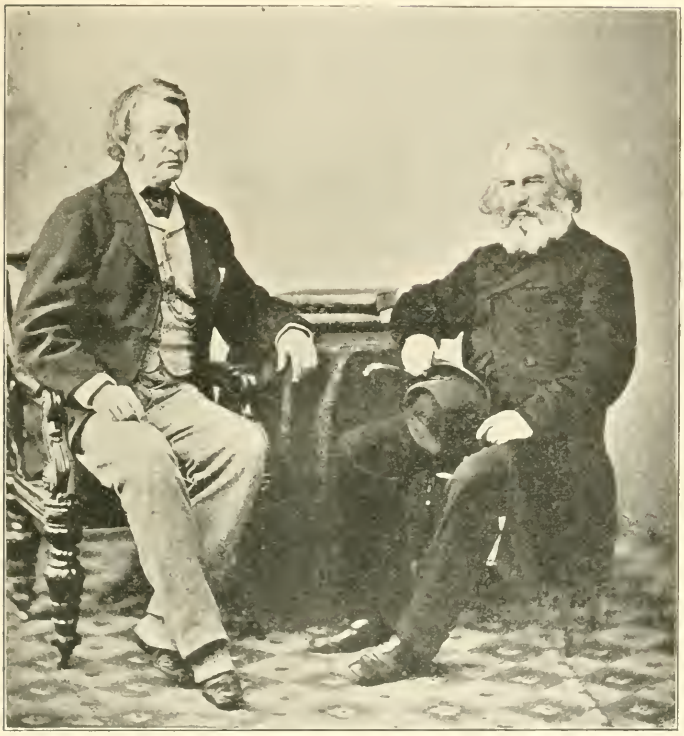
churches and church attendance. He used to "go to meeting" regularly in Concord until very nearly the end of his life.

I have one or two memories of the impression which he made in such matters in the Board of Overseers of Harvard College. The graduates of Harvard College choose their own Board of Overseers; and from the beginning of this custom for two terms of six years each Emerson was a member of the Board. He attended the meetings very regularly, and gave a good deal of time to the details of the service. Many years before he died we had an enthusiast at the Board, Dr. Russell, who was very eager to abolish the rules, centuries old, by which students were obliged to attend chapel every day — compulsory chapel, we came to call it. Dr. Russell every year would introduce a movement to make chapel attendance voluntary. It would be favorably reported on by a committee, and would come before the full Board. The Board, however, generally speaking made up of men beyond Dante's middle point of life, were not very much impressed by the suggestions of this committee. However, there were plenty of young speakers to favor the motion, until near the end of the meeting Mr. Emerson would rise

and say substantially this: "Religious worship is the most important single function of the life of any people. I derived more benefit from the chapel service when I was in college than from any, perhaps from all, other exercises which I attended. When I am in Europe, I go on every occasion to join in the religious service of the people of the town in which I am. For this reason, I should be sorry to see the attendance at chapel made to vary with the wishes at the moment of the young men." Perhaps in writing out this speech, which I have heard five or six times, I make it longer than it was. No one ever cared to speak after this, and as long as he lived compulsory chapel was maintained. I was a member of the Board myself through all those years, and I am sure that it was his influence which maintained that custom so long.

For myself, I thought then, and I think now, that attendance at prayers should be placed in our colleges where elective studies are placed. I think a man who attends chapel six times a week should be credited for three hours of public attendance, exactly as if he had elected Greek for the same length of time.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



SUMNER AND LONGFELLOW.

Longfellow came to Cambridge to be Smith Professor of Modern Literature in the spring of 1837.

I was a sophomore, and Samuel Longfellow, of my class, was my nearest friend. We lived

in close friendship until he died, half a century after. Our intimacy began on that August day when we were examined for college. I have told how my father went on horseback from his father's home to Williams College thirty years before. I did not go on horseback from Boston to Cambridge in August, 1835. No! but we borrowed the horse and chaise of my uncle, who was a doctor in Boston — we rose at five — and presented ourselves, a trifle late, just after six o'clock, at the college, when the examination of freshmen was beginning. The other boys of my class at school had come in a special omnibus. But "Uncle Doctor" had offered us the chaise, and we took it. "We" means my brother and I.

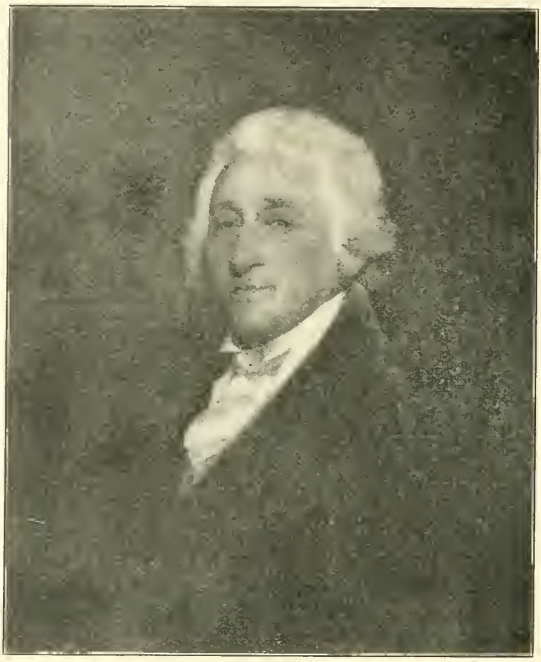
I tell the story as an illustration of the simplicity of those times. For at about the same minute arrived at the steps of "University Hall" two other chaises, both from Maine. In one was Francis Brown Hayes, with his father, Judge Hayes, from South Berwick. In the other was Samuel Longfellow, with his father, Judge Longfellow, from Portland. Both boys had started that morning before sunrise for the last dozen miles of their journey. In such Spartan manner did they prepare for an examination which covered thirteen hours of that day.

The accident of our all being a little late brought us three into the twelfth or last section. And so began an intimate friendship — as of three musketeers, if you please. Hayes appears as Hayes St. Leger in one or two of my novels. He picked up that name as a sort of college joke.

Samuel Longfellow and I walked together, studied together, recited together, wrote verses together, and thus, naturally, when his brother Henry came to be Professor, I came to know him — well — better than the average sophomore did.

The college, or "seminary," as the President used to call it, was then a little school of two hundred and fifty boys and men, whose ages ranged from thirteen years to thirty. They were taught in a sort of high-school fashion by two or three tutors, three or four instructors in French, German, Italian, and Spanish, by two professors in Greek and Latin, two in mathematics and physics, one in chemistry, one for rhetoric and English, and one for "Moral Philosophy." Into this snug little coterie came Henry Longfellow. As I say, I had a special opportunity to know him well from my friendship with his brother Sam. Perhaps this makes me exaggerate a little the sort of breezy life which, as I think, he brought into the older company.

If they really thought there was nothing worth considering beyond the echoes of the college bell — and most of them did think so — this handsome young Smith Professor undeceived them.



ABIEL SMITH.
Founder of the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard College.

He was fresh from Europe. He could talk in French with Frenchmen, Italian with Italians, and German with Germans. The very clothes

on his back had been made by Parisian tailors, the very tie of his neckcloth was a revelation to the sedateness of little Cambridge. Then he was dead in earnest in his business, which was more than some of them were.

This excellent Abiel Smith, who had given new glory to the name of Tubal Cain, had provided for a professorship of modern literature. Men say it is the first such professorship which was ever known in any university in the world; the business of colleges formerly having been to praise the past and to say that it was better than the present.

George Ticknor, a Dartmouth graduate, had been the first to fill this chair, and he had given it distinction. Now Longfellow, a Bowdoin graduate, had been called to take Mr. Ticknor's place. In the traditions of the "seminary" he was the overseer of the foreign teachers who gave instruction in their several languages, and he lectured on such subjects as he chose. But this young Smith Professor pushed all traditions aside. He meant to teach himself. He had his own views about teaching German, and when they told him there was no recitation-room for him, he said he would meet his class in the Corporation parlor in University Hall. This was

a good deal as if some enterprising young Gamaliel had told a high priest that he would meet his class in the Holy of Holies. So Mr. Longfellow said, however, and so it was. He told Sam that he wanted to teach some boys German in his own way, and Sam recruited a dozen of us, who used to sit in the sacred chairs of the Corporation's guests, around the sacred table where we imagined that Constitution madeira or sherry of matchless brands were served for the sacred Seven of the Corporation. And there, with our friendly young professor, we recited German ballads which he had made us commit to memory.

All this meant much freer intimacy between us and him than we had had with any of our instructors before. You could take your constitutional walk with Longfellow, you could play a game of whist in the evening with Longfellow, you could talk with him with perfect freedom on any subject, high or low, and he liked to have you. I think myself that with his arrival a new life began for the little college in that very important business of the freedom of association between the teachers and the undergraduates. In the English Cambridge and Oxford, the theoretical relation of the graduates and the under-

graduates is that of companions in the same society — what President Eliot calls "this society of scholars." Up to Longfellow's time the relation at Cambridge had been simply that of teacher and pupil, to a very limited extent that of master and servant, as when Waldo Emerson took President Kirkland's errands for him. From Longfellow's day to this day I think the sense of companionship has worked itself into the habits and etiquettes of the college. This is as it should be. At the English Cambridge I have heard a freshman who had not been a month in Trinity College read one of the Scripture lessons in chapel. "He is one of us."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Holmes was born in the parsonage where his father lived, the minister of the First Church in Cambridge. The house was an old-fashioned relic of the last century. He never forgot that Ward, the first commander of the Americans in the siege of Boston, lived there; no! nor that the detachment which marched from Cambridge to fight the battle of Bunker Hill stood at attention there, at sunset, while their chaplain offered prayer, on the 16th of June, 1775.

In his attic room, which had become his study and workroom, he wrote the ballad of "Old Ironsides," which saved from destruction the frigate *Constitution* — the pride of New England, and now the historical monument of the short English war, as the Minotaur at Athens was of the days of Theseus.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I used to tell Holmes that I thought I was the first schoolboy who ever repeated that poem upon the school platform.

> "Nail to the mast her holy flag,
> Set every tattered sail,
> And give her to the God of storms,
> The battle and the gale."

Have we no young poet who will save the New Hampshire forests for us to-day?

This was nearly seventy years ago. In more than one spirited poem of those days of the end of the twenties and the beginning of the thirties of our century, Holmes showed what was in him and how much could be expected from him. Those who have studied his poetry would say that he never wrote anything better than those early lyrics which made men laugh or cry, as he chose, which he printed when he was almost a boy in the college magazine. I think if a boy of twenty did such work now, it would be almost certain that he would at once be ranked as a literary man, say as Kipling is to-day, with hardly a thought of any other profession. But in 1830 I suppose men thought of literature and poetry more as Ben Franklin's father did. When Franklin had achieved his first success in verse, still a boy, his father told him that poets were always poor, and that he had better not risk himself in their ranks. I think it is better for Holmes and for the world that he had for twenty years the accurate and diligent training of his profession. And I think he thought so.

He says himself, more than once, that Lowell dragged him back into literature, when Holmes was more than forty years old, and was a dis-

tinguished professor of anatomy. He had early chosen the profession of medicine, he had studied in the Harvard Medical School and in Paris, and he entered upon the general practice of medicine in Boston. He is always spoken of there as Dr. Holmes, and this does not mean that more than one university had made him a Doctor of Laws. Very young to receive such an honor, he was made professor of anatomy in Dartmouth College, and afterwards promoted to the same duty in the larger Medical College where he had himself studied.

No man ever won more delighted interest in his pupils than he did in his lectures.

The *New England Magazine*, of late years revived to a very brilliant career, was founded in 1831 by some young men named Buckingham, when Holmes was just beginning on active life. He had begun to write in it a series of papers which he called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," when the magazine, for want of readers, expired. Twenty years after, when Lowell asked him to write for the first number of the new-born *Atlantic Monthly* he took the old pen and dipped it in the old ink, "As I was saying when you interrupted me." Those are the first words of the series of inimitable essays which, under differ-

ent names, he then continued for many years, and which did so much to make him generally known.

One characteristic of those papers, and of all he wrote and said, is the range, one would say boundless, of his observation, and of the illustrations he draws from it. One feels as if he had read everything and remembered everything. Here are nine successive titles, which I have taken, in their alphabetical order, from the index to his collected works. They compass sea and land, the past and the present: —

"Agassiz."

"Age, Softening Effect of."

"A Good Time Coming."

"Air-pump."

"America, The English"

"Analogies, The Power of Seeing."

"Anatomists."

"Anglo-Saxons, do they die out in America."

"Animal under It."

The diligence, the accuracy, which belong to the duty and work of a great physician appear in all his work. There is no splash-dash about it. He never tells you that he threw it off thus and so (though he often did), but he never speaks as if care, and the "file," as

Horace calls care, were disreputable. I am rather glad to say this as a warning to young writers. I think nothing is more sure to drive an office editor crazy than to have some young enthusiast say, "I threw this off last night," or, "I send you fresh from the pen" this or that. People who print magazines for a million readers do not want to give them that which has been thrown off. It is much better to send them something which has seasoned in the back of your table drawer for one, two, or three years.

I said in a public address the other day that I wished the right person would bring together the ballads and songs and scraps from longer poems which illustrate the history of the country. Really it is pretty much all of the history of the country which people will need to know in the twenty-fifth century. I was sitting with Holmes one day, when, with a good deal of pride, he took down his own Pittsfield poem of the year 1849 and read: —

"O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time!
We stain thy flowers — they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;

O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms
Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.
No! by these hills, whose banners now displayed
In blazing cohorts autumn has arrayed;
By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests
The tossing hemlocks hold the eagle's nest;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines —
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And, true to God, to Freedom, to Mankind,
If her chained bondage Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that bending even now
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run,
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won!"

"Is not that good prophecy," he said. "twelve years before the time?"

And here I will say that all four of these men, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell were kindness itself to young authors. No one would believe me if I told how much time Holmes gave, day in and day out, to answer personally the requests of young people who submitted to

him their verses. I am afraid he was too kind. Of Emerson, in the same business, it used to be said that all his geese were swans. He was always telling you about some rising poet who was going to astonish the world. I ought to tell of the welcome which Longfellow gave to every tramp who came to his door, if only the tramp happened to speak a foreign language. And no literary wayfarer, however crude and unsophisticated, knocked at Holmes's hospitable gate who was not made welcome.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Lowell was born within a mile of Holmes's birthplace, ten years after him. He never remembered a time when he did not know him, and he was among the eager group of boys who heard with delight Holmes's Phi Beta Kappa poem in 1835. Those who are familiar with the writings of both will remember the enthusiasm with which they turn back to their Cambridge memories. Lowell would cross-question the old negro who remembered Earl Percy's march from Cambridge Bridge to Lexington: —

> "Old Joe is dead, who saw proud Percy goad
> His slow artillery up the Concord road."

And he tells how that tale grew, from year to year, so that if the old whiteheaded negro could have lived a little longer,

> "Vanquished Percy, to complete the tale,
> Had hammered stone for life in Concord jail."

Robert Carter, John Holmes, Estes Howe, and James Russell Lowell at a Game of Whist.
Photographed by Black in 1859.

His boyhood's home is but little changed: — a beautiful old house of the kind which rich Tories lived in, and which we are apt in New England to call colonial houses. His mother was not in strong health, and his training fell

much into the hands of an older sister, a charming woman, who seems to have known early that she had a poet to bring up. At all events, the training was just such as one might be glad that a poet should have. Lowell's love of nature is not in the least manufactured, and his acquaintance with hang-birds and blue jays and brown thrushes is the friendship of a man who has known them from his childhood. So, in skating on Fresh Pond, in tracing up Beaver Brook, and in the freedom and ease of his knowledge of trees and flowers, you find, I do not say a country boy, but a boy who has been brought up in the open air.

Of Lowell I have written quite at length in a separate volume.[1] I will only speak here of one or two charming personal characteristics to which I think even Mr. Scudder, in his interesting biography, and perhaps Mr. Howells, in his charming reminiscences, do not call quite the attention which they deserve. This is not the place for criticising his work as an author.

When I entered college in 1835, I shared the room Stoughton 22 with my brother Nathan. We lived there two years. From the very beginning I found that Lowell was almost a third partner in our company. He was in and out at

[1] "James Russell Lowell and his Friends."

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

VALEDICTORY EXERCISES OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1838,

TUESDAY JULY 17, 1838.

1. VOLUNTARY. By the Band.
2. PRAYER. By the Rev. Dr. Ware Jr.
3. ORATION. By James I. T. Coolidge. *Boston.*
4. POEM. By James R. Lowell.* *Boston.*
5. ODE. By John F. W. Ware. *Cambridge.*

Tune. "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

The voice of joy is hushed around,
Still is each heart and tongue;
Upon each sad and thoughtful brow
The garb of grief is flung.

CHORUS.

We meet to part, — no more to meet
Within these sacred walls, —
No longer Wisdom to her shrine
Her wayward children calls.

We met as strangers at the fount
Whence Learning's waters flow, —
And now we part, the prayers of friends
Attend the path we go.

CHORUS.

And on the clouds that shade our way,
If Friendship's star shine clear,
No grief shall dim a brother's eye,
No sorrow tempt a tear.

We part for aye, — at duty's call
We break the pleasing spell,
And leave to other feet the haunts
That we have loved so well.

CHORUS.

Yet often when the soul is sad,
And worldly ills combine,
Our hearts shall hither turn, and breathe
One sigh for "Auld Lang Syne."

Then, brothers, blessed be your lot,
May Peace forever dwell
Around the hearths of those we've known
And loved so long, — farewell.

CHORUS.

Farewell, — our latest voice sends up
A heartfelt wish of love, —
That we may meet again, and form
One brotherhood above.

6. BENEDICTION.

* On account of the absence of the Poet the Poem will be omitted.

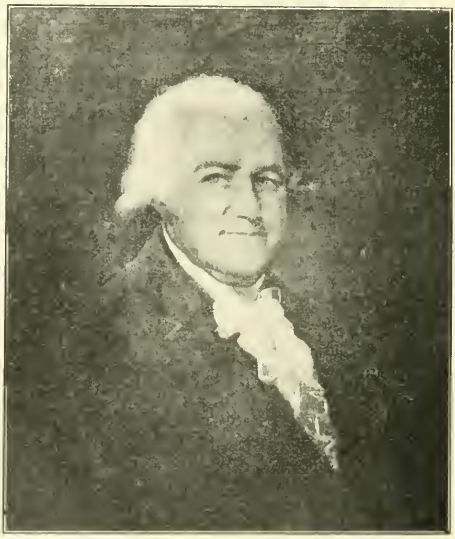
A Page from the Valedictory Exercises of Lowell's Class at Harvard.

all times from quarter past six, when morning prayers were over, up to any hour you please of the night. His father's house was, as I say, rather more than a mile away. Lowell had a college room, but it was outside the yard, and he used our room almost as if it were his own, and I need not say that we liked to have him. I should say that he was at that time my brother's most intimate college friend. Their tastes were similar, their home life was similar, their friends in Boston and Cambridge circles were the same. From that time until he died I was on intimate terms with Lowell. After we all graduated, until he married, my father's house in Boston was his home, somewhat as Stoughton 22 and Massachusetts 27 had been in our college days.

I came to know very soon of the very wide range of his reading and of his diligent interest in literature. His acquaintance with modern literature was far beyond what any of the rest of us had, even in the little circle of his friends. He was one of the charter members of Alpha Delta Phi, then a new-born literary society. It was really a literary society. There was nobody among our teachers, except Longfellow, who cared a straw whether we knew the difference between Voltaire and Volta, and we did our best

work in the study of modern literature, not for the college classes, but for our own gratification or for Alpha Delta.

What we did in what we may call the range of modern literature, was done in our own way. At the evening literary meetings, Alpha Delta



JUDGE LOWELL.

Phi, as early as 1837 I must have heard Lowell's papers on Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, and the other English poets, which afterward he printed in more completed form. When the time came for a Hasty Pudding Poem or for an any-

thing-else poem, he was always, as a matter of course, asked to write it. And when he graduated, we of that inner circle knew that he was to be the poet for the whole Nation, as we know now that he has been. When in Rome, in 1838, his dear old father was told that his classmates had chosen him class poet, he said: "Oh, dear, James promised me that he would quit writing poetry and would go to work." What father is there in a million who would not, on the whole, be glad if at seventeen years of age his son had made him such a promise! But alas and alas! where would our American world of 1902 be if James had been willing to hold to such well-meant intention!

I should like to correct definitely and squarely the impression that he was a lounger, loafer, or lazy in any regard. It is quite true that he was indifferent to college rank, and neglected such and such college exercises which he did not fancy, so far that he did not take high place in the rank list; but he was in no sense lazy. When he read, it was not superficial reading; and I am quite sure that he used the library when he was an undergraduate as very few of us did. In his after life he speaks somewhere of his working fifteen hours a day, when he was at

the same time editor of the *North American Review* and of the *Atlantic Monthly*. At that time the exigencies of the Civil War called upon every man to do his best, and Lowell was not one of the shirkers.

Nor, in my looking back on Mr. Howells's reminiscences and my own, and Mr. Scudder's Memoir, and the two volumes of Lowell's letters which Mr. Norton edited, do I think that as much has been said as ought to have been said of his unselfishness and constant generosity. I could give instance on instance, if it were best, of acts of pecuniary generosity on his part such as Philistines would say were wrong for a man of his uncertain income. It seemed enough for him to know that another man was in need for him to find out how to relieve it. I have some very interesting letters which show the tact with which his generosity enabled him to help men who were working their way through college and whom he meant to help somehow or other.

It ought to be said, also, that his ready friendship for all sorts and conditions of men gave to him what he deserved, a world of friends. When my *Outlook* reminiscences of Lowell were brought together in a volume, I sat down one evening and

wrote the names of two hundred and twenty persons, friends of his, who had given me their assistance in the composition. I do not believe there was ever any other biography which was written by two hundred and twenty people. But these papers had been published in twelve numbers. I thought when I began that I had a good deal of material drawn from old friendship, from my brother's correspondence with him, and from that of a great many friends. But the first number was hardly published before I began to receive notes, sometimes from neighbors, sometimes from distant strangers, who sent me this anecdote of Lowell or that, this picture or that, or this or that bright letter. As I say, before the twelve numbers were finished there were in this way at least two hundred and twenty coadjutors in the preparation of those reminiscences. "A man who has friends should show himself friendly." This is the wise admonition of the Book of Ecclesiasticus, savoring a little in Israelitish fashion of the weaklier side of Jacob's character. Certainly, Lowell justifies the reversing of the epigram. His life shows that the man who is friendly is sure to have friends.

A REVIEW

CHAPTER VII

A REVIEW

HERE is the conclusion of the whole matter. 1901 found the United States another Nation from what 1800 left it.

In 1901 no man in his senses, who knew anything, would have consented to live as his grandfather lived a hundred years before.

This means that in the United States, as the century went on, God and Man worked together as they had never worked before in the history of the world.

And as a consequence, man with man worked together as they had never done before.

1. Open promotion for every child born into the world asserted itself as never before.

2. To every man it was gradually made clear that he was a Son of God, and, if he chose, could partake of the Divine Nature. Men who can borrow Omnipotence are not apt to fail.

The advance thus made in the three Eternities, in Faith, Hope, and Love, accounts for the

advance, which has been infinite, in civilization. To work with God, to live in heaven, to work together and not separately, these laws, or habits, or systems — these are all. And All is enough.

1. Open promotion for each and all comes with universal suffrage and general education.

Old John Adams, when he was making the Constitution of Massachusetts, said that he meant that every boy and girl born in Massachusetts should receive a liberal education. He did not mean that they should learn to read Latin badly and write Latin badly. He did mean that they should speak and understand the language of their time. "If they were diligent in their business, they would stand before kings." And no matter who the kings asked to meet them, John Adams meant that the sons and daughters of Massachusetts should be able to hold their own in the conversation. He meant that they should speak English and understand English as well as any man in any place. And he meant that there should be no "village Hampdens" or "inglorious Miltons." He meant that if Abraham Lincoln, born in a log-cabin, among the poorest and, if you please, the meanest of mankind, should be the man

needed in the advance of the country, he should have the education which the duty demanded. The country has not gained this yet, which John Adams asked for Massachusetts; but we are on the way toward it. When you see a class of boys entering at New Haven, or a class of girls at Northampton, you see that the country insists that, as God lives, they shall have the best. Open promotion for all.

2. To every man it has been made clear that God is on his side, that God is his Father, and he is God's child. This was not clear in 1801.

It is in such changes in the spiritual life of men up to 1901 that you have the secret of that advance in vital power which accounts for the advance in physical resources. This accounts for the enlargement of all men's plans and possibilities. It explains so far the reasons why the world of 1901 is a better world to live in than the world of 1801. Even the faithful Christian of the beginning of the century was harrowed and haunted by his feeling that God was angry with the world which he had made, and might well be sorry that he had placed any men or women in it. To speak simply, men were tangled up in every effort to get forward by the twisted stems of their fathers' theology.

It was like a man stumbling and sometimes falling in woodland when he catches his feet in greenbrier or moosewood.

I remember as late as the Forties, when I was talking with an enthusiastic girl well up in her "Five Points" of Calvin, that she cried out, "I trust the People: the People is always right." I said, wickedly, "How can you say that, when you believe that, of nature, all of the People are totally depraved and incapable of good?" Poor girl! To this hour I remember the pathetic reproach of her reply — her despair that the old theology would not even permit her to be a patriot.

There are enough of the sermons of 1801 in print for any one who chooses to make a guess as to what the so-called religion of America was. So far as theology went, the preachers taught all hearers that they were born totally depraved and incapable of good. But it is fair now to say that no pulpit in America dared to make this announcement last Sunday, whatever that Sunday may be to the reader of these lines. Again, if the reader will struggle with a hundred or two of these sermons of 1801 or thereabouts, he will find that the appeal in them is an appeal to the individual sinner. He must reform

his ways. But at the present moment whoever will read in the Monday paper, in New York or in Boston or Chicago, the appeals of the pulpit on the day before, will find no such thing. He finds a determination on the part of the preacher of religion that the kingdom of God shall come.

Stated very simply, it would be fair to say that the real religion of to-day is the religion of the Lord's Prayer. On the other hand, the religion which asserted itself in pulpits a hundred years ago was the hard and bitter conclusion which John Calvin had arrived at. It ought to be said in his defence that his conclusions were arrived at after a half-century of war, at a period when it seemed to men, indeed, as if the kingdom of heaven on earth was as impossible as he thought it to be. Now let the reader try to fancy what was the position a hundred years ago, say of a chaplain in a jail, if there were any such person. How much or how little did that man believe that his ministrations with the prisoners achieved anything? Or imagine yourself going into a fight with Tammany, and having to rely upon a body of people in New York of whom you knew that nineteen-twentieths were children of the devil who could not be regenerate. If you really try to put yourself in the

place of your great-grandfather, you will not wonder that the religious world of to-day is more cheerful and courageous than was his. Simply, if you know you are a child of God, as you do; if you know that God works in you when you try to will and do of his good pleasure,—and this you do know now,—the world is a very different world from what it was when you were told once a week that you were the child of the devil.

It is perhaps true that a few old gentlemen try to persuade themselves that for a few years more they may stammer out some old-fashioned sentences which defame God in despising man. But, really, the world of the new century, whether on the throne of the Pope or in the appeal of the come-outer, owns God as our Father, knows he is at hand, and asks him for everything.

We must take care, then, not to regard the American Revolution as simply a change in the political relations of America. The war of the Revolution was the doom of Calvinism. Philosophically speaking, it would perhaps be enough to say that if men have equal rights on earth, they must have equal rights to heaven. Practically speaking, the same thing was asserted when

every man was compelled to take his gun on his shoulder and go out and fight King George. If you swept the Connecticut Valley, as in 1777 you did, of every boy and man from fifteen years of age to fifty-five, to go out "to fight Burgine," you could not say to those men and boys, when they came back, that they were all incapable of good and that nineteen-twentieths of them would certainly be damned. Or, if you said it, you almost knew that they would not believe you any longer.[1]

Without people's knowing it, therefore, Universal Suffrage came in. The separate steps to it were considered so unimportant that it would be difficult now to write the history. Almost everywhere the local governments originally demanded a small property qualification for the vote, though from the beginning no such qualification was exacted anywhere in ecclesiastical affairs. But this demand dropped out, more from the inconvenience of the property qualification than from any very eager protest. To this hour, the distinction between a property

[1] The Frenchman Chastellux was in America two or three years with Rochambeau. He says squarely that in his frequent travels back and forth from Newport to southern Virginia he never met a man of fighting age who had not served against the King. Whether he wanted to or not, he had to serve.

qualification and universal suffrage seems to theorists of great importance; but in America practically nine-tenths of the voters are men of property.[1]

When you thus create a pure democracy in what you call affairs of state, you cannot maintain an aristocracy or hierarchy in what you call the affairs of religion.

And here are the fundamental causes of the bleakness and imbecility of what people would call the religious literature of the quarter-century which follows the Revolution. Preachers certainly felt that anything they had to say on the old lines did not much interest a people who were discussing the most important principles of social order, and by the results of such discussion were organizing their civil communities.

For the religious revolution implied in the changes between 1801 and 1901, it is impossible to give credit to any one man, or any ten men, or any hundred men. The advance is an advance all along the line. We owe a great deal to the Methodist revival, which has met no check in America since the great days of Whitefield.

[1] Thus, at the Cleveland-Harrison election more individual holders of property paid taxes on that property in Massachusetts than voted for all the candidates for the Presidency.

We owe a great deal to the Swedenborgian, or the New Church. America owes a great deal to Murray and Ballou and the Universalists in the East, and to Campbell and the other movers in the West. The Congregational Church, both Evangelical and Unitarian, was really renewed by such prophets as Emerson and Channing, Bushnell and the Beechers. And the whole English-speaking world of every communion, that of the Church of Rome included, has been inspirited by James Martineau.

Meanwhile the People governed itself, as it should do in a democracy. Quite outside the chatter and clatter of what is called Politics, quite outside of administrations and debates, and bills passed to the third reading, and appointments to office, the People was taking care of its own interests. It took care of them in such gigantic movements as those which multiplied the exports of cotton from eight bags in 1784 to two million and a half bales in 1850; in such movements as sent steamboats up into the fountain streams of rivers till they were leaving their passengers and their freight in creeks where they could not turn round; and in such enterprises at sea as the fur trade of the Northwest, with the correlative commerce

of India, the whale-fishery which "whitened with its sails" all oceans.[1]

The original and independent work in the realms of education and religion was of equal importance or more; and, as I have implied, there is no coherent study of the century which does not recognize as fundamental the changes wrought in the education of the hearts and minds and souls of men. An entire revolution had been wrought in such education by the American Revolution and what followed.

LIMITATIONS AND SELECTIONS

I have been frank with the reader. I have invited him to look through my own keyhole upon this landscape of a hundred years' horizon. He must understand, I think, that through one keyhole you cannot see the whole.

And even where my own personal recollections would have helped me — or the stores of manuscript and of pamphlet and scrap-book here in this house where I write — still it has been better to select only a few of the miracles of the

[1] Burke's fine phrase in which he says that the sails of the Nantucket fishermen "whitened both oceans" means the northern and southern Atlantic. Not many years after the first Nantucket ship passed Cape Horn.

century, or of its misfortunes, or of the lives of a few of its charlatans and a few of its leaders, than to nibble at every cake in the cake-box.

I was once asked to furnish in two thousand words a sketch of the literature of these same hundred years. It was intimated to me that it would be well if I gave some account of each of the leading authors of the several years as they passed, telling the reader who were the fashionable authors of their time. I had to begin, therefore, by classifying North and South America, England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Russia, more than eight nations, and selecting the new authors whom people talked about in each year. With relentless hand, I cut down the list and averaged them at three in a year. Were it America in 1902, and I could trust the advertising sheets of the magazines for which I was to write, there would have been fifty in a month. Now, 3 authors × by 8 nations, × again by 100 years, gave twenty-four hundred authors! Alas! while "John Wolfgang von Goethe" could be expressed in four words, many of the authors needed more and few were satisfied with less. If, therefore, I filled the order, with an average of three words for each of my twenty-four

hundred names — where were the criticism and narration to come in?

Warned by this experiment, I have preferred to take a few incidents, men, and eras, and bravely and frankly to leave the rest for other pens and other memories. Hardest trial of all, even where my pen, or the more legible handwriting of others, has written out the chapter, Atropos with stern scissors has cut out the pages — and this reader will never, never know what he has lost! "No one knows," says dear Bishop Whately, who is, by the way, one of the omitted heroes of the century, "what good things you have left out."

So it is that the reader will find in these Memories of a Century nothing of the great epidemics, but what is on this page; almost nothing of the French War, with which the century began; nothing of the Mexican, or Spanish, or many Indian wars; next to nothing of the marvels of science, photographs, anæsthetics, correlation of forces, and all that have sprung from the new discoveries. There has been nothing of the great missionary enterprises, nothing of temperance, of prison reform, of the organization of churches or of charities. We discovered a continent and we annexed Alaska, of which there

is nothing here. The Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, distracting the politicians — the Federalist party dying — the "Know-Nothing" movement — all lived and died. Ah, there were many such all-important catastrophes of which nothing is said here. The treaties of Ghent, of Paris, of Guadalupe-Hidalgo and Paris again, and so many other treaties, and nothing about them. Cherokee and Seminoles, treaties "which should stand as long as the rivers run," nothing about them! Oregon and the Columbia River, and California and its gold, Montana and its silver! — nothing! These and as many more wonders, each of them worth a volume, have not been noticed here.

THE LAST CHAPTER

I am told that a certain arrogance sometimes expresses itself in my writing. For this I apologize. But I do not believe that I could have contrived for myself a better ending for the marvellous century than came to me. I am pleased to see that people begin to call our century the wonderful century, as Dryden called the year of the three sixes "annus mirabilis." All centuries in their time have been called so,

and this has the capital stock of all the others to bank upon and to trade with. For

> "Nature always gives us more
> Than all she ever takes away."

A year before the end there had been one of the time-honored discussions whether the century ended with the year 1899 or not. But now almost everybody had acquiesced in the proposition that no possible way of arranging, piling, or counting ninety-nine cents made them into a dollar. And it seems to me that the little world of literature, certainly the lesser world of companionship, accepted the end of the century with a certain seriousness which was encouraging. This was satisfactory.

The French had invented, many years before, the phrase "fin du siècle," and applied it to everything that was lawless, or without principle, or outside of conventionality — a sort of "devil take the hindmost" farewell to the nineteenth century. But that phrase does not fairly express the feeling which thoughtful men and women had toward their old friend. For twenty years there had been Twentieth Century Clubs among the people who tried to be in the advance. The oldest which I know is the

Twentieth Century Club of Philadelphia. In Boston we have had for fourteen years the Twentieth Century Club of men and women, an important practical factor in the business of making people and things face to the front and giving them their marching orders. To belong to this Twentieth Century Club has meant and means that one hopes the world will be a better world, and that one means to help make it so. Among these clubs there is nothing of the "fin du siècle."

For myself, I paid my respects to the end of the century as early as 1885. I was then in the city of Washington, and I was to preach on the Sunday before Mr. Cleveland's inauguration. I foresaw many of the evils which that administration brought upon the country. No prophet could have seen them all. I chose to preach a sermon on the Twentieth Century, and I printed it on my return to Boston. Does it perhaps forecast the altruism of the new century if I say that George Littlefield, my personal friend, set the types and locked up the chases? I believe I never see those printed pages without a pleasant personal thought of him and his labor of love. In that sermon I laid down as the three initial necessities most urgent for the work of the

new century with us: First the uplift of the school system so that it should educate men and boys, and not be satisfied with their instruction. Second, the systematic and intelligent transfer, from the crowded regions of the world, of men and women who should live in regions not crowded. Third, and necessary for everything else, the institution of a Permanent Tribunal for the nations of the world. I have reprinted the last half of this sermon in a volume of notes of my own autobiography. I speak of it now because it is the first which I happen to remember of the uncounted series of essays which bear its title.

Years before this I had heard Dr. William Dawson, the President of McGill University of Montreal, say of our generation, "What will the future say of us at the end of the nineteenth century?" He said that our men of science had discovered the great principles of Nature's action. Their statement of these principles was as broad and at the same time as definite as Newton's announcement of the Law of Gravitation. And then he said that these same men who had made these discoveries were afraid of their own work. They did not dare use their discoveries for the benefit of mankind! They

came to the edge of the ocean, as Newton said; they knew the laws of its breakers and of its ebb and flow, and they did not venture to launch upon it. They hardly dared to paddle in the spray on the beach.

"Why, these men of the nineteenth century were satisfied with the steam-engine, with the electric telegraph and telephone, with the transformation of the power of a waterfall into the electric current, actually! With such trifles as these they had done enough; they hardly began to use the unconscious powers for the benefit of mankind."

Dawson said this in a Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge. Not many years after I heard our great master of engineering, George Morison, say on a like occasion almost the same thing. Indeed, the Phi Beta oration always gives a good chance for the prophets.

But whatever those backward-looking sons of time may say of us, and whatever Dawson said they ought to say, we have not been dissatisfied with the steps we are taking. Admiral Remey told me the other day that every weapon of offence used in the Spanish War in 1898 has been invented since 1865, unless, he said with a smile, one excepts the dress sword of the

officer. This can hardly be called a weapon of offence. It had won for itself the name of the "toasting-fork" two or three generations before. As we approached the year 1892, the preparations for celebrating the fourth centennial of Columbus's discovery waked up a new chorus of speculation, now frivolous and now serious, as to the work and worth of the nineteenth century — much more serious than any which have left traces of the revolutionary period a hundred years before.

It ought to do us no harm to remember that in 1791 and 1792 the civilized world, generally speaking, did not appreciate America or the discovery of America very highly. On this side of the water nobody had any doubts. Every American from Sam Adams or Thomas Jefferson downward was sure that America was God's choicest gift to man. You would not find a woodchopper clearing his homestead by the Monongahela River, not six months from Germany himself, but would tell the passing traveller that America was the greatest country in the world, and very likely he would add that the capital of this country would probably be on his clearing. Nothing is more amusing than the rage which French and English travellers

of that prehistoric time express when they hear such bragging in the midst of squalor and destitution. For on the other side of the ocean none but fanatics had any such notion. There is a little poem in which Soame Jenyns, a Tory poet, describes the eagerness with which the enfranchised colonists, like so many runaway colts, would come back to beg for the protection of their great and good sovereign George III.

AMERICA

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. DEAN TUCKER

"Crown'd be the man with lasting praise
Who first contriv'd the pin
To loose mad horses from the chaise,
And save the necks within.

"See how they prance, and bound, and skip,
And all controul disdain!
They bid defiance to the whip,
And tear the silken rein.

"Awhile we try if art or strength
Are able to prevail:
But, hopeless, when we find at length
That all our efforts fail,

"With ready foot the spring we press,
Out jumps the magic plug,
Then, disengag'd from all distress,
We sit quite safe and snug.

"The pampered steeds, their freedom gain'd,
Run off full speed together;
But, having no plan ascertain'd,
They run they know not whither.

"Boys who love mischief and a course,
Enjoying the disaster,
Bawl, stop 'em! stop 'em! till they're hoarse,
But mean to drive them faster.

"Each claiming now his nat'ral right,
Scorns to obey his brother;
So they proceed to kick and bite,
And worry one another.

"Hungry at last, and blind, and lame,
Bleeding at nose and eyes;
By suff'rings grown extremely tame,
And by experience wise,

"With bellies full of liberty,
But void of oats and hay,
They both sneak back, their folly see,
And run no more away.

"Let all who view th' instructive scene,
And patronize the plan,
Give thanks to Glo'ster's honest Dean,
For, TUCKER, thou'rt the man!"

The opinion or the sentiment of all classes of literary men as to the worth of America was tested in 1792 by the Academy of Lyons. I

have referred to it in the first chapter of these papers. The Abbé Genty, a man now almost wholly forgotten, but who was then the Government's censor of literature, received the prize, as I have said. He had the sense to foresee the advantage which came to the world when, as Carlyle said, democracy began its march around the world. But the other writers, whose papers have been preserved, made but a poor show. They had to admit that the wars which were born from American politics had been disastrous to Europe; they supposed that some diseases had been imported from America. They did not know enough of political science to understand how it was that the ceaseless flow of gold and silver into Europe reduced the purchasing power of coin so that for three centuries money debts had generally been paid in a currency of less value than that of the time in which they were contracted. But they did understand that something bothered commerce and mercantile affairs and kept them in wild ferment which they did not comprehend. Even Franklin, in his common-sense way, says that he has observed that sugar is always dearer in nations which have sugar colonies than in nations which have none.

The physical goods which came from America were thus reduced to Jesuits' bark and potatoes. I think none of those competitors for the Lyons prize had the grace to be thankful to us, even for tobacco.

But in 1892 all this was changed. Indeed, as early as January, 1860, the porter who carried my valise to the steamship at Queenstown in Ireland fairly apologized to me that he had not gone to America himself long before. He wanted me to understand that, speaking generally, he knew that every man in Ireland who was not an idiot did go as soon as he could. At this moment in which I am writing, when more than two thousand people from Europe arrive here in every day, it is clear enough that Europe now has learned the lesson of the danger of crowds and the value of deserts. As I once heard William Evarts say, the German farmer in Illinois is no better man than his twin brother whom he left in Prussia: the difference between the Illinois farmer and his brother is that he does not have to carry a soldier on his back.

Yes, there is a great advantage in having white paper to write upon, and every day of every year of the century has been teaching this to America.

THE EVENING AND THE MORNING

As I have said, for me, personally, the century ended in a most dramatic way.

Two centuries before, on the first of January, 1701, dear old Samuel Sewall, the same who hanged the witches and repented of it so pathetically, determined that Boston should pay its compliment to the new century. In his diary for the first day of the month he says: —

"Jan^{y} 1, 1701. Entrance of 18th Century. Just about Break-a-day, Jacob Amsden and 3 other trumpeters gave a Blast with the Trumpets, on the common, near Mr. Alford's. Then went to the Green Chamber, and sounded there about sunrise. Bell-man said these verses, [My verses upon New Century], which I printed and gave them."

Mr. Alford's was the highest house, in situation, in Boston. It was where the new State House yard is, near Bowdoin Street.

I was familiar with this interesting memorandum of Sewall's, and, as it proved afterward, there was an original copy of his broadside in the Antiquarian Library at Worcester, and another in the Boston Public Library. So, as the end

of the century approached, I sent to our friend Mr. Edwin Doak Mead, the President of the Twentieth Century Club. Let me say, in passing, that Mr. Mead is everybody's friend, and is one of those people who know how to bring things to pass. So, when anybody in Boston has anything of public spirit to be done, a little out of the common way, instead of doing it himself, he writes a note to Mr. Mead about it, and asks him if he cannot take care of it. You generally find that he has done all that is necessary before your note came.

So I wrote to Mr. Mead. He agreed with me that the twentieth century ought to begin as the eighteenth began, and Governor Crane agreed with him. And Mead reprinted Sewall's ode, and made the selections which Moses had written for the purpose, in what men say is the oldest written poem, written I do not know how long before Homer. He arranged with the Handel and Haydn people, and the Cecilia people. Of course he lived at the very top of Boston, close to the State House, and there a few of us assembled as the last hours of the old year ebbed away. Here is the programme which he printed and gave them: —

FROM CENTURY TO CENTURY

Observance of the Passing of the Nineteenth Century, and the Coming of the Twentieth Century, by the Twentieth Century Club and the Public, before the State House, Boston.

The exercises will begin at quarter of twelve, Monday night, December 31, 1900.

Trumpets, from State House Balcony.

Hymn, Sung by the Assembly

"Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed."

Selections from the Nineteenth Psalm, Read by Edward Everett Hale.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

"A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

"O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

"Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

"And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

SAMUEL SEWALL'S HYMN, WRITTEN FOR THE OBSERVANCE IN BOSTON OF THE DAWN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Chorus

"Once more, our God, vouchsafe to shine;
Tame Thou the rigor of our clime;
Make haste with Thy impartial light,
And terminate this long, dark night.

"Let the transplanted English vine
Spread further still; still call it thine.
Prune it with skill; for yield it can
More fruit to Thee, the Husbandman.

"The false religions shall decay,
And darkness fly before bright day;
Till men shall God the Lord adore,
And worship idols vain no more.

"So Asia and Africa,
Europa, with America,
All four, in consort joined, shall sing
New songs of praise to God our King."

SILENCE UNTIL THE STROKE OF THE MIDNIGHT HOUR AND THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPETS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, SAID BY ALL THE PEOPLE.

"AMERICA," SUNG BY THE PEOPLE.

TRUMPETS.

Here are my notes of the next morning, and they shall be the last of these Memories of a Century: —

"The boys of the Commonwealth Club came to escort us to the State House, and did. This was quite as well, for the street was crowded with people, and it was with difficulty that the police made way for us into the Governor's room — Mrs. Hale, and E. and I, and Mr. and Mrs. Mead. The Governor was as pleasant as always. We waited till just quarter before twelve, and then worked our way through the crowd, on the balcony, looking down on the State House yard. The balcony had never seen such a company before, for here was a chorus of nearly two hundred voices, selected from the Handel and Haydn and the Cecilia Society.

"A perfect sea of upturned faces was below. The spectacle was magnificent. The State House yard and all the streets, in every direction, were crowded as far as you could see. The lights of the carriages on both sides of the streets stretched off into the dark horizon. The people were too closely crowded to move. Indeed, nobody wanted to move. They were quiet, and absolutely intent

on what was going on in our balcony. For me, there were two men with cornets on my right, with only the Governor between, and two on my left. And while they played, I could hear nothing whatever, either from the balcony or from below. All our watches were exactly right. Every one had been careful about that; and at exactly fifteen minutes before twelve, at an order from the chorus-master, the four trumpets sounded. They played what in camp is called 'taps,' meaning the closing strain for the day. Old soldiers recognized it at once as the fit close of a century. [I had last heard it at Bermuda Hundred, on the 30th of May, 1864.]

[Sewall, the old Chief Justice, called his men trumpeters, and we called ours so. The instruments were, in fact, what are now called "cornets." But I believe they are substantially the same as the trumpets of his time.]

"The playing of taps lasted a few minutes; I think it was followed by a little hand applause. Every one then joined in the first verse of Old Hundred, 'Be Thou, O God, Exalted High!' I say every one, for we had, as I say, a full chorus of two hundred voices. But I do not think that there was a general chorus from below. I only heard the trumpets. I read the appropriate

verses from the Ninetieth Psalm. People were still as death. The balcony and people made a good sounding-board. My voice was all right, and I read very slowly. I have since seen people who were nearly as far as Winter Street who heard me. [I have been asked a hundred times if I used a megaphone. But here is simply an illustration of the power of the human voice if the listeners will keep still.] Then the chorus sang two verses of Sewall's hymn. There was time enough and they sang two more. Then another strain from the trumpets, and then a hush, absolute and very solemn. King's Chapel bell struck twelve very slowly, and between the strokes our trumpets sounded. There were several seconds between the strokes.

"I said the Lord's Prayer, and here I was conscious that other people joined. The trumpets played 'America,' and here people joined in very cordially. I said, 'God bless our city, our State, and our country.' And this was to me as remarkable as anything in it all. People turned almost silently to go home. Indeed, the whole passage of the half-hour had the devout impression of a service at church.

"Looking back upon it I cannot help feeling that it all showed curiously well the serious

foundation of the life of our people. I do not think they thought of it as a religious service when they came, but they all did when they went away."

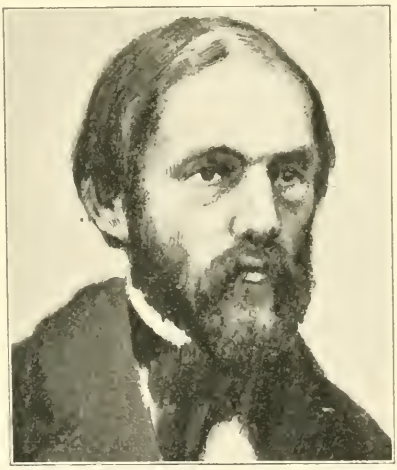
And so I will bid this faithful reader good-by. Some library will preserve this volume, and it carries with it my charge to my sons' grandsons, that in 2001 one of them shall write his Memories of the Twentieth Century.

EIGHTY YEARS

CHAPTER VIII

EIGHTY YEARS

THIS book in its first edition was "noticed" very kindly by many critics, some of whom had read it while others had not. One of the kindest things said of it was that the Index was admirably made, and that one name did not appear in that Index. This was the name of Edward Everett Hale.



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EDWARD EVERETT HALE AS A YOUNG MAN.

From an early portrait.

This friendly remark was true, and it was by no accident that in the book itself I did not appear either as a hero or in any function more important than that of a spectator, or a scene shifter. Be it

observed that when the scene shifter does his work best he is not seen. I had undertaken to write fourteen chapters of what I remembered best of the most important passages in our own history in a hundred years. I might have seen them or no, — I was to write what I remembered.

Now that the book is to be published anew in what is really a revised and corrected edition, I have been asked seriously, by friends and by publishers, to add two or three chapters, one especially about events and surroundings in my own personal life, — such as may explain, in a fashion, how I came to look on men and things through those particular keyholes. I need not say that it is a pleasant thing to do this. Granted a willing hearer, most of us like to talk about our own old times. And there is always this advantage in our modern literature, that no compulsion bids the reader read anything. Even a critic or writer for the press does not have to read the book which he reviews. As dear President Lincoln said so well, it will be sure to be liked by those who like that sort of thing. And there is no Act of Parliament about it. No man is compelled to buy or to read.

I doubt if I should write these lines as I do,

were I not at this moment under the charm of dear Addington Symonds's biography. No! I shall not go so far as he does in telling of the dreams of boyhood, — or even of the garden flowers at Clifton. I should not write of them with the tender love which gives such glamour to his book. But those who like that sort of thing will like what I shall say of the outside of my own life, — how it was that it became the business of the same man to sleep under the sky in the valley of the Pemigewasset, and to teach a schoolboy where an accent falls in a Greek verb. For those, then, who like that sort of thing, the six thousand words of this chapter are written, in compliance, as the advertisements say, with the requests of other people. The chapter may be taken as a sort of preface at the end.

In Mr. Symonds's recollections of his childhood, his precise wish is to recall those matters of observation or of reflection which most biographers regard as too trifling to deserve memorial. I believe that is just what I am trying for here. The detail given in "Who's Who," or in other regulation biography, is given quite fully enough in some papers which I made at Mr. Horace Scudder's request, and printed,

I do not say published, as "A New England Boyhood." [1]

The pages in this reader's hands are written with the hope of putting a little flesh and blood on that skeleton.

In an earlier chapter of this book are some references to my early boyhood. I am somewhat encouraged when I recollect that I cannot remember Lafayette, by observing that one of the English gentlemen who crossed with Mr. Moseley the other day supposed that Lafayette was a mayor of New York in 1825. As a matter of the study of memory, it seems to me curious that while I remember that hobby-horse with real hair for tail and mane, on which I rode in the house where I was born, I have no recollection of what to a child must have been an impressing event — the removal of the hobby-horse and everything else to the house the next door but one on the corner of School Street. I do remember the first time when I left the nursery of my own motion without being hindered. I was so small that I had to stand on tiptoe to reach the brass latch of the room. After I was a Doctor of Divinity, when they were demolish-

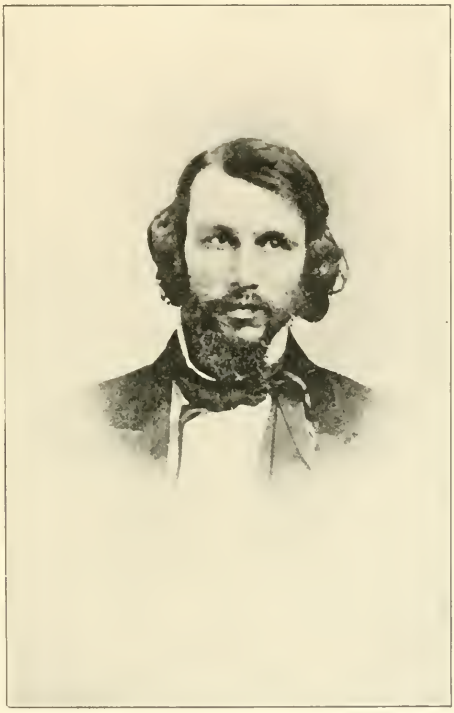
[1] The firm which bore the imprint blew up into thin air the day when the bookbinders delivered the edition.

ing the house, the builder of the Parker House met me in the street hard by and asked me if there were no memorials of the house which I wanted. I told him I wanted that latch, and he sent a workman up to cut out that part of the frame of the door on which the latch was fastened. The latch is now just above my easy reach on the door of my pamphlet room. I recollect distinctly the feeling with which I prepared a throne for the Saviour after I had been taught in the hymn-book the direction, "Let every heart prepare a throne and every voice a song." I was well enough acquainted with his love to little children to know that he would be satisfied with the arrangement I had made of my "high chair," a chair which had been promoted to our play room after I no longer needed it at the table. Nobody understands the mechanics of memory, but I agree with Mr. Symonds that the more we can preserve all such childish recollections the better eventually for the science of memory. It does seem to me curious that I recollect little details about the colors of the ribbons in an old wooden desk at school of which the hinges were broken, while I have no recollection whatever of learning the process of reading.

I have told a story of my first visit to Cape Cod. I remember my terror, at Sandwich, when I found myself left alone on the outside of a grist mill, — a mill which I think is still standing. My father and mother had gone into the mill and I thought I should never see them again. I remember the shape and patterns of the little glass toys which they made for us at the Glass House. I remember the names of Miss Tryphena Fessenden and Miss Tryphosa Fessenden, ladies who welcomed us so cordially to Sandwich. But I have not the slightest recollection of the long stage ride, more than fifty miles, to Sandwich or back again. One would say that this would have impressed a child's memory if anything would.

To Boston readers to whom the place or the scene has any interest, I may say that the space between Tremont Street and Beacon Street north of the Granary Burying Ground was in those early days of my boyhood taken up by three large gardens or orchards which had old wooden houses upon them. Mr. William H. Eliot conceived the plan of the Tremont House in 1828. We children all rallied at the Lafayette window to see the corner-stone of the Tremont House laid. At about the same time

the corner-stone of the Tremont Theatre was laid on the spot which is now occupied by the Tremont Temple. The proprietors of the



Nathan Hale, Jr., as a Young Man.

theatre offered one hundred dollars for an ode to be recited on the occasion of the first performance. The friends of my boyhood know me well enough to know that I and my brother

Nathan determined to compete, I being five years old and he nine or ten. All that I recollect of our ode is that having described the experience of Thespis and his friends in acting in a cart in Athens the ode said that

> "in a later age
> The actors richer built them up a stage," —

the joke being on a cart and stage. The work of the ode advanced so far that our mother had to scold us and tell us how absurd it was. As matter of history, I may say that the Rev. John Pierpont received the prize, and that his writing an ode for a theatre was one of the scandals raked up in an ecclesiastical trial. Another of the scandals was that he invented a kitchen stove. This was thought not clerical. A definite accusation on these subjects appeared when an ecclesiastical council was convened to try him.

As I am on my confessions, and we are trying to find out what children remember and what they do not, I will say that I remember the details which I have spoken of, the 17th of June, 1825, which happened in our house. I remember in the other house waking with my brother at one o'clock in the morning and looking out of our window to see the "stage"

which was to carry my uncle to Northampton that day. I recollect the parting from Mr. Judd and his wife when they went as missionaries to the Sandwich Islands in 1828. I remember the military funeral of my Uncle John Everett in 1826.

In the "New England Boyhood," I have described our amusements. Meanwhile at home we were reading everything. Before I was eleven I had read Mungo Park and Clapperton, Franklin's Voyages and Parry's, which were going on at that time. I had attacked Shakespeare and found it dull. I had been made to read more or less of Hume, which I found equally dull. But I had under my lee always a well-selected library. In our own private room, the attic of the house, we had "The Boy's Own Book," one volume of "Don Quixote," "The Treasury of Knowledge," the sequel to "Harry and Lucy," Grimm's "Fairy Tales," and immense files of bound newspapers to which we occasionally went back.

But we were too much engaged in our own occupations to read a great deal about other people's. We had to invent perpetual motion, make electrical machines, build locomotives, act plays, occasionally paint portraits of the school-

girls on the walls, set type, and print a weekly magazine.

It was a great grief to me when my older brother, at the age of thirteen, got hold of the Waverley Novels. For he was apt then to retire to one of the lower rooms to read his "Guy Mannering" or his "Ivanhoe," and I was left alone.

Among other duties of this kind which required our attention is one which has been of a certain service to me since. My father had a collection of voyages and travels, which included a translation of Krusenstern's account of his voyage in the Pacific. This included a vocabulary of the language of the Marquesan Islands. We thought it proper to invent a grammar for this language and to write an alphabetical dictionary from the vocabulary. Then, of course, we had to give it a literature and to write in it our letters to each other. Of this literature all I now remember is a translation in the Marquesan language of Coleman's song in his "Mountaineers": —

"When the little drummer beats to bed."

In the language of the Nukahivas this appears as: —

"Womar t'iti enata bacha epoku."

When Mr. Herman Melville subsequently published his book called "Typee," we were quite at home in the Marquesan Islands. I am afraid we were Imperialists before our time. It was a great grief to us to read that when Porter took possession of the islands in 1814 the United States did not choose to keep them. But all this is saying too much of boyish enterprises.

My father's was a newspaper office, and he was engaged as president of the Boston and Worcester Railroad in building that road, which was the beginning of the western line of communication for Boston. We were a great deal with him, and followed up with great interest all such enterprises. The railroad was open in the year 1833, when I was eleven years old. We boys were favorites with the engine drivers. The rules were simple, and I have had many a ride to Newton and back on the tender of the Meteor engine. Of this engine I have published some notes in another chapter.

Meanwhile I mulled along at the Latin School as well as a boy rather younger than his class could be expected to, when, as I have said, he looked upon the whole matter with a certain condescension. I made friends who have been very dear friends through life. I did not get a

Franklin medal, which is the highest honor given to such boys. I was always marked low for declamation. I had not a quick verbal memory, but I liked my masters and they liked me. In the last year of our life there the authorities thought the strain was too much on me, and I only went to school a part of the time. I remember as a consequence of this that when we were to go to Cambridge for our examinations at college, I had never read the first six books of the "Æneid." I wanted to say to the examiners that I had read them, and I spent one Sunday afternoon on the ridge-pole of our house in Central Court, reading them through. This is the origin of the story which got into print that in those days I read the "Æneid" in a day. The truth was that I could not have read the six books through in three hours if I had not been well drilled on the other six.

I jumbled through college in a very happy way, making friends who have been my friends all my life since, mostly, of course, in my own class, but I had the great advantage of the personal acquaintance of the gentlemen named in other chapters.

I left college, fortunately, as I still think, at an early age. This enabled me, so to speak, to

loaf in the preparation for a permanent profession. I was two years a junior master in the Boston Latin School. In these years I read quite faithfully in what were considered the books required for the preparation for a minister's life. I attended some lectures at Cambridge, a few at Newton Theological School, and was permitted to visit with absolute freedom in the house of our minister, Dr. Samuel Kirkland Lothrop. In this period I spent the greater part of a year with my father as his secretary, at the time when we were in Pennsylvania together, conferring with the leaders of that state about the measures to be taken for the redemption of their foreign credit. I have often said that the best training I ever got for my profession was in that year of business life, when my dealings were with editors and lawyers and masters of transportation, when I was studying wire ropes, and inclined planes, and traction on canals. To this hour, when I am asked about the education for the ministry, I say that Jesus began to preach when, as is supposed, he was about thirty years old. But for me, I preached my first sermon as early as 1841 in the Warren Street Chapel, in Boston. I was licensed to preach in October, 1842, and preached my second sermon in Newark,

New Jersey. But all this was more or less sporadic; and my first long engagement as a preacher was in the city of Washington, beginning with the last Sunday in September, 1844, and ending in February, 1845. The Northern party had been defeated in the election of Mr. Polk, and I was just fool enough to refuse to stay in Washington to see his inauguration. I had about a hundred dollars at that time, and I was tempted to buy a horse, and ride North to my home in Boston. I have been sorry ever since that I did not do it. For I have learned that no man knows America unless he has seen it with his eyes. But the mud was very deep, and I resisted the temptation for so Quixotic an enterprise — the more so, I think, because I had no Don Quixote to go with me.

We had just annexed Texas after a debate of which I heard a great deal in Congress. I thought that the remedy for the danger to the nation was in a large emigration from the North into Texas. In the chapter above, on the annexation of Texas, I have said something of my first pamphlet and my wish to emigrate at that time. (Footnote, page 152.)

After this winter's life in Washington I spent the greater part of a year in Worcester, Massa-

chusetts. There were many reasons why I should be happy in that place, and I accepted a call to

Edward Everett Hale in 1846.
From the painting by Richard Hinsdele.

be the first minister of a new church. I was ordained there on the 29th of April, 1846, and began a very happy experience of life which

lasted ten years. I recollect that somebody said at the time of my ordination that there was not a gray hair in the congregation, and I believe this was true. It was not true a week after, when persons who had not cared to join in the initial movement but had always intended to join, became members. It was a small congregation at that time, of people who were very much interested in it. As we used to say, there was no dust in the pulpit cushions. There were no traditions to be maintained. We were simply people who had tumbled together in a real wish to set things forward, and who did not believe in any of the mechanical theology of the centuries before us. I was soon asked to serve on the School Committee, and I did so. But I said what was true, that there were plenty of young lawyers and young doctors who would be glad to serve on the School Committee, and that I had rather serve on the Board of Overseers of the Poor. The managers of such things took me at my word, and I was an Overseer of the Poor at Worcester for two years. That was about the period of the Irish Famine, and we were all up to our eyes in making arrangements for the incursion of Irish emigrants.

Looking back upon the half-century in which

I have had more or less public duty, such as falls upon a minister in New England, I am tempted to note the entire change for the whole country which has been wrought by the European emigration to America of those years. As late as when I was in college people began to mark the annoyances which were caused by the arrival of Irishmen who were, so to speak, imported for the purpose of working on the railroads then in progress. I have been told, and I believe, that in 1821, when the Western Avenue and Mill Dam were built in Boston, Irish emigrants were sent for and, so to speak, imported to work in that enterprise. This is the earliest instance I know of such organized emigration. Every man who thought himself sensible tried to turn the tide back, precisely as Mrs. Partington tried to sweep back the English Channel with her broom in Sydney Smith's parable. It was just as the Federal leaders of New England in 1804 wished that they could check the emigration to the West.

There was a society founded in Boston for the purpose of turning emigrants back, which sent circulars out to Ireland in that view, to warn people against coming. In this society a near friend of mine was agent. But you cannot make a nation like ours, in which one man shall

have the same right before the law as another, and then expect to keep out from it the people of other countries where the laboring man does not have the same rights as another. As soon as the laboring men find out that your nation exists, they will come to it. On this principle simply has followed the wave of foreign emigration which now brings to us a million people every year from Europe and Asia.

I was myself already settled in parish work. Great stimulus was given to the emigration from Ireland by the "Irish Famine." We had committees, even in towns as small as Worcester, for the purpose of raising money for provisions to be sent out to Ireland, and the distress there was materially alleviated by such supplies. By one of those charming bits of poetry which always take hold of the fancy of the nation in great exigencies, it proved that the *Jamestown* and the *Macedonian*, ships from the United States Navy, could be sent with supplies. Captain Robert Bennett Forbes, the brother of John Murray Forbes, offered to take charge of the *Jamestown* and surrounded himself with other fine seamen, some of whom were men of the highest position and social rank. One of the edifying incidents which show national character appeared when the citizens of

Cork in Ireland, on the arrival of this vessel with food supplies, invited them to a public dinner. Probably not one of them saw the humor of the incident.

Speaking to a large audience of young men the other day, I told them that I wished some of them would undertake the serious study of the moral and spiritual effect which what are called mechanical or physical inventions have produced upon the world in the last hundred years. The Power which makes for righteousness has chosen to use the material things and what are called discoveries and inventions in physics for the great moral and spiritual purposes of the century. Things which perish in the using have contributed under His will

Church at Worcester, Mass., at which Dr. Hale officiated in 1846.

to the infinite enlargement of thought and of endeavor in men's relations with each other. Religion is on a higher plane because of physical invention and discovery. Whoever writes these essays will have to put in a sub-chapter to show how our export of cotton to England and France contributed directly to the backward flow of that wave which brings us now this million people a year as an addition to our population. See how this accounts for the moral sociological changes which are central in the history of America for a hundred years. When Eli Whitney created the cotton crop of the Southern states the exports to the other parts of the world were so small that in Jay's Treaty of 1794 they were not so much as alluded to. The export of cotton from the beginning had been hardly a hundred thousand bales in ten years. In four years before 1830 the export was three hundred thousand bales. By 1850 the average was between one and two hundred thousand bales every year. The average weight of a bale is called four hundred and forty pounds.

As has been said, in 1821 we began to "import" Irishmen for work on public improvements. But how was this emigration possible? It was

possible because we were sending out ships larger and larger every year, which had high between-decks adapted specially to the piling in of these bales of cotton. When these between-decks were relieved of their burden, we had nothing to bring back excepting the manufactured goods of England which took but little space. It seems queer now to say that we ballasted our ships with iron rails from the English mines. One little step enabled the owners of these ships to arrange their lofty between-decks with berths for passengers, the carriage of whom really cost them absolutely nothing. For the ships had to come back. There was no cargo to fill these great saloons which had for size no rival even in the palaces of the emperors. The ship-owners at once "caught on," to use our own excellent language. They fitted up the great cotton ships with berths and tables and table furniture, and were able to bring over as many passengers as the law would permit them. The legislators of both countries were prompt to regulate this commerce in men and women; and to this hour the laws for the health of passengers during their residence on shipboard are in most cases better than the laws of the American cities

for the health of such people after they have arrived on land. Horace's wails regarding the sea and its dangers are so far contradicted.

The particular matter which occupied me was the arrangement by which those persons who became paupers after their arrival here should be cared for, not by the small towns where they might happen to live, but under a general system by the authorities of the state in Massachusetts. I was told at the time, and I should be glad to think it is true, that our admirable state establishments at Tewksbury, at Rainsford Island, at Bridgewater, and at Monson owe their existence to a series of publications which I made when the Irish Famine first directed our attention to the subject.

In 1854, as the reader of Chapter IV in this volume knows, what used to be called the Nebraska Bill passed the Congress. Up till that time the adjustment made by the Missouri Compromise in 1820 had made freedom the future law of all states which might be created north of the parallel of the southern line of Missouri. That is to say, the North gave way so far as to say Missouri may be a slave state but there shall be no other slave states north of this parallel. If the Southern leaders had been will-

ing to hold by this "compromise," the Civil War could have been long postponed. But, as I have said in Chapter IV, with sublime audacity they attempted to overthrow this "compromise."

ELI THAYER.

With equal audacity, and with pluck and decision which cannot be praised too much, Eli Thayer organized the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company. As I have said in that chapter, I was alive to the principles of his plans; I

reported every day to him, and I was his Man Friday for that summer. We lived near each other in Worcester, and could confer with each other easily. In that summer I wrote the history of Kansas and Nebraska, really before there was a white man in that territory who had any business there unless he were a soldier. By this I mean that the United States' surveyors had not gone in there, and any "squatter" could have been ejected. But in fact there were no "squatters."

In that summer, however, as has been said, our first colonists went out, and at the moment when I write I am receiving from Nebraska and Kansas the accounts of their half-century celebrations, — celebrations in which, I am sorry to say, I am not able to share personally. I was the junior member of the New England Emigrant Aid Company which had the management of our Northern emigration, and I am president of that Company to-day. We have a claim against the United States government for the destruction by its officers of a hotel which we owned in Lawrence. The Company maintains its existence simply for the purpose of transferring that claim to the Lawrence University, an admirable institution which is main-

tained in the city which we founded. The name Lawrence was given that city by the settlers in memory of Mr. Amos Lawrence, the first treasurer of our Company.

When in 1856 I was asked to remove from Worcester to Boston, and did so, this business of emigration to the West occupied much of my time and thought. I have devoted the fourth chapter of this volume in the first edition to some account of it, and I do not dare enlarge that account here. In the year 1879 I went to Lawrence with my daughter to their quarter-centennial celebration. It was a most interesting occasion. We had still living many of the old war horses of that time, and we fought over those battles with great satisfaction. The Civil War was over. Kansas had the honor that in the Civil War a larger proportion of her young men served in the United States Army than came to it from any other state in the Union. Alas and alas, her young men had been trained

Amos Lawrence.

to war during the years between 1854 and 1860, and of course in an emigrant population like theirs there were more young men than in the average proportion of any other state excepting Nebraska.

I went to Boston, however, with the fixed determination to be the minister of the South Congregational Church and nothing else. I did my best to hold to that decision. But when Sumter was fired upon, on the 12th of April, 1861, all this was changed. I had already enlisted as a recruit in Salignac's drill corps. It was evident to all men and women, to all boys and girls, that the preservation of the nation in its integrity was the ruling duty of the hour. I gave myself to that duty in every way which seemed to me feasible. One or two details of it have been printed in the earlier editions of this book. The ladies of my church were active and patriotic from the beginning, and the Sanitary Commission had no more efficient auxiliary than their society.

In Chapter V some account has been given of the work of the church as a church in such exigencies. Perhaps I may be permitted to say that at that time I formed the habits and assumed the duties which have since mixed me up

a good deal with public offices in the state of Massachusetts, with duties such as I should not have been called to perform had it not been for those experiences of the Civil War. Among such duties is the charge which I now hold, since my appointment, by the unanimous vote of the Senate of the United States, to be their Chaplain.

THE HISTORY OF MAGAZINES

CHAPTER IX

THE HISTORY OF MAGAZINES

I AM told that the preceding chapters would be more intelligible if I say something about what I may call my little share in the development of American literature during the years to which I have referred. I will try to do this in the briefest possible way, for it is really not of any concern, except to my children and theirs, how or why I found myself among magazine writers. But the development of the American magazine is curious and important.

My uncles Edward Everett and Alexander Everett were born to be literary men. They had distinguished themselves at Harvard College. They had early gone to Europe. And they knew how utterly ignorant America at large was with regard to the Continent of Europe; they knew also that the American reader in general was wrong in his estimate of England, as, by the way, he is now.

To this hour, I rate Mr. Alexander Everett's two books called "Europe" and "America" as

among the important books for a young American to read. I cannot make anybody else think so, but I like to say it here. Both of these young gentlemen fell in with Mr. Tudor's plans for the *North American Review*. The war with England had brought about a set of complications which induced their brother, Oliver Everett, to abandon the hardware business in which he was engaged, and he established a new publishing firm in Boston which printed and published the *North American Review*. From the index I find that Edward Everett contributed an article on the life of Heine to the second volume of the *North American*. This must have been in 1816. Alexander Everett, in Europe at the time, contributed an article on Peace Societies as early as the sixth volume. The *North American* in its earlier volumes was much more of what we call a magazine than it has been since. I remember a translation from Wilhelm Meister by Mr. Francis Calley Gray into English verse. In the year I was born, 1822, Oliver Everett published what I think was the first reprint of an English magazine in America. It was printed by my father, who was the first person in New England, I think, to print by what was called a power press.

Of this I am sure, that he was the first person in Boston to print by the new tide power which had been created by the "Western Avenue" and the "Mill Dam." Being about half a century in advance of his age in that as in most everything else, my father had used power presses, as they were called, to be run by the waterfall between the "full basin" and the "empty basin" of the "Back Bay" in Boston. "Full basin" and "empty basin" are now unintelligible words to the Boston reader. All of the "empty basin" is now occupied by elegant dwellings and by the Public Garden; most of the "full basin" is occupied by what is known as the Fenway Park, and by a bad smelling pond. Mrs. Gardner's Museum is on the southwest side of the "full basin." The waterfall between the "full basin" and the "empty basin" drove my father's power presses. They were the invention of his friend, Daniel Treadwell, then a novelty; and the publication of a reprint of the *New Monthly Magazine* was among their earliest achievements in Boston.

This *Monthly Magazine* had obtained a peculiar distinction in England under the editorial charge of the poet, Thomas Campbell, who held that charge for ten years. With its fourth

volume Mr. Oliver Everett began to reprint it in America.

Oliver Everett assumed the publication of the *North American Review*, and on the return of his brother Edward from Europe, in 1819, he became its editor, and continued as such till 1824. In an article in "Appleton's Cyclopedia," written I think by myself, but "inspired" by him, he says "his object in assuming the charge of this periodical was to imbue it with a thoroughly national spirit, and in pursuance of it he contributed a series of articles in which this country was defended with great spirit against the shallow and flippant attacks of several foreign travellers." The date of Sydney Smith's celebrated epigram, "who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue?" is 1820. Nine years afterward, when Mr. Alexander Everett returned from Spain in 1829, he assumed the ownership and charge of the *North American*. I forget which of them said to me once, that if there had been no *North American Review* he and my father and I would have been rich men.

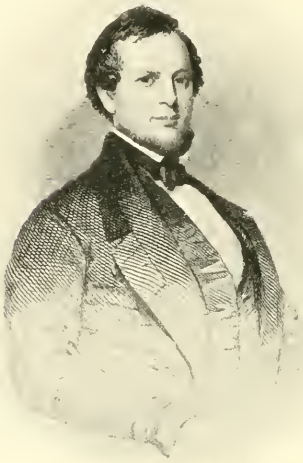
The compensations of magazines were not then as large as they are now. For magazine adver-

tising, which had been invented in England, had not dawned on the American mind. The *New England Magazine*, founded by the Buckingham Brothers in 1831, was not successful pecuniarily, though it was very clever. Mr. Edward Everett's paper, "A Humorous Account of an invasion of Rose Bugs," is as good as anything ever printed in an American magazine. It was in the *New England Magazine* that Dr. Holmes, then a youngster, wrote the first "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." When the *Atlantic* was started, years after, the series as now known begins with the words, "As I was saying when you interrupted me," which refers back twenty-six years.

Somewhere along in these years the *Knickerbocker* began in New York. When I was in college we always had it at the Alpha Delta reading room by way of encouraging American literature. But what we read were the reprints of *Blackwood* and the *Dublin University*, and what were called "The Four Quarterlies." I remember the injunction given by some college president which we used to copy into our note-books began with the words, "Read all Reviews."

In Philadelphia they made the great discovery that by subsoiling a very little, and taking into their confidence the general reader of America,

they could obtain a much larger circulation than the dainty literary journals were receiving. *Graham's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, and afterward, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, were the first magazines whose editors found out that while there were not many literary men and women in America, there were many readers. Our admirable friend Mr. Alden laid down the rule for me half a century afterward, when he said in every number of a magazine there must be one love story. I do not know whether it is right for me to print this axiom for the information of the general reader of to-day, but it is undoubtedly true.



GEORGE REX GRAHAM, EDITOR OF "GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE."

In Boston a young firm of men named Bradbury and Soden conceived the idea of the Boston *Miscellany of Literature and Fashion*. Observe

the *Fashion*. This was in 1840. This meant that in conjunction with literary work of the first rank, they meant to publish a fashion plate to please what in the language of the day we called "the factory girls." When they announced that of the first number of the *Miscellany of Literature and Fashion* one thousand copies were sold in the city of Lowell, they made public the great secret of the modern American magazine. You were to have as readers not only the Brahmin class, which Mr. Arnold calls "the margin," but the great rank and file of people in America who wanted to be instructed and amused.

The type and make-up of the Boston *Miscellany of Literature and Fashion* were based upon the contemporary publications of Edward Moxom in London.

Bradbury and Soden had the wit to come to my father to ask him who had better edit this magazine. He advised them to ask my brother Nathan. He was at that time twenty-one years of age, a graduate of Harvard, had spent some time at the Law School, and was at that moment engaged in the triangulation of the Green Mountains in Berkshire. They had the sense to engage this young law student as edi-

tor of the Boston *Miscellany*. For one year he occupied that position, and I will say very frankly that no better magazine has been printed in America from that day to this. He had the editorial help of the Everetts, of Hawthorne, Nathaniel P. Willis, William Story, James Lowell, my mother, the Matthews set, the Duyckinck and Jones set in New York; and he published articles by Thomas Parsons, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Kirkland, Nathaniel P. Willis, and other writers who wrote as well as these I have named, though they were not so well known. Among the other pleasant recollections of it is my impression that the *Miscellany* printed for the first time Miss Barrett's "Cry of the Children" from her own manuscript.

I hope I need not say that our whole family enlisted in this enterprise. I find that my first article in it, which is not a bad one, is the story called "The Salamander." It may be worth while to print the table of contents of the first number. Translation from the Talmud by my mother, a sonnet by James Lowell, an article on American Sculptors by Edward Everett, a poem by William Story, a translation from Caroline Pichler by my mother (observe this is the love story), a poem by James Lowell, this

Salamander story by myself, a story by my brother, a new song by Barry Cornwall with the music by Webb. On the whole this would be thought a good selling "table of contents," even in our times.

But the *Miscellany*, alas, did not pay because, as I have said, magazine advertising had not been invented. Also the publishers distrusted the literary part of the venture, while my brother and his friends disliked the fashion part, and he resigned at the end of December. Afterwards Henry W. Tuckerman had the editing of the magazine, but after three or four numbers it died. It had lost Lowell, who was the best contributor. He with his friend Mr. Robert Carter started the *Pioneer*, often alluded to in his life. I think, however, the *Pioneer* printed but three numbers. That was in New York. It was in those days that Willis, of whom we thought so much, said of Lowell that a man of genius who is merely a man of genius is a very unfit editor for a periodical. Mr. Mead has written a charming paper on the *Pioneer* for the *New England Magazine*.

As I have said in speaking of the childhood of all of us, the editing weekly journals for the family began at a very early period. Mine

was called the *Public Informer*. I am afraid that the unfortunate name was given us by some wicked uncle. In my own time the *Public Informer* gave way to the *Fly*, which my brother and I printed with our own hands in the years 1834 and 1835. All that I remember of the *Fly* is its obituary of Lafayette. Lafayette died on the 19th day of May, 1834; and we stopped the press to announce his death. Unfortunately we were at the last gasp in our type for the letters *u* and *n*, which were used as substitutes for each other by proper standing on the head of the one or the other. Our obituary of Lafayette called him good and noble Lafayette, and said that his death was caused by a cold. It should have said "influenza." But as the reader will observe, that word requires three of the *n-u* combination, so that we substituted cold for it, though we were well aware of the bathos of the paragraph. Unfortunately, when we went to press, the one remaining *n* dropped out of the form, so that Lafayette on our files goes down to history as "oble" instead of "noble."

I remember that I wrote for the *Advertiser* its notice of the first number of *Graham's Magazine*. Many of our most distinguished authors

afterward blessed Graham for the magazine, which continued for many years.

Sartain's Magazine, with the advantage of his own mezzotints, continued with a series of issues in Philadelphia. The habit then existed which crops out now sometimes of offering prizes for magazine articles. I am apt to think that the offer of such a premium called out a good deal of ability which would otherwise have lain latent. It seems to me that was not a bad way to get that "stuff," as one of the most eminent American publishers used to call it. To me personally the custom was of avail; for in the days when I was bringing up a family upon the modest salary paid by a newly established

JOHN SARTAIN, EDITOR OF "SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE."

parish, the prize of one hundred dollars from Sartain or some other adventurous publisher, was a very nice addition on the credit side. I will say in passing to young authors that I was never particular about the subject proposed, if the publisher wanted to pay me a hundred dollars. Whether it were a life of Nero, or whether it were the abolition of slavery, it was fish to my net. Such is the habit generated in a newspaper office.

From 1840 for three years my father had published the *Monthly Chronicle*, a sort of cross between the historical magazine and the weekly newspaper. It is a great pity that the public did not see how good it was and continue it to this hour. I was, so to speak, the office editor of the *Chronicle*, and I wrote on whatever subject I was asked to write about. The subjects ranged, with audacity of youth, from a discussion of the Afghanistan War in the East to the invention of the electrotype, or the progress of Secondary Education under Louis Philippe.

The *Atlantic Monthly* owes its birth to Moses Dresser Phillips, who was the partner of Charles Sampson. They were two young men who succeeded in waking up for the time the moribund book business of Boston and giving it new life.

Phillips describes himself admirably in a little speech which he made at a dinner party in

Moses Dresser Phillips.
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which he inaugurated the *Atlantic Monthly*. He had for his guests Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry

W. Longfellow, James Lowell, Lothrop Motley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Elliot Cabot, and Mr. Underwood. He characterizes Underwood as his "literary man." The speech he made was this: —

"Mr. Cabot is much wiser than I am. Dr. Holmes can write funnier verses than I can. Mr. Longfellow writes better poetry than I, Mr. Motley can write history better than I. Mr. Emerson is a philosopher and I am not. Mr. Lowell knows more of the old poets than I. But none of you knows the American people as well as I do."

This was the exact truth. After a little, Lowell became the working editor of the *Atlantic*, and in spite of Mr. Willis's forecast fifteen years before, proved himself to be one of the best editors who has ever administered the affairs of a magazine. Lowell and Phillips and I were intimate, and it was natural that I should write for the *Atlantic*. My first article was the "Dot and Line Alphabet" in the second volume. The name "Atlantic" meant something which had to do with both shores of that ocean. But the original picture on the cover was of John Winthrop, a Massachusetts celebrity. As soon as war broke out, however, this was

exchanged for the American flag. There is now no picture on the cover.

When in 1857 Dr. Hedge and his friends took the charge of the *Christian Examiner*, he honored me by asking me to be with Rev. Joseph Henry Allen the working editors in the renaissance of that somewhat remarkable journal. We were youngsters, delighted to serve under a philosopher so eminent as he. We used to call him the Chief, and do what he told us to do. My connection with this journal led to my editing *Old and New*. I still think the theory of *Old and New* was good. As William Weeden said of it, it would have succeeded had there been anybody connected with it who wanted to make money. The theory is that of the French *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that a journal which discusses the very gravest points in theology or in politics shall at the same time and in the same cover have some story or other article which a boy or girl of fifteen will like to read. In other words, your magazine should not be a magazine for experts or leaders only, nor should it be a magazine for young men and maidens only. It should be both. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* is the only journal in the world known to me which really fulfils this

requisition. And thus it happens, as an accomplished lady once said to me, that the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is in itself a liberal education.

These details, many of them petty in themselves, must be excused because they bear upon the most important literary revolution of the last half-century in America. The publishing of magazines has become a separate business, — industry, shall I say? And there is not the least danger now that any flower will blush unseen among the seedlings planted by the American public schools. We not only have the largest constituency of readers, but we have the largest constituency of writers. Some of them write well and some of them write ill, but those who write well receive their reward and those who write ill receive theirs.

NOW AND THEN

CHAPTER X

NOW AND THEN

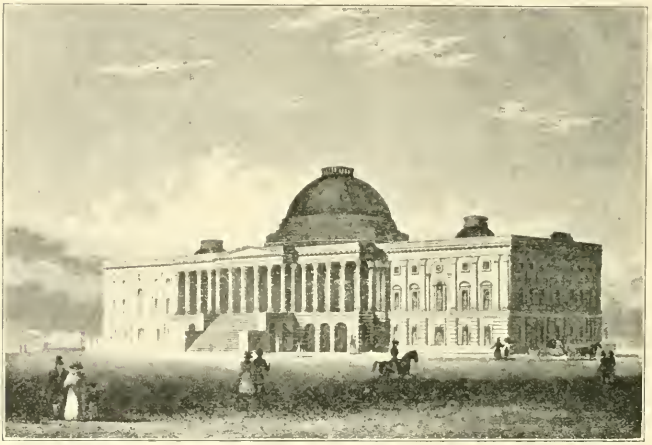
I HAVE been trying to select some one subject a little limited, by which I might present to the "rising generation" the contrast between the middle of the late century and this year 1904. In one or two of the early chapters of these memories I have tried to give an index to the change in daily life in a general way, but I believe that for the younger set of readers I shall do better if I describe one of the contrasts more sharply. And we will take a journey from Boston to Washington in 1844, as compared with a journey between the same points in 1904. As

> "Good Sir Walter, save him God,
> No braver e'er to battle trod,"

said on a celebrated occasion, "'Tis sixty years since."

By way of introduction, let the young reader understand that I was to go from my home in Massachusetts to meet an engagement to preach in the Unitarian church in the city of Washington. I had also engaged with my friend William

Francis Channing to go with him to Schoharie Cave. This is an interesting limestone cave in the state of New York which nobody visits, because it is not far enough off, but which is very well worth a visit from any of the people of sense who may read these lines. Also, I went



Capitol, Washington, 1844.

to see Trenton Falls, of which much the same thing might be said. What I do want is that the young reader shall understand the simplicity of the travelling arrangements of that day.

Eh bien, très bien! The journey from Massachusetts to Washington is in my journal book of faded ink. Let us dip into it.

(Let me say in passing that for sixty years of life, between that time and this, I have found old John Adams's remark about diaries to be singularly true. He says that when there is nothing of importance to write about you have time enough to write in your diary, but that when events become interesting you have no time to write, and that the diary, therefore, tells nothing. This is true, not only of John Adams's diaries, but of mine.)

September 16, 1844. Up at half-past five. We breakfasted early, bade good-by to each other. We drove over to the Beverly depot and we bade them good-by there. We went to Boston. At home after the greetings I ran my eye over my Egyptian article and sent it to Mr. Gannett.[1] I packed my trunk and my box of books, etc. (I needed no heavy baggage. I had boxed up my little store of sermons, my steady supply of shirts and other clothing with one or two of those handbooks which one always needs for a winter, and had sent them on board the schooner *Mozart* for Alexandria. Not to speak of the *Mozart* again, I will say that after one month I received this box in Washington.)

[1] It never got printed.

After dinner I wrote a note to Mr. Dillaway which I had not finished when Mr. and Mrs. Lothrop appeared on a call. Then a while of good-bys and I left for the cars.

We arrived at Springfield at 8.30 P.M., and we went to the American House. (The reader will observe that between Beverly and Springfield I had made one change of cars, and that at the end of fifteen hours I had come as far as Springfield.)

Tuesday, September 17, 1844. — Another hot day. Up at 5.30. We took the western train at 7. We were detained an hour at Pittsfield by the lateness of the down train. (Observe that the western railroad was still a single track, and note what follows on this delay.

Also that in all these incidents it was necessary to cross from one side of a city to another. Governor Lincoln's remark was still regarded as truth in these inland towns. He said, "I never heard that it did a town any good to have a bird fly over it." Accordingly, at that time you went from Albany to Buffalo by taking one road from Albany to Schenectady, then rode across the town and took the road for Utica. You then rode across that town and took the road for Syracuse. At Rochester you

crossed the town again and took the road for Buffalo. A syndicate, as disbelievers call it, is a one made out of many in such affairs.)

At Albany we hurried at once to the Schenectady cars, having satisfied ourselves that that would be our best way, and found they had been gone fifteen minutes. Another train started at 2, however, and we dined at the Railroad House and took that. (Schenectady, observe. We have taken two days, and done our best, and have arrived as far as Schenectady.) At Schenectady we hired a wagon and driver to bring us over to Howe's Cave, at Schoharie, twenty-two miles. In making this little arrangement I made a little call at Judge Tomlinson's.

We have had a very pleasant ride, starting at 10.15 and arriving here at 7.30. The latter part of the way we have had in sight the northern end of the Catskill range, under the light of a beautiful sunset, which was followed by one hour's evening ride through woods and over hills, lighted occasionally by fires in the woodland. We are to enter the cave to-morrow at 7 o'clock.

Wednesday, September 18, 1844.—We were up before 6 o'clock and breakfasted at 6.30 o'clock, but by dint of several delays in preparation and

a walk of half a mile to the cave entrance, we did not get started within till 9 o'clock. We left the cave at about 3.30 wet, dirty, and tired, and in the cave dresses walked down to the indifferent tavern. We had agreed last night to start at 7 rather than at 4, that Howe, the dis-

Railway Train in the Mohawk Valley, 1844.

coverer and proprietor of the cave, might go with us. He had receded, however, and left us to the mercies of a guide. We went farther than anybody had ever gone before day before yesterday, and indeed our guide, who was at the head of our column, succeeded in getting into a cavity where they had not been.

After dinner and packing we rode over hither (Sharon), Howe, the keeper of the house, driving us. The country is very beautiful, and so is the ride by sunset and quarter moonlight. We arrived here at about 8.20 o'clock, after a three hours' ride. Stopped in driving up the hill to drink a glass of the mineral water which is strongly impregnated with sulphur, having the taste and smell of sulphuretted hydrogen.

(Channing, who was himself an adventurous improver on nature, had been at Sharon a few years before. He had then organized a little party to go out into the forest which was on our horizon, and they had climbed a certain tall pine in the forest which overtopped the rest. They had trimmed out the branches so as to leave a well-defined Roman cross on the horizon as visible from the piazza of the hotel. On this visit of ours, to my delight and to his disgust, the hotel attendant who showed us the lions of the place pointed out this cross as a fine natural phenomenon, and in answer to questions on the subject, said it had never been touched by axe or saw. Such is tradition and such is fame.)

By a long hot walk to a neighboring farmer's we were able to secure a lumber wagon and two horses to take us over to Cherry Valley, eight

miles, in time for the Cooperstown stage. We had set our hearts on going to Cooperstown. We ate our dinner in some dread lest we were too late; our teamster had pronounced that it would require an hour and a half to go over. His chariot wheels tarried too long as he brought his wagon up to the house, but finally, just before 1, we got under way in a red lumber wagon without springs. It proved for all that, however, a very comfortable vehicle. We had wagon chairs in it carefully cushioned and skin-covered. We drove fast, and at 2.10 we were at Cherry Valley. The stage did not appear till fifteen minutes afterwards, and we had time to hear a crude bar-room political conversation, to take a walk in the village, to try to buy "The Pioneers," and to plan out to-morrow's route before starting. From Cherry Valley to Cooperstown is twelve or fourteen miles. The stage drove quickly, and a very pleasant ride we had. The day was clear, but we did not feel the heat unpleasantly, and had the whole stage most of the way to ourselves. In this part of the state the woodlands, consisting almost entirely of deciduous trees, are like the Western woods, open, quite destitute of undergrowth, so that they have the aspect of the artificial growth of a

gentleman's park of a country house or such like, marked, however, at the same time, with the greatest variety of species and perfection of individual trees. Just at this time they were beginning to change their colors, so that the shades of different trees, and different shapes, were more beautiful than ever in summer, — not the gorgeousness of later autumn, but a beauty of light and shade as the sunlight came upon them such as I thought I had never seen before.

Into Cooperstown we rode by the same downhill road as that which introduces the Pioneers to the reader. Our plan was to sleep there if we could do no better. But we found a boatman willing to send us up Lake Otsego to Bailey's Tavern. And despite the wonder of the innkeeper, who told us the plan was unheard of, and despite the lightness of the wind, we sent our trunks to the boat. We could take an afternoon's fishing, if nothing else. A beautiful sail we had on beautiful Otsego Lake. Take it all in all, I think Cooperstown the prettiest town I know of in position. We had a chance to walk through it before starting in our ineffectual effort to buy "The Pioneers."

Friday, September 20, 1844. — Very hot, clear. From William Bailey's Tavern, in Middlefield,

on Otsego Lake, to Trenton Falls. At this little, out-of-the-way place we found very good quarters and slept enthusiastically and soundly. On deliberation and consultation Channing determined that he would leave me at Fort Plains and go homeward while I should go west to Utica.

The stage for Fort Plains appeared at about 8.15. We could not get outside seats, but within we had to ourselves the whole of the middle seat, with but five other passengers before and behind us; two of them were children. During most of the ride we passed over the high dividing ridge between Otsego and the Mohawk (at one point of which an intelligent travelling companion said we were twelve hundred feet above the Mohawk's level). There had been frost enough to begin the changes on the forest foliage. Like those we saw yesterday, the woods were beautifully varied. The first tinting, when each begins to vary from the others in coloring, with but few strong contrasts, is certainly one of the most beautiful of the autumn phases. I do not think I have ever seen it so constantly in such exquisite perfection as to-day and yesterday.

From the beautiful to the ridiculous, as we rode into the town of Fort Plains we found that a militia training was in progress. The main

street of the town was crowded with booths, and horses and carriages and people. Prominent among these were the horse-cart pedlers, who made up the principal noise of the fair, for fair it was, by their auction sales. Three of them, as near together as their carts could stand, constantly offered select lots of their wares for such bids as they could get. "Now, gentlemen, here's a bottle of excellent writing ink, to which I will add (diving into his cart) a pair of wooden combs, and a no-mistake, straightforward steel pen, and a pure silver thimble, worth twenty-five cents — and — a bottle of essence of peppermint — and — how much shall I have for the lot?" I actually saw the progress of the formation and sale of this lot which was sold for ninepence to a decent-looking man who was assured by the pedler that he would not want to buy anything else for nine years.

All this we had some ten minutes to enjoy as the stage stopped for the mail. We caught a distant glimpse of the regiment which in the distance looked military enough. A single company which formed close by us in the street looked the perfect realization of the caricature prints of Johnston and the others in ridicule of the militia. And yet this did not seem to be

meant for burlesque, but to be the result of utter ignorance and carelessness. The men were all dressed in something which bore marks of military appearance, but such equipments had evidently been selected at random. I noticed one man, who, having failed to stick a white plume in his hat, carried it buttoned up in his coat at the breast.

From the village we rode down to the depot. In the three-quarters of an hour before the cars arrived Channing and I bathed in the Mohawk. Here I bade him good-by.

My train left Fort Plains at 11.45. All the way to Utica the scenery is pleasingly beautiful. At Utica at 2.15. Dined there.

I started in a buggy for this place. The evening was beautiful, but the afternoon bitterly hot. I had also to thaw out a very crusty driver.

(At that time Trenton Falls, midway between Albany and Niagara, were visited by almost every adventurous traveller who had undertaken the Niagara journey. I am afraid that the distance from the Vanderbilt line of railway prevents travellers from going there now. All I can say is, so much the worse for the traveller. I think that the hotel is well kept up, and in the sixty years of life which I have passed

since, I have found no place more attractive or beautiful.)

I have walked down to the gorge to-night to see it by moonlight. I must have been tired when I wrote those last lines, to say nothing more of my first view, only of the water and gorge though it were. I turn to this page again at Owego, four or five days after. Those high, bold cliffs just running back form a perpendicular with the rich, high forest foliage that covered them where one was lighted by the moon and the other in black shadow. As I saw them Sunday night, or when the moon touched parts of both, as it did on Friday night, it was all grand, — very grand. Deep down as I was in the cleft, it reminded me of Scoharie.

Saturday Morning, September 21. — As soon as breakfast was done I went down to the stream. And till 1 o'clock I was passing through the chasm, up and down. And I hated to go away, even after five hours, more than I should have hated to have gone without seeing them. I walked up slowly, stopped half an hour at the first, and half an hour more at the second rapids. If there had been nothing more than the strange and beautiful foliage of the valley and the boldness of the cliffs, with that

deep black stream lashing itself up in a series of such rapids as those, I should have been quite satisfied. I had always heard people speak of Trenton Falls as a series of descents; and I supposed that there were perhaps no positive cascades. So that when I walked a few steps

Trenton Falls.
From an old print.

farther up than the higher of these two rapids, and saw the lowest fall, it took me all by surprise, and I sat and stood and wondered and admired for an hour more. I watched the texture of the foam spreading out as it descends, and then took in the whole and listened, and then rainbow gazed till I could have cried, and

then I walked up higher. And there was the great fall, the first time. After half an hour perhaps of the *coup d'œil* of its lower foam cascade and the perpendicular cataract, I ran up to this and sat in a shady nook, close by its wildest rush of foam, to watch that. And there I could have stayed all day.

The walk afterwards is beautiful, — very. A foaming caldron. The first rapid above the "mill-dam" falls is very grand, and the vista down the stream, with its perspective of foliage on the banks, is beautiful. Although none of these trees here have their full autumn costume, all of them are slightly gilded, so that the form of each is perfectly distinct in the very thick mass of forest.

The highest point of the stream that one can well walk to above the Rock Heart is very curious, — the channel is so very deep and narrow. Black as Erebus, it rushes by, so deep that you cannot find bottom, however deeply you throw down a stick. It rises, or seems to rise, without touching.

After dinner I rushed down to the stream again as quickly as might be. A thunder shower was coming up, and I was afraid that I should lose most of the afternoon on account of the rain.

Sure enough, I had hardly reached the lower fall when the rain began. I had my umbrella, but it at once appeared that the cliff overhangs there so much that there was an immense reach sheltered, and there I sat and enjoyed. There were some women who wished to go farther, and to them I willingly gave up my umbrella, and sat through the whole shower, looking down upon that wonderful fall. The thunder began soon after I was there. Caroline King had told me in speaking of Niagara that thunder was readily distinguishable from the sound of a cataract, but I could not understand it till I heard them both here. The water sound itself was grand and full toned, growing, as I thought, louder and louder, and deeper and deeper, with every moment of rain — and then the heavy blow of thunder would ring down side by side with the other, without for a moment eclipsing it, at first perfectly distinct from it, but as it echoed up and down the gorge finally lost in the echoes of the fall and those of the other falls and rapids above and below. For an hour there were these sublime tones ringing round me, in accompaniment to the fall of the surge below me. And in the rain the opposite shores, half-veiled, had a peculiar beauty, quite different from that of the morn-

ing or of last evening, when they were in such different lights.

The rain stopped a little while, and when it came on again I was halfway up the upper leap of the largest fall, and there I again ensconced myself in shelter quite close to the falling water. The widest part of this leap falls in a smooth, thin curtain into the basin below. When I first saw it there was so little water that in many places this was broken into several streams. To the right, as you look down, a much greater mass of water rushes over in a somewhat different direction, and so broken by obstacles as to make a thick mass of foam. A single rock separates this at the top from the deepest stream of all, which leaps off, however, so as to strike it halfway down. By this whirling pillar of water I seated myself and enjoyed.

I was at the house all the evening. The next morning I went to Trenton. (I had sent over to my friend, Mr. Buckingham at Trenton Village, to say that I would preach for him on Sunday. It proved that he was ill and that the church was to be closed. But they rang the bell, and when I arrived at Trenton the people from the country round were beginning to come in. It was the first and last occasion when I have

known the ringing of a Sunday bell to serve the purpose for which it was intended. On Monday I resumed the journey which these lines are describing.)

Monday, September 23, 1844. — Cool and fine. Trenton Falls. Ithaca. I was knocked up, as I had appointed, before 4, got up and dressed, and locked up and was under way, driven by the hostler of Moore's stable, in a good double wagon, at 4.15. It was very cold. We kept warm by occasionally running up a hill on foot. The sunrise was very fine, just as we were on the high hill between Trenton and Utica. Breakfast at Utica, sent off by Pomeroy to Boston my box of minerals, bought a map of the state to replace that which I left at Springfield, and started for Auburn on my way to Cayuga. Could not buy tickets farther than Auburn. Syracuse is a large, bustling town, where, as Pepys would say, I bought a watch key. (I think there is some astrological connection between me and Syracuse and watch keys. I should say that sooner or later I have bought a half-dozen there under different exigencies.)

At Auburn, where we arrived at 12.15, I found to my horror that the Cayuga Lake boat left the northern end of the lake at 1, and that we stopped

to dine till 2. Cayuga Bridge eleven miles off! I had nothing to do but bear it. Put my baggage (after dinner) on board for Cayuga Bridge, to take my chance of a boat there, but resolved to go on to Seneca Lake at Geneva for to-morrow's boat if it proved necessary. Fortunately, however, at Cayuga Bridge I found the *D. W. Clinton,* a towboat, just going up. The only other boat had gone an hour and a half before. Arrived at Ithaca, forty miles, at 9 o'clock P.M., walked up to the Clinton Hotel, leaving my trunk to be sent up in the morning. (I beg the remaining readers to note that the cars change once between Utica and Cayuga Lake. Such was the habit of that time. I have remembered ever since the shock I inflicted on the only passenger of this freight boat. She was a dear old lady, not disinclined to talk. As I passed a golden field, where wheat had been reaped not long before, I said to her that this was the first field of wheat which I had ever seen. The good lady's surprise, her sad indignation that a young man should tell so unnecessary a lie, has been a warning to me ever since. The statement was perfectly true, but seemed to her as utterly false as words could be.)

Tuesday, September 24, 1844. — From Ithaca

to Owego. All day, until 1.44, riding. To Owego on the railroad from Ithaca. The cars were announced to start at 6. I was called at twenty minutes before six, dressed in all haste, and found my trunk had not come up from the steamboat landing. After sundry chafferings I took a buggy, drove down and got it myself. Breakfasted, and then took the open omnibus for the R. depot on the hilltop. A long, very steep, inclined plane takes freight from the lake up to the railroad, but passengers ride up this steep hill. There began a series of delays which lasted through the trip. There were some twenty passengers. We were put into a wretchedly decayed, three-parted car, and waited, say from 7 o'clock to 8.20, then with a large load of freight, mostly plaster, we started. We travelled fifteen miles in an hour and three-quarters, when it was announced that at the halfway house we must wait an hour while a key of the piston was mended. We waited *three*, till 1.5, and started again. Constantly stopped for want of power, finally ran a plaster car off the track, and left it there, much to my joy, and at last arrived here, twenty-nine miles, at 1.44. The last quarter of a mile I walked. The car was drawn up by a horse and got here about 4 o'clock. (It had

taken us the better part of the day to do thirty miles. I remember I went to Glenmary, the pretty residence of Nathaniel Parker Willis; at that time he was writing from there what were known as the Glenmary Letters.)

Wednesday, September 25, 1844. — Cool, pleasant, sky overcast, with a few drops of rain. Owego — Brownstown, Penn.

We started at 8.30 from Owego in the "stage," a large, two-seated wagon with a pair of horses. The passengers were, beside me, on the back seat a woman and child, in front a sailor and an Englishman, Mr. McRae of New York. We forded the Susquehanna about three miles below Owego, and after we came to Nichols crossed the hills to Rome, Pennsylvania, say twenty-two miles. At Rome there was a mass Polk meeting of perhaps one hundred and fifty persons.

(I will not follow the detail of the journal farther. The detail is amusing to me, but I must not make this reader follow my advance through Thursday and Friday by different "stages" and wagons, to the Pennsylvania Canal system, on one of the upper branches of the Susquehanna. There was no railroad, and the customs of the country were such that no one liked to take me more than ten miles. I would

advance ten miles with my luggage, and at the livery stable of Towanda or Tunkhannock, or whatever place might be, I hired another driver for another half an hour. As I approached Brownstown, in Pennsylvania, which I am sorry to say I do not find on my "Scribner's Atlas,"

Susquehanna Canal and Boats, 1844.

at half-past one in the morning, I told my driver that I would not go farther till I knew where we were. So we waked up a sleeper in the first house we came to, and with some hesitancy I asked him how far we were from Brownstown. "Stranger," he cried, to my relief, "you are in the very centre of the metropolis of Browns-

town." And we were. There was a country inn nearly opposite.

By such resources, through Thursday and Friday of that week, we reached on Friday the Canal system; I think, at Northumberland. I remember that we arrived at the stopping-place of the canal-boat in the morning, five minutes late, and that my skilful driver put the wagon on the tow-path, and we followed and overtook the boat. I leaped on board, my trunk was taken on board, and that beautiful voyage down the Susquehanna began. Unfortunately for me, a little above Harrisburg, on that journey, my stovepipe hat was knocked off by a low bridge, and only recovered by the boatman with his boat hook. It was full of water, alas, and for two or three days it was drying itself in front of such fires as offered. I safely, though slowly, travelled on toward Washington, and on the afternoon of Saturday was delivered at York, Pennsylvania. From that point there was, as there is, a railway to Baltimore. There was a train to take me thither, and I arrived at Baltimore at Barnum's Hotel in time for supper.

To the young traveller I need not say that by this time I was without money, but to those that believe that fortune favors the brave, I need not

say that my dear classmate and friend, Nathaniel Holmes Morison, afterwards the distinguished Provost of the Peabody Library, lived in town, and that I walked up and called on him, and borrowed five dollars of him. The incident is not worth mentioning, but that I think that this was the first time I had ever seen the gold coin of my own country. I took the 4 o'clock morning train from Baltimore to Washington; and to the great relief of my friend Abbott, reported with the sermon at his hospitable home, which was at the corner of I Street and Seventeenth Street, where Mr. Pollock afterwards built a palace which now stands.

As I count up the number of carriages between Beverly and Washington, this involves twenty-eight changes of carriages for a journey achieved in thirteen days.

Now note the contrast between 1844 and 1904.

From Boston to Washington in 1904.—Carriage to station at 12 M. Train to New York, arriving at 6 P.M. Manhattan Hotel. Saturday morning, carriage to Royal Blue at Liberty Street, and by train to Washington, 3.50 P.M. Automobile from Baltimore station to Eighteenth Street. Time, twenty-seven hours.)

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